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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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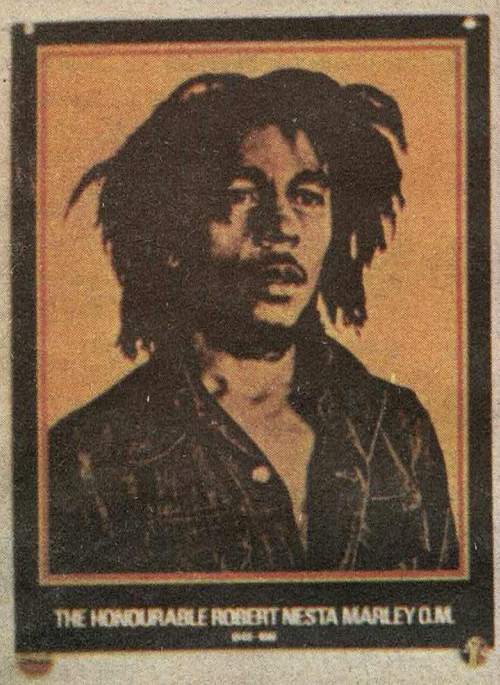
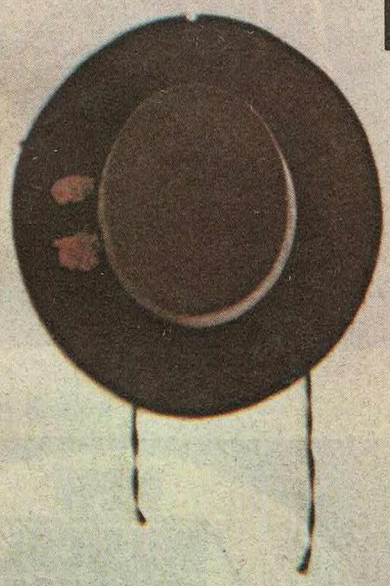
88 Page Double Xmas Xtra

IMAGES OF THE YEAR:

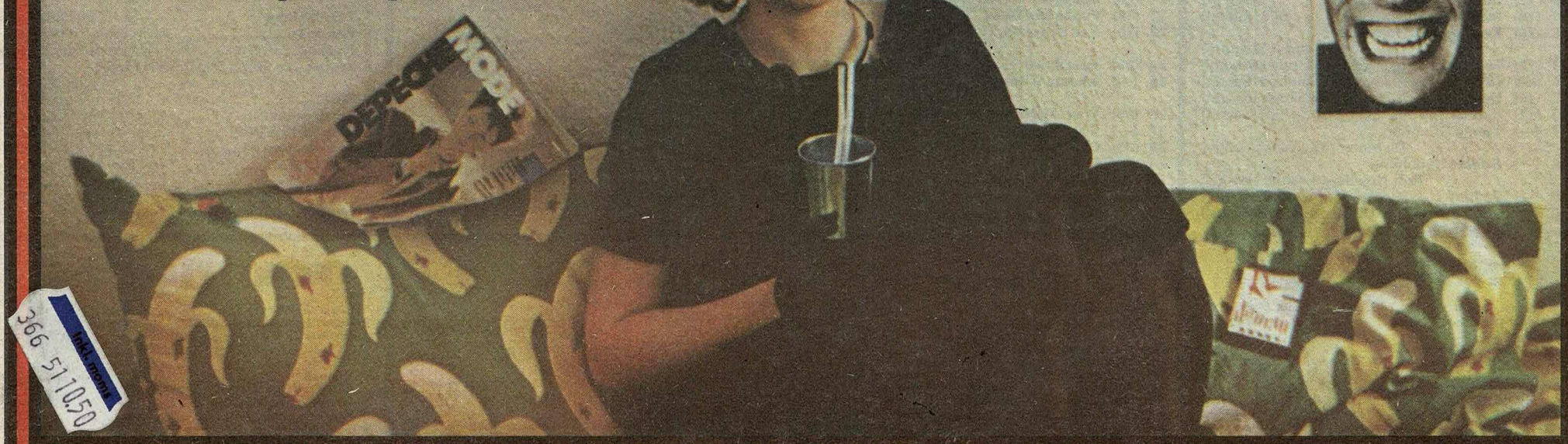
SNAPPED: The Year's Best Pics
ILLUSTRATED: The Year's Best Songs
SUSSED: A Wordy Wrap-it-up

DAVID BYRNE · MEATLOAF
BILLY FURY





81: the traumas, the trousers, the treats & the trivia. We pick up the pieces.



BEDSITLAND '81. Model: Jane. Hair by Alan at Sissors. Dress & T-shirt by Boy. Photograph by Anton Corbijn.

366 511050

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	7	**DON'T YOU WANT ME**	**Human League (Virgin)**	2	1
2	2	DADDY'S HOME	Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	2
3	(—)	ANT RAP	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	1	3
4	(—)	ONE OF US. .	Abba (Epic)	1	4
5	1	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	7	1
6	9	IT MUST BE LOVE	Madness (Stiff)	2	6
7	4	WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE	Diana Ross (Capitol)	8	4
8	3	UNDER PRESSURE	David Bowie & Queen (EMI)	6	1
8	5	LET'S GROOVE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	6	3
10	17	WEDDING BELLS	Godley & Creme (Polydor)	3	10
11	6	BED SITTER	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	5	4
12	29	SPIRITS IN THE MATERIAL WORLD	The Police (A&M)	2	12
13	30	ROCK 'N' ROLL	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	13
14	13	CAMBODIA	Kim Wilde (RAK)	4	13
15	8	I GO TO SLEEP	The Pretende.s (Real)	5	7
16	10	THUNDER IN THE MOUNTAINS	Toyah (Safari)	11	4
17	23	MY OWN WAY	Duran Duran (EMI)	3	17
18	21	FLASHBACK	Imagination (R & B)	3	18
19	(—)	THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	1	19
20	27	WILD AS THE WIND	David Bowie (RCA)	2	20
21	12	AY AY AY AY MOOSEY	Modern Romance (WEA)	5	12
22	22	LET'S ALL SING LIKE THE BIRDIES SING	Tweets (PRT)	3	22
23	19	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	9	7
24	(—)	BUONA SERA	Bad Manners (Magnet)	1	24
25	(—)	I COULD BE HAPPY	Altered Images (Epic)	1	25
26	20	THE LUNATICS HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ASYLUM	The Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	4	15
27	14	STEPPIN' OUT	Kool & The Gang (Delite)	6	11
28	15	PHYSICAL	Olivia Newton John (EMI)	7	6
29	(—)	MIRROR MIRROR	Dollar (WEA)	1	29
30	16	THE VOICE	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	6	14

Anti Pasti up to No. 1

Martin A. Pasti pic: Peter Stanway

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last week			Weeks in	Highest
	6	**DARE.. Human League (Virgin)**		9	1
2	4	PRINCE CHARMING	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	6	1
3	1	CHART HITS '81	Various (K-Tel)	4	1
4	2	QUEEN GREATEST HITS	Queen (EMI)	6	1
5	5	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	5	5
6	25	BEGIN THE BEGUINE	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	2	6
7	7	THE BEST OF BLONDIE	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	4
8	8	SIMON & GARFUNKEL COLLECTION	Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)	3	8
9	3	FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK	AC/DC (Atlantic)	2	3
10	20	GHOST IN THE MACHINE	The Police (A&M)	7	4
11	13	SHAKY	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	13	2
12	10	TONIGHT I'M YOURS	Rod Stewart (Riva)	5	8
13	9	NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	3	9
14	11	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	6	3
15	(—)	THE VISITORS	Abba (Epic)	1	15
16	19	HOOKED ON CLASSICS	Louis Clark/RPO (K-Tel)	12	3
17	29	COUNTRY GIRL	Billy Jo Spears (Warwick)	2	17
18	15	RAISE	Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	5	11
19	14	TIN DRUM	Japan (Virgin)	4	9
20	16	ALL THE GREATEST HITS	Diana Ross (Motown)	4	16
21	(—)	ONCE UPON A TIME	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	21
22	22	HANSIMANIA	James Last (Polydor)	3	19
23	17	WIRED FOR SOUND	Cliff Richard (EMI)	11	6
24	12	DE NINA A MUJER	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	4	7
25	28	PERHAPS LOVE	Placido Domingo / John Denver (CBS)	2	25
26	(—)	MOVEMENT	New Order (Factory)	2	26
27	24	WILDER	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	2	24
28	23	ALMOST BLUE	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	7	6
29	18	BEST OF . . .	Rainbow (Polydor)	5	18
30	30	THE PICK OF BILLY CONNOLLY	Billy Connolly (Polydor)	2	30

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(3)	**Don't Let Them Grind You Down**	Exploited/Anti-Pasti (Exploited)
2	(2)	**Four More From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)
3	(1)	**Friday 13th (EP)**	Damned (Nems)
4	(4)	**Lie Dream Of A Casino**	Fall (Kamera)
5	(5)	**In God We Trust**	Dead Kennedys (Static)
6	(20)	**Big Gold Dream**	Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
7	(6)	**Sweetest Girl**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
8	(16)	**Eddies Out/Jazz The Glass (12" & 7")**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
9	(8)	**White Car In Germany**	Associates (Situation 2)
10	(22)	**This Is Your Captain Speaking**	Captain Sensible (Crass)
11	(23)	**Waterline**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
12	(10)	**Lost And Lonely**	The Higsons (Waap)
11	(15)	**Distort To Deafness**	Disorder (Disorder)
14	(11)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
15	(13)	**3 Piece Suite**	Snipers (Crass)
16	(14)	**Countdown**	UK Subs (Nems)
17	(19)	**Run Come Girl**	Talisman
18	(12)	**6 Guns**	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
19	(27)	**Demolition War (EP)**	Sub Humans (Spider Leg)
20	(7)	**Sunny Day**	Pigbag (Y)
21	(18)	**Indian Reservation**	999 (Albion)
22	(25)	**Everything's Gone Green**	New Order (Factory)
23	(17)	**Fast Boyfriends**	GAOB (Happy Birthday)
24	(24)	**Dead Cities EP**	Exploited (Secret)
25	(9)	**Harry May**	The Business (Secret)
26	(21)	**Kids Of The 80s**	Infa Riot (Secret)
27	(—)	**Young Offenders**	Disrupters (Radical Change)
28	(—)	**Streets Of London**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
29	(—)	**Politics**	Insane (Riot City)
30	(—)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
2	(3)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Nems)
3	(4)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Exploited)
4	(2)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(5)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
6	(8)	**LC**	Durutti Column (Factory)
7	(7)	**Wild And Wandering**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)
8	(6)	**For Madmen Only**	UK Decay (Fresh)
9	(10)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
10	(14)	**Fourth Drawer Room**	Associates (Situation 2)
11	(9)	**Carry On Oi**	Various (Secret)
12	(12)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
13	(11)	**Pleasure**	GAOB (Happy Birthday)
14	(13)	**Let Them Eat Jellybeans**	Various (Alternative Tentacles)
15	(16)	**Present Arms In Dub**	UB40 (Dep Int)
16	(22)	**Whole New Generation Of DJ**	Various (Greensleeves)
17	(17)	**Sound Of The Sand**	David Thomas (R. Trade)
18	(26)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
19	(30)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dept Int)
20	(—)	**Das Kabinet**	Bill Nelson (Cocteau)
21	(28)	**Changes**	Mighty Diamonds (Music Work)
22	(15)	**Punks Not Dead**	Exploited (Secret)
23	(20)	**You Scare Me To Death**	Marc Bolan (Cherry Red)
24	(23)	**Heartbreak**	Chris And Cosey (R. Trade)
25	(—)	**Ghosts Of Christmas Past**	Various (Crepescule)
26	(26)	**Wise And Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
27	(—)	**Live And Heavy**	Various (NEMS)
28	(21)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
29	(—)	**Penis Envy**	Crass (Crass)
30	(19)	**Red Mecca**	Cabaret Voltaire (R. Trades)

Compiled by *NME* from a nationwide survey of specialist record shops

REGGAE

1 **Just A Little Bit** — Carroll Thompson (S&G)
2 **This Feeling's Killing Me** — Jennifer Benjamin (SS)
3 **Love On A Two Way Street** — Barry Biggs (Afrik)
4 **Don't Play With Fire** — Teddy Lincoln (Selena)
5 **I Want To Make It With You** — Jean Adebambo (Third World)
6 **This Feeling's Killing Me** — Norma Lewis (Challenge)
7 **Am I The Same Girl** — Charmaine Burnett (Pro)
8 **Bone Connection** — Nicademus (Greensleeves)
9 **Birds Of A Feather** — Sharon Mitchell (SS)
10 **Top Ten** — Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)

Blue bird Records 155 Church Street, London W.2.

FUNK

1 **Let Your Body Do The Talkin'** — Shock (Fantasy LP)*
2 **It's Nasty** — Grandmaster Flash (Sugarhill 12")*
3 **Call Me** — Skyy (Salsoul LP)*
4 **Make Your Body Move** — J. R. Funk (Brass LP)*
5 **What's Funk** . Perry Haines (Fetish Funk Rox 12")
6 **Twennynine (The Rap)** — Lenny White & Twennynine (WEA LP)
7 **Body Shake** . T C Curtis (Groove Pre Release 12")
8 **You're The One For Me** — D. Train (Prelude 12")*
9 **Here To Stay** — Count Coolout (WMOT 12")*
10 **Mr. C** — Norman Conners (Arista LP)*
11 **Burn Hard** — Chic (WEA LP)*
12 **Win Tonite** — Edwin Birdsong (Salsoul LP)*

(* Denotes Import)

Compiled by Colin Faver from dance floor reaction at Heaven and the Cha Cha Club.

INTERNATIONAL NETHERLANDS SINGLES

1 **Pretend** — Alvin Stardust (Stiff)
2 **Under Pressure** — Queen & David Bowie (EMI)
3 **R. R. Express** — Rose Royce (Whitfield)
4 **Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic** — Police (A&M)
5 **Physical** — Olivia Newton-John (EMI)
6 **Let's Groove** — Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)
7 **Why Do Fools Fall In Love** — Diana Ross (Capitol)
8 **Your Love Still Brings Me To My Knees** — Marcia Hines (Friends)
9 **Love Games** — Level 42 (Polydor)
10 **Let's Start The Dance Again** — Bohannon (Friends)

Courtesy (Stitching Nederlandse)/Billboard

BELGIUM SINGLES

1 **Tainted Love** — Soft Cell (Vertigo)
2 **Pretend** — Alvin Stardust (Inelco)
3 **Physical** — Olivia Newton-John (EMI)
4 **Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic** — Police (A&M)
5 **Hurt** — Timi Yuro (EMI)
6 **Super Freak** — Rick James (Motown)
7 **Why Tell Me Why** — Anita Meyer (Ariola)
8 **Strangers on 45** — De Strangers (Dureco)
9 **R. R. Express** — Rose Royce (Whitfield)
10 **Chachacha** — Raymond van Het Groenewoud (EMI)

Courtesy (Humo Magazine)/Billboard)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **When A Child Is Born** — Johnny Mathis (CBS)
2 **Under The Moon Of Love** — Showaddywaddy (Bell)
3 **Somebody To Love** — Queen (EMI)
4 **Money Money Money** — Abba (Epic)
5 **Livin' Thing** — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
6 **Portsmouth** — Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
7 **Bionic Santa** — Chris Hill (Philips)
8 **Love Me** — Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
9 **Living Next Door To Alice** — Smokie (Rak)
10 **Lean On Me** — Mud (Private Stock)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Ernie** — Benny Hill (Columbia)
2 **Jeepster** — T. Rex (Fly)
3 **Theme From 'Shaft'** — Isaac Hayes (Stax)
4 **Softly Whispering I Love You** — Congregation (Columbia)
5 **Something Tells Me** — Cilla Black (Parlophone)
6 **I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing** — New Seekers (Polydor)
7 **No Matter How I Try** — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
8 **Tokoloshie Man** — John Kongos (Fly)
9 **Gypsies, Tramps And Thieves** — Cher (MCA)
10 **It Must Be Love** — Labi Siffre (Pye)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Green Green Grass Of Home** — Tom Jones (Decca)
2 **Morningtown Ride** — Seekers (Columbia)
3 **What Would I Be** — Val Doonican (Decca)
4 **Sunshine Superman** — Donovan (Pye)
5 **My Mind's Eye** — Small Faces (Decca)
6 **What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted** — Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
7 **You Keep Me Hangin' On** — Supremes (Tamla Motown)
8 **Dead End Street** — Kinks (Pye)
9 **Friday On My Mind** — Easybeats (United Artists)
10 **Save Me** — Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Tower Of Strength** — Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
2 **Moon River** — Danny Williams (HMV)
3 **Stranger On The Shore** — Acker Bilk (Columbia)
4 **Let There Be Drums** — Sandy Nelson (London)
5 **Midnight In Moscow** — Kenny Ball (Pye)
6 **Johnny Will** — Pat Boone (London)
7 **Take Good Care Of My Baby** — Bobby Vee (London)
8 **I'll Get By** — Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
9 **Walkin' Back To Happiness** — Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
10 **Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen** — Neil Sedaka (RCA)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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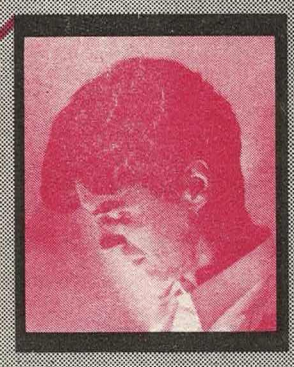

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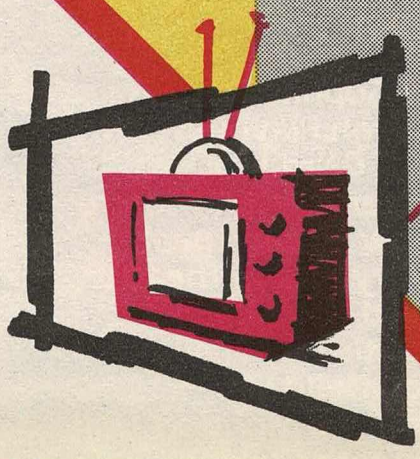

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THIN LIZZY UK TOUR 1981

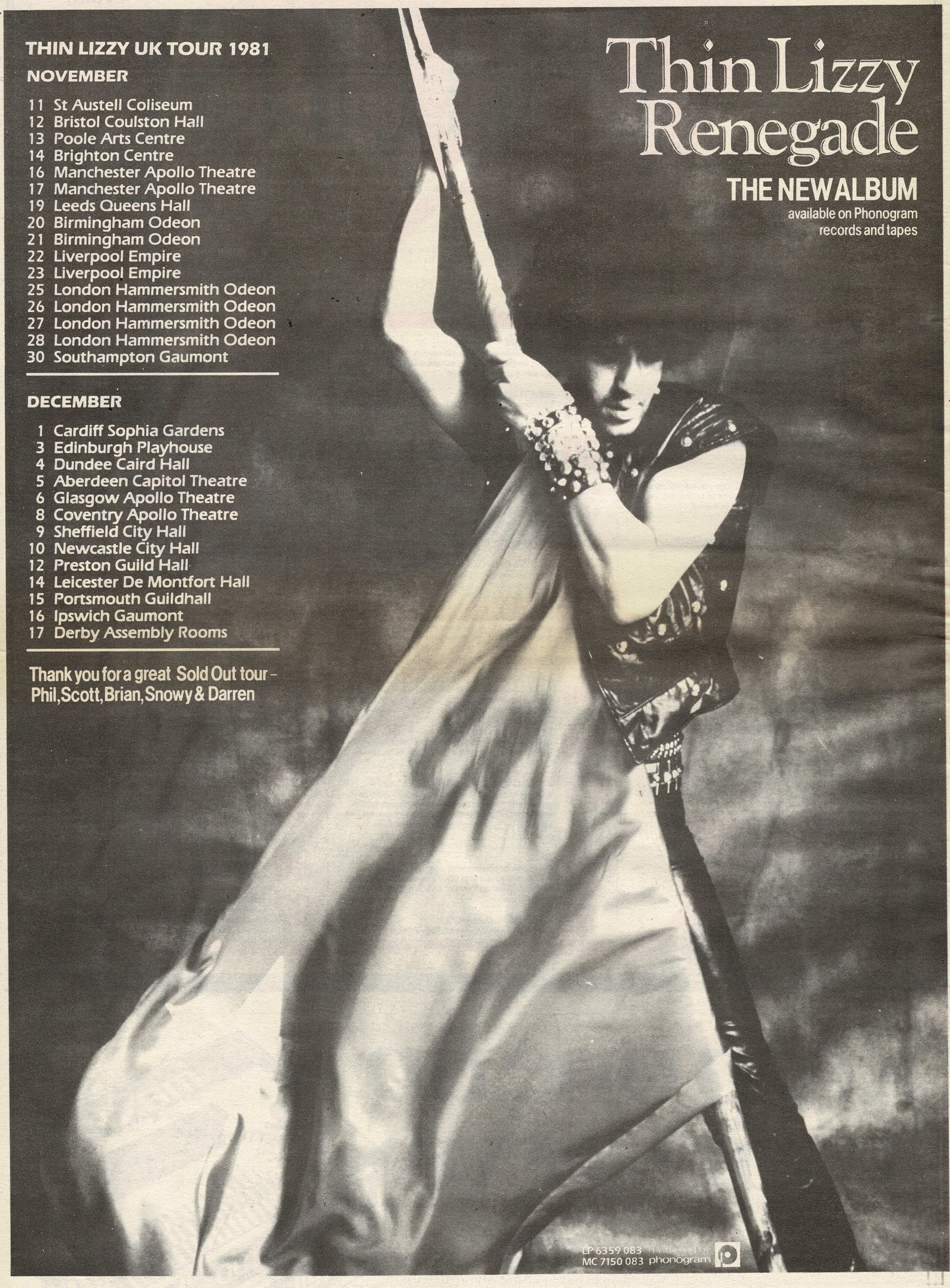
NOVEMBER

11 St Austell Coliseum
12 Bristol Coulston Hall
13 Poole Arts Centre
14 Brighton Centre
16 Manchester Apollo Theatre
17 Manchester Apollo Theatre
19 Leeds Queens Hall
20 Birmingham Odeon
21 Birmingham Odeon
22 Liverpool Empire
23 Liverpool Empire
25 London Hammersmith Odeon
26 London Hammersmith Odeon
27 London Hammersmith Odeon
28 London Hammersmith Odeon
30 Southampton Gaumont

DECEMBER

1 Cardiff Sophia Gardens
3 Edinburgh Playhouse
4 Dundee Caird Hall
5 Aberdeen Capitol Theatre
6 Glasgow Apollo Theatre
8 Coventry Apollo Theatre
9 Sheffield City Hall
10 Newcastle City Hall
12 Preston Guild Hall
14 Leicester De Montfort Hall
15 Portsmouth Guildhall
16 Ipswich Gaumont
17 Derby Assembly Rooms

Thank you for a great Sold Out tour –
Phil, Scott, Brian, Snowy & Darren



Thin Lizzy
Renegade

THE NEW ALBUM

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LP 6359 083
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A Depeche mode of transport

Pic: Simon Fowler

DEPECHE MODE hit the road again in February for their second major UK tour, taking in 12 major concerts, including a prestige show at London's Hammersmith Odeon. Mute Records will be releasing new material by the band to coincide with the outing, which comprises:

Cardiff Top Rank (February 12), London Hammersmith Odeon (13), Portsmouth Guildhall (14), Exeter University (16), Hanley Victoria Hall (18), Leeds University (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Glasgow Tiffany's (21), Hull Tower Ballroom (22), Norwich East Anglia University (24), Canterbury Kent University (25) and Oxford Polytechnic (26).

Tickets are on sale now, priced £3.50, £3 and £2.50 (Hammersmith); £3.30 only (Oxford); £2.75 only (Leeds and Norwich); £3 advance, £3.50 doors (Hull); £2.50 advance, £2.90 doors (Exeter); and £3 only (all other venues). There is no age restriction for any of these shows — except at Cardiff where, say the promoters, "the usual policy will apply".

The Teardrop postpones

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES have postponed their three shows at Hammersmith Palais in the first week of the New Year, which would have marked the London debut of Club Zoo, the new "floating" venue at which the band are the resident headliners. Reason for the delay is that they're now being lined up for their own UK tour, to start towards the end of January, and they want the London dates to be tacked onto the end of that schedule. Additionally, they'll be recording a new single at the beginning of next month, to coincide with the tour.

Dates and venues will be announced in our next issue, but their spokesman said that the Hammersmith gigs will now take place in mid-February. Existing tickets for the original January 3, 4 and 5 shows will remain valid for the revised dates, though cash refunds may be claimed if desired. The UK tour will be strictly a Teardrops showcase and, apart from the London climax, unconnected with Club Zoo.

A Strange idea

RICHARD STRANGE premieres his new mixed-media piece 'Interview' at London's Heaven, Charing Cross, next Monday (21). He wrote it specially for Aegis, a newly formed all-girl dance group, who will be appearing with him in the show — with musical support from Strange stalwarts Steve Bolton (guitar) and Dave Winthrop (sax). This will be Strange's last performance this year, but he's already involved in discussions with a view to taking 'Interview' on the road early in 1982, touring both the UK and Europe.

☐ **THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS** have lined up a handful of seasonal gigs, which they say they've slotted in at short notice in order to keep warm. They play Grimsby Community Centre (tomorrow, Friday), Derby Rainbow Club (Saturday), Retford Porterhouse (December 21), London Oxford St. 100 Club (22) and Hull Tower Ballroom (23).

☐ **THE INMATES** are to appear as special guests on Elvis Costello's three sell-out pre-Christmas shows at Guildford Civic (December 21) and London Rainbow (23 and 24). And they have two special London headliners in their own right — the New Year's Eve party at Camden Dingwalls, followed by Victoria The Venue on January 9. Their new album 'Heatwave In Alaska' will be issued by WEA early in the New Year.

Merry Mensi

☐ **UK SUBS** play a special charity show at Sheffield Marples Club next Monday (21), on behalf of the local children's hospital — tickets have been reduced to £1 for this gig but, in order to gain admission, each member of the audience has to donate a toy. The Subs also headline at Birmingham Cedar Ballroom this Saturday, prior to going to Leeds Queens Hall on Sunday for the "Christmas On Earth" festival.

23 for '40

Pic: Ciaran O Tuama

UB40 start the New Year right by setting out on a major 23-date concert tour, including four shows in London and three in Birmingham. The band are currently putting the finishing touches to their new single, for release during the course of the tour — and their fourth album, which they'll complete when they come off the road, will be out before the summer.

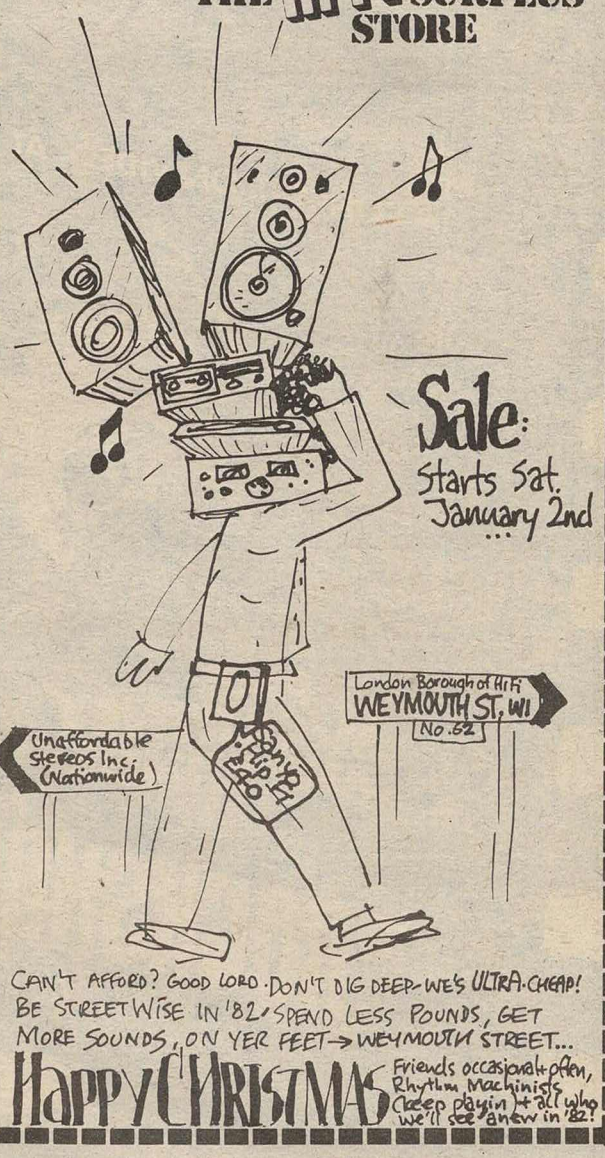
Dates and venues are Newcastle City Hall (January 19 and 20), Edinburgh Playhouse (21), Glasgow Apollo (22), Dundee Caird Hall (23), Manchester Apollo (26 and 27), Sheffield City Hall (28 and 29), London Hammersmith Palais (31 and February 1), Hammersmith Odeon (2 and 3), Poole Wessex Hall (4), Brighton Conference Centre (6), Bristol Colston Hall (8), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (9), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11), Hanley Victoria Hall (12), Coventry Apollo (13) and Birmingham Odeon (14-16).

Tickets are all at the one price of £4, except at the three Scottish venues where admission is £3.75 — though the band have arranged for anyone possessing a UB 40 dole card to buy tickets for £2.50, and this applies to all venues.

TOUR NEWS, RECORD NEWS P.72

FREDDIE BARRATT
seeks a song to record with a view to reaching the **TOP TEN.**
Following his successful debut single —
"It's Impossible"
FREDDIE BARRETT wants to open 1982 with a HIT RECORD.
Any serious suggestions —
Telephone "Mac"
BARRETTONE RECORDS
01-749 5050

THE HI-FI SURPLUS STORE


Sale:
Starts Sat. January 2nd
London Borough of Hi-Fi
WEYMOUTH ST. W1
No. 62
Unaffordable Stereos Inc (Nationwide)
CAN'T AFFORD? GOOD LORD. DON'T DIG DEEP - WE'S ULTRA-CHEAP!
BE STREETWISE IN '82 / SPEND LESS POUNDS, GET MORE SOUNDS, ON YER FEET → WEYMOUTH STREET...
HAPPY CHRISTMAS
Friends occasional often, Rhythm Machinists Cheep playin' + all who we'll see anew in '82!

Mead Gould Promotions

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK
Live in Concert in Belgium Friday, February 12th
The price of £54 includes
☆ Tickets for the concert ☆ 1 night in good hotel ☆ ☆ Return trip by luxury coach with reclining seats/stereo ☆ Cross Channel ferry
Depart London — Fri 12th, morning Returns London — Sat 13th, evening
Tick Box 1

QUEEN
Due to the exceptionally large following we are now taking bookings for Europe in Spring 1982. Please send £10 deposit to secure place & S.A.E. for further details. Tick Box 2

POLICE
in Leiden near Amsterdam on Saturday 9th January. The Price of £63 includes
● Tickets for the concert ● 1 night in 1st class hotel in Amsterdam ● Return luxury coach trip with reclining seats / stereo ● cross channel ferry.
£20 deposit secures a place. Box 1
Or Want to try a Quick Cheapie?
The skipper shuttle is available with **● Journey there & back by luxury coach ● Ticket for concert**
Price £44 — S.A.E. for details. Tick Box 3

GILLAN
+ **Tygers of Pan Tang** (Skipper Shuttle)
at Poperinge in Belgium
The price of £38 includes
● Ticket for the concert ● Cross Channel ferry crossing
● Return luxury coach trip reclining seats/stereo
Departs morning 29th Jan. Returns midday 30th Jan.
£20 deposit secures a place **Tick Box 4**

Acces Barclay/C
MGP INTERNATIONAL CONCERTS
Send Cheques/Postal Orders to:
Mead Gould Promotions, 38 Hamlet Court Rd, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex. Tel: (0702) 339724

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Address .....
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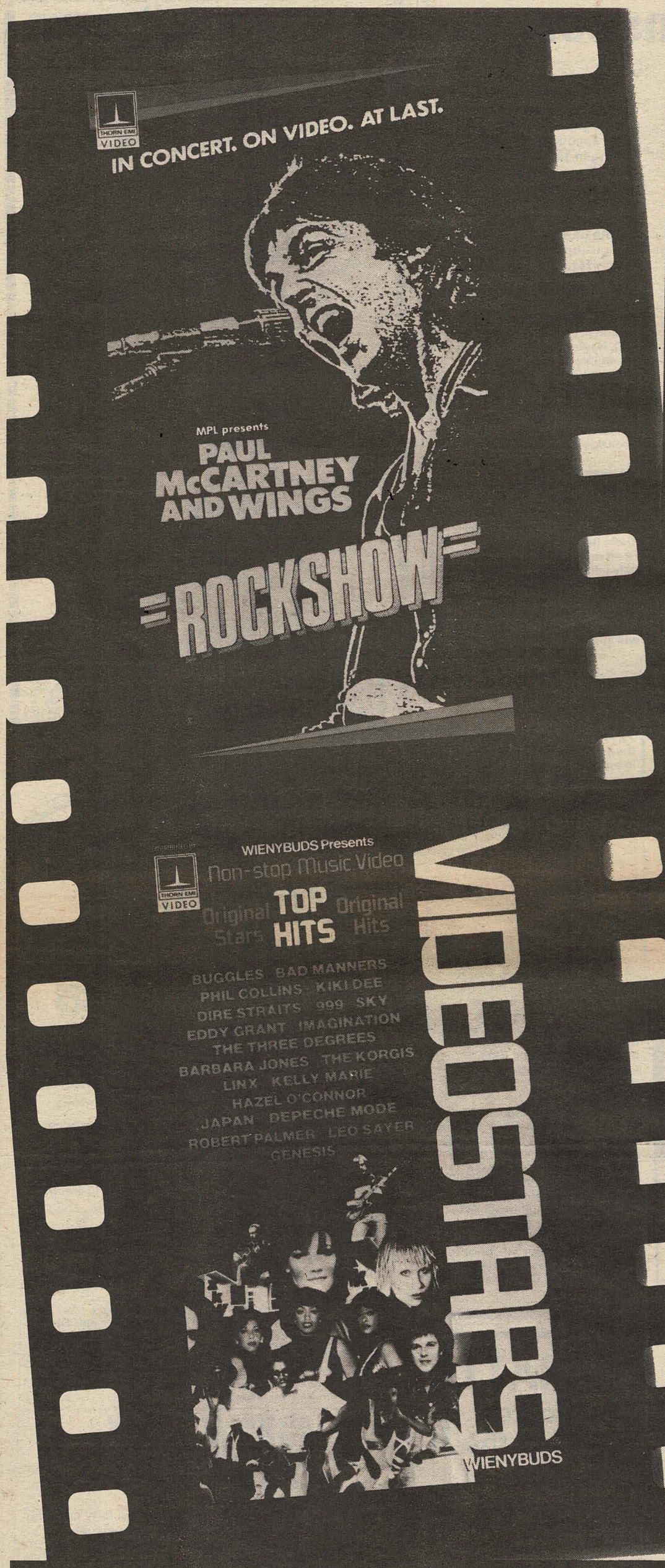
No. of Tickets Required.....
Box 1 ☐ Box 2 ☐ Box 3 ☐ Box 4 ☐ Please Tick Box Required
NME



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MUSIC FOR THE EYES.

A selection of songs from 1981 interpreted by some of our favourite artists, cartoonists and illustrators

SONGS DRAWN + QUARTERED

13 DEAD

Ian Wright

Ian Wright comes from South London and has been a freelance illustrator for the last three years, during which time he has designed sleeves for such artists as Madness and Gary Glitter. His work has appeared in *NME, The Face, Penthouse* and on various walls. On Johnny Osbourne's '13 Dead' — an angry comment on the Deptford Fire in which 13 black teenagers died — Ian, a longtime reggae fan, says: "I thought it was good that a black artist could make a strong statement like that. I came from that area so it perhaps had a stronger effect on me. Johnny Osbourne's a great singer, I've followed him from Studio One, and he's had a good year. I wanted my illustration to be simple, crude and effective. It's not particularly refined. It matches the subject."

● *'13 Dead', written and recorded by Johnny Osbourne, is reproduced by permission of Simba Publishing.*

CHANT No.1

Serge Clerc

Serge Clerc moved from his home village near St Etiene in the south of France to Paris some five years ago to work on the celebrated French comic magazine *Metal Hurlant.* His drawings — affectionate comic cuts of musicians and fans — have become well known to *NME* readers over the last few years, and have recently moved away from his customary '50s rockers, '60s moptops and '70s punks to a more individual evocation of the zoot suit 'n' horn style. His inspiration has not, however, been the current English faddists but "the '40s cellar clubs of Paris' Left Bank after the war — *les caves de St Germain Des Pres*. Spandau don't mean anything in Paris — no one has hardly heard of them. We have a few poseurs like that but I'm not very close to those sort of guys. I was a little tired of the '50s and '60s and I'm excited by my new way of drawing. No one else here is drawing these things, it's new for us." He is also something of an Anglophile — "here I am called *Le Dessinateur Espion,'* the spy artist' and I am very fond of your English spies. I also like your architecture."

● *'Chant No 1', written by Gary Kemp and recorded by Spandau Ballet, is reproduced by permission of Steve Dagger/Reformation Publishing Co. Ltd.*

GHOST TOWN

Ralph Steadman

"How did I try to do it? As hopelessly as possible. Empty." Ralph Steadman might possibly have had difficulty interpreting The Specials' summer of '81 dole queue anthem — after all, he seems to be keeping about 25 people out of jobs himself. As well as contributing to numerous magazines and newspapers (he was responsible for the cover art for *NME's* four-part *Consumer's Guide To 1984),* Ralph is currently working on several books — including his own work on Leonardo Da Vinci, and an upcoming collaboration with Hunter S. Thompson titled *The Curse Of Lono*. One thing he hadn't done until now, though, was illustrate a song. "When you draw something like that," he comments, "it has an infectious effect. For a while you feel like that — that helpless. And somehow society has become imbued with that sort of defeatist attitude. But I wanted a little bit of humour too. And I suddenly saw all those kids as sperms; and in a way they might as well be sperms again. They didn't ask, did they . . .?"

● *'Ghost Town', written by Jerry Dammers and recorded by The Specials, is reproduced by permission of Plangent Visions Music Ltd.*

NEVER AGAIN

Peter Kennard

Over the past 18 months Peter Kennard's photomontages have become a powerful voice in the anti-nuclear campaign, and his work has appeared regularly in our *Plutonium Blondes* column. When we asked him to illustrate Discharge's anti-nuke rant 'Never Again', he produced a truly chilling picture. "Images of nuclear explosions are becoming hideously domesticated," Kennard comments. "They can be found in innumerable books and magazines, even on glossy posters. People are softened up into accepting nuclear war as a part of our lives. The point of my photomontage is to show a nuclear explosion inextricably connected to an image of our own death. It is vital that we do not become acclimatised to *any* images of nuclear devastation, and we must say with Discharge: never never never again."

● *'Never Again', written and recorded by Discharge, is reproduced by permission of Clay/Intersong.*

DON'T YOU WANT ME

Mark Fairnington

Mark Fairnington's illustrative power first appeared in *NME* at the start of 1981, when we reviewed his stunning gothic horror comic *The Madness.* Not surprisingly, when we asked Mark to bend his bizarre vision to The Human League's true romance hit 'Don't You Want Me', he took what he terms "an ironic view of it. My illustration is not representative of what I'm doing now in my own work, but I think it conveys the feel of the song . . . the fragmented conversation . . . so personal, yet so public." Away from the pages of *NME,* Fairnington is working on another project "similar to *The Madness,* only more so" titled *The Last Appearance Of The Angel Of Death.* "The trouble is, I don't really think it's suitable for publication, even in *NME*. I call it underground . . ."

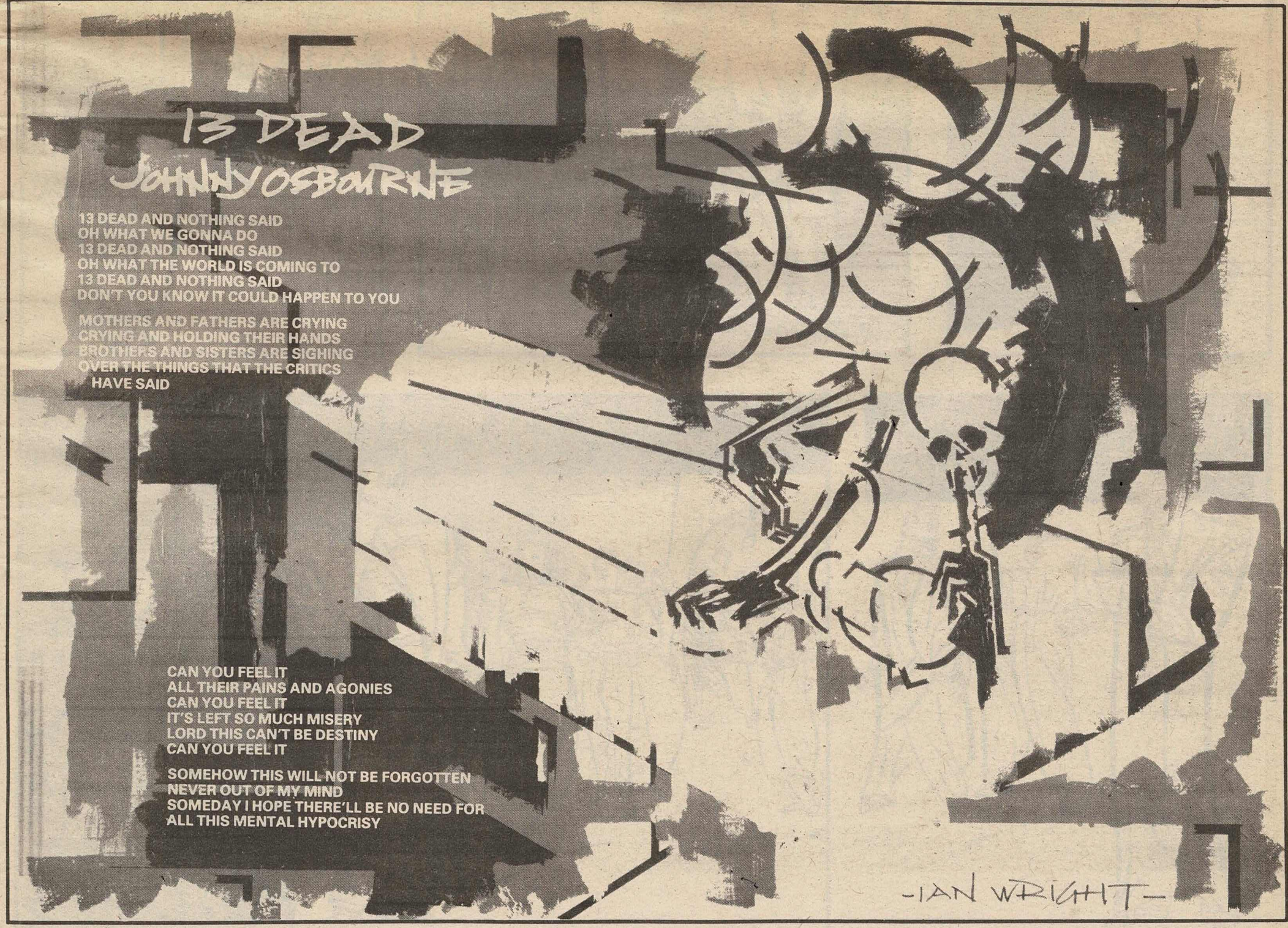
● *'Don't You Want Me', written by Philip Oakey, Jo Callis and Adrian Wright and recorded by The Human League, is reproduced by permission of Sounds Diagram, Virgin Music (Publishers) Ltd and Dinsong Ltd.*

THE LUNATICS (Have Taken Over The Asylum)

Ray Lowry

"It's been a hell of a year." Ray Lowry, Salford's grand old man of rock'n'roll, returns to a theme that runs through all his work these days — both drawings and writings. "I've not been impressed by a great deal of music this year, but I agree with The Fun Boy Three — it does seem as if the lunatics have taken over the asylum. There's no deep meaning to my illustration: just what it says." Lowry, who has been a professional cartoonist since 1969 — 12 years that have seen his work in everything from *NME, Oz* and *IT* to *Punch* and *Private Eye,* and from *Knave* and *Men Only* to the *Mirror* and even the *Daily Sketch* — feels himself growing away from cartooning. "I'm getting much more interested in writing than drawing. I don't really consider myself a very good illustrator; I'm not in the league of people like Ralph Steadman or Scarfe. But sometimes I think they're great illustrators who don't actually *say* very much . . ."

● *'The Lunatics (Have Taken Over The Asylum)', written by Lynval Golding, Terry Hall and Neville Staples and recorded by The Fun Boy Three, is reproduced by permission of Plangent Visions Music Ltd.*


13 DEAD
JOHNNY OSBOURNE
13 DEAD AND NOTHING SAID
OH WHAT WE GONNA DO
13 DEAD AND NOTHING SAID
OH WHAT THE WORLD IS COMING TO
13 DEAD AND NOTHING SAID
DON'T YOU KNOW IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU
MOTHERS AND FATHERS ARE CRYING
CRYING AND HOLDING THEIR HANDS
BROTHERS AND SISTERS ARE SIGHING
OVER THE THINGS THAT THE CRITICS
HAVE SAID
CAN YOU FEEL IT
ALL THEIR PAINS AND AGONIES
CAN YOU FEEL IT
IT'S LEFT SO MUCH MISERY
LORD THIS CAN'T BE DESTINY
CAN YOU FEEL IT
SOMEHOW THIS WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN
NEVER OUT OF MY MIND
SOMEDAY I HOPE THERE'LL BE NO NEED FOR
ALL THIS MENTAL HYPOCRISY
-IAN WRIGHT-

SPANDAU BALLET

CHANT No 1

"I DON'T NEED THIS PRESSURE ON"

BY SERGE CLERC

I CHECK THE TIME, IT WAS ALMOST TIME,
THE CURIOUS SMELL, AN INTANGIBLE CRIME,
I'M WASHING MY CLOTHES BUT THE STAIN STILL GROWS,
COVER YOUR EYES, THE STAIN STILL SHOWS,
I FEEL THE STAIN AGAINST MY SKIN,
I FEEL THE STAIN AGAINST MY SKIN,

I KNOWS THIS FEELING IS A LIE, I KNOWS THIS FEELING IS A LIE,
THERE'S A GUILT WHIT MY MIND, THERE'S A GUILT WITHIN MY MIND,
I KNOW THIS FEELING IS A LIE,
I KNOW THIS FEELING IS A LIE,

I DON'T NEED THIS PRESSURE ON,
I DON'T NEED THIS PRESSURE ON,
I DON'T NEED THIS PRESSURE ON,
I DON'T NEED THIS PRESSURE ON.

OH, I SHOULD QUESTION, NOT IGNORE, OH, I SHOULD QUESTION, NOT IGNORE
SONGS ARE ALWAYS BURIED DEEP, SONGS ARE ALWAYS BURIED DEEP!
THERE'S [illegible]ALION IN MY ARMS,

THERE... IS MOTION IN MY ARMS;
OH, I SHOULD QUESTION, NOT IGNORE,
I SHOULD BELIEVE AND NOT IGNORE.

YOU GO DOWN-DOWN, PAST THE "TALK OF THE TOWN", YOU GO DOWN GREEK-STREET, THEN IT'S UNDERGROUND,

WELL IT'S SOHO LIFE, FOR THIS MOBILE KNIFE, IT'S THE PLACE TO SHOOT, FRIDAY NIGHT BEAT ROUTE!

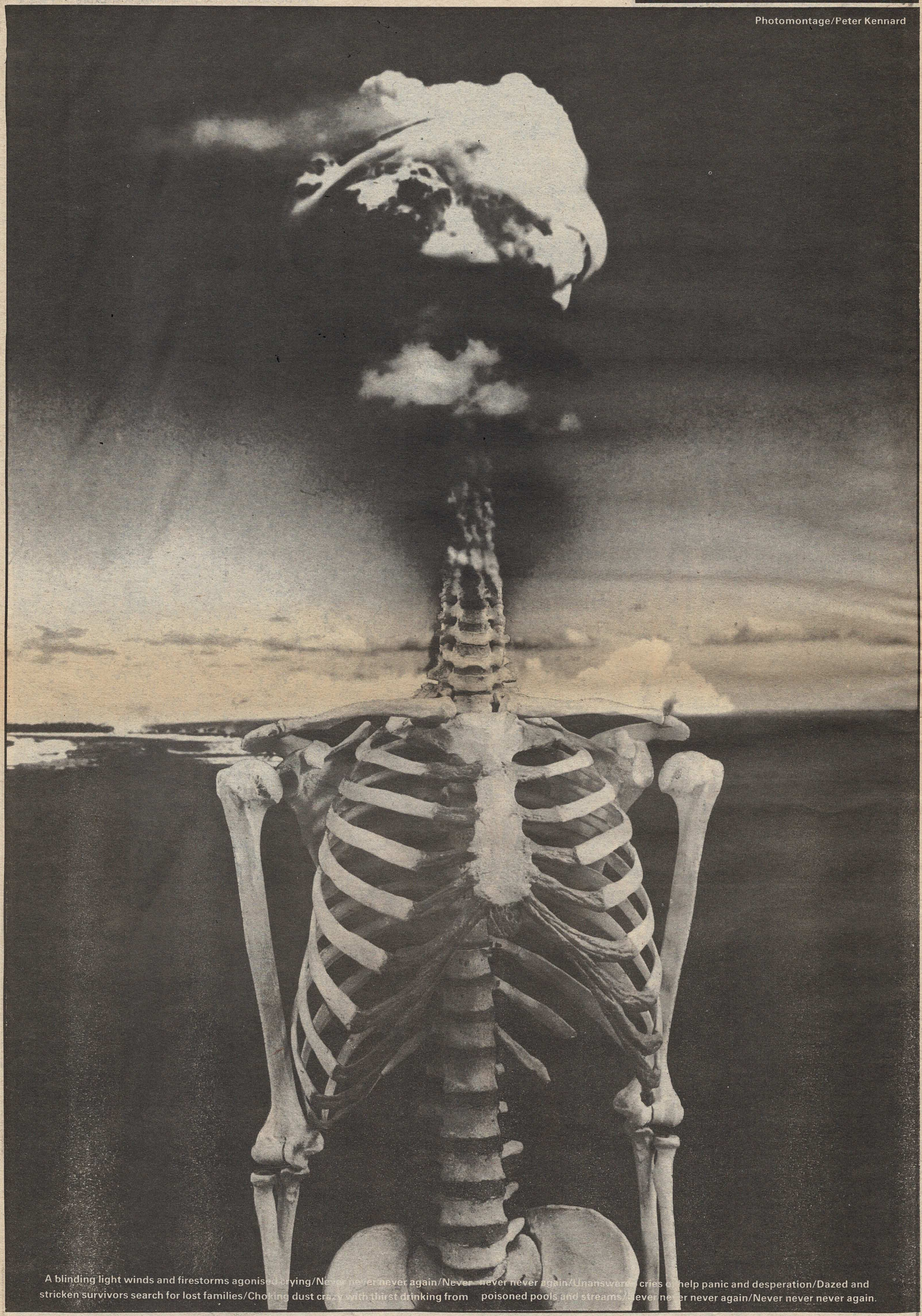
I DON'T NEED THIS PRESSURE ON,
I DON'T NEED THIS PRESSURE ON,
I DON'T NEED THIS PRESSURE ON
I DON'T NEED THIS PRESSURE ON
...

THE END

This town is coming like a ghost town
All the clubs have been closed down
This town is coming like a ghost town
Bands won't play no more —
Too much fighting on the dance floor
Do you remember the good old days before the ghost town?
We danced and sang as the music played in a de boomtown
This town is coming like a ghost town
Why must the youth fight against themselves?
Government leaving the youth on the shelf
This town is coming like a ghost town
No job to be found in this country
Can't go on no more, people getting angry
This town is coming like a ghost town
This town is coming like a ghost town
This town is coming like a ghost town
This town is coming like a ghost town
This town is coming like a ghost town
?
Ralph STEADMAN '81

SONGS DRAWN + QUARTERED

Photomontage/Peter Kennard



A blinding light winds and firestorms agonised crying/Never never never again/Never never never again/Unanswered cries of help panic and desperation/Dazed and stricken survivors search for lost families/Choking dust crazy with thirst drinking from poisoned pools and streams/Never never never again/Never never never again.

don't you want me?

You were working as a waitress in a cocktail bar
When I met you
I picked you out I shook you up and turned you around
Turned you into someone new
Now five years later on you've got the world at your feet
Success has been so easy for you
But don't forget it's me who put you where you are now
And I can put you back down too

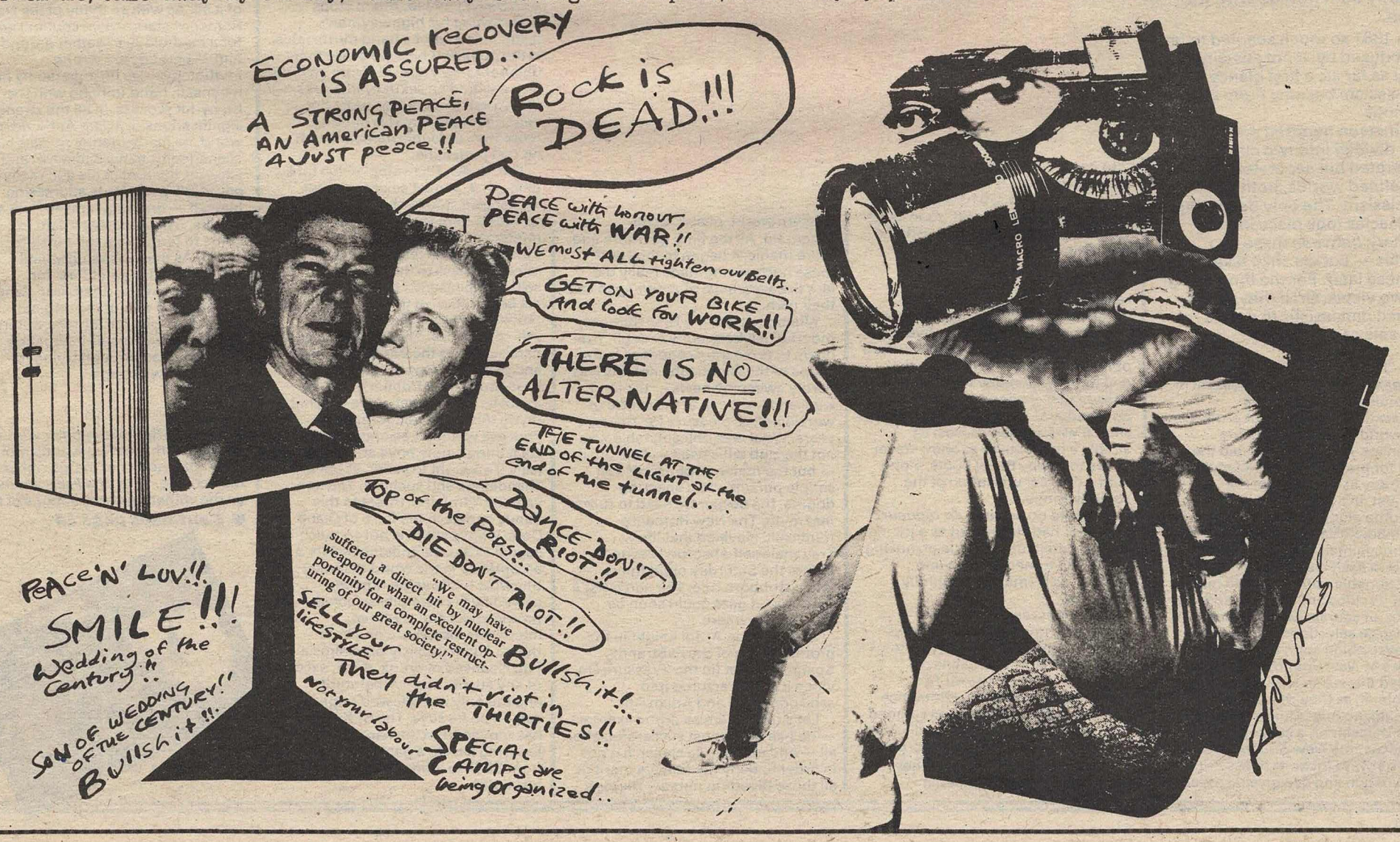
Don't . . . don't you want me
You know I can't believe it
When I hear that you won't see me
Don't . . . don't you want me
You know I don't believe you
When you say that you don't need me
It's much too late to find
You think you've changed your mind
You'd better change it back
Or we will both be sorry
Don't you want me baby

I was working as a waitress in a cocktail bar
That much is true
But I always knew I'd find a better place
Either with or without you
The five years we have had have been such good times
I still love you
But now I think it's time I lived my life on my own
I guess it's something I must do

Don't . . Don't you want me
You know I can't believe it
When I hear that you won't see me
Don't . . . don't you want me
You know I don't believe you
When you say that you don't need me
It's much too late to find
You think you've changed your mind
You better change it back
Or we will both be sorry
Don't you want me baby

Mark Fairnington

THE LUNATICS (HAVE TAKEN OVER THE ASYLUM) I see a clinic full of cynics/who want to twist the people's wrist/ they're watching every move we make/we're all included on their list. The lunatics (have taken over the asylum). The lunatics(have taken over the asylum). Go nuclear the cowboy told us/ and who am I to disagree/'cos when the madman flicks a switch/the nuclear will go for me.The lunatics(have taken over the asylum).The lunatics(have taken over the asylum).I see the faces of starvation/but I just can not see the point/'cos there's so much food here today/that no one wants to take away.The lunatics(have taken over the asylum).The lunatics have taken over the asylum).Take away my right to choose/take away my point of view/take away my dignity/take these things away from me/take away my family/ take away the right to speak/take away my point of view/take away my right to choose.

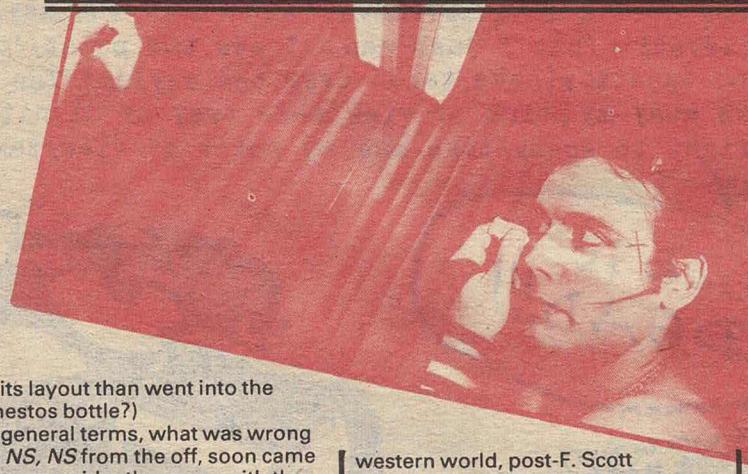

ECONOMIC RECOVERY IS ASSURED...
A STRONG PEACE, AN AMERICAN PEACE A JUST PEACE!!
ROCK IS DEAD!!!
PEACE with honour, PEACE with WAR!!
WE must ALL tighten our Belts..
GET ON YOUR BIKE And look for WORK!!
THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE!!!
THE TUNNEL AT THE END of the LIGHT at the end of the tunnel..
DANCE DON'T RIOT!!
TOP of the POPS!..
DIE DON'T RIOT!!
"We may have suffered a direct hit by nuclear weapon but what an excellent opportunity for a complete restructuring of our great society!"
BULLSHIT!...
SELL YOUR LIFESTYLE
They didn't riot in the THIRTIES!!
SPECIAL CAMPS are being organized..
Not your labour
PEACE'N' LUV!!
SMILE!!!
Wedding of the Century..
SON OF WEDDING OF THE CENTURY!!
BULLSHIT!!
MACRO LENS

Mirror, mirror on the wall ...

... what aspect of 1981 does it pain you most to recall?

Making up another myth ...
All pictures by Peter Anderson

Overdressed twits taking Polaroids of one another in posey little clubs? Or the stern soapbox caterwauling of commentators who got themselves into a blue funk about everyone else's fun? Underlying both is the gaunt spectre of Narcissism, reckons Ian Penman. Well, that's one way of looking at it ...



THIS WAS a year when our narcissism was indiscreet; it moved out from beyond keyholes and openly solicited us with its gaze.

In 1981 so much seemed to be introduced by, if not sustained only as far as, a first glance. Narcissism became quite a little narcotic.

Nineteen hundred and eighty one divided into two clearly separated but separately ill-defined worlds, both lost in narcissism. The only dangerous intimacies took place in the scenery *between* these two worlds — but we shall take stock of these later. For the time being — two views. Or, if they are indeed narcissistic in nature — two sets of two views.

To "have a view" is usually taken to mean that one is in possession of an opinion, to imagine the possession of 'truth' if not proof. Our first world — the camp young hedonists' camp — disowned the need for proof and sought petulant sanctuary in the sweat of the moment, in a peripatetic hop, skip, and jump along tropes of intermediate value. In clubs for *self*-proclaimed heroes.

This in itself was neither new nor objectionable until the world moved out of its clubs and into Advertising — into, of course, advertisements of self. Large selections of *The Face* and everything spun around the staples of *New Sounds, New Styles* pushed this world to the hilt. (Minor quibble: if, as they're always claiming, no one is just a fan but an artist, a designer, a conceptualist, etc . . . how come *New Sounds, New Styles* always looks as if less imagination and design sense went into its layout than went into the Domestos bottle?)

In general terms, what was wrong with *NS, NS* from the off, soon came to be very evidently wrong with the New Romance as a 'whole'. Its desires and designs were *too obvious*. The clothing and culture references — from Bowie to the Elizabethans and back again — were not harnessed to an innovative edge, but left to float heavily on the surface of things, like oil on water. By the end of the year many high street consumers — poor little birds with dull feathers! — had flocked into the slick. It was, in many cases, as simple a manoeuvre as shiny Ravel shoes to floppy Ravel boots, along with a discreet utilisation of the soulboy fringe.

Dressing up became *de regueur,* and what had started out as a jolting reassessment of the value of looking good, had turned fashion into something formal and painfully inflexible.

Only an occasional observer/mover like Perry Haines stood in useful opposition to the rapidly gathering party line of "style" for a while's sake. The conversation of the New Romance and its media prophets was clogged with self-damning conceptualisation — they used word like 'aristocracy' and 'elite' and behaved as if they were naughty nomads of the western world, post-F. Scott Fitzgerald. As the fling got more and more manic, it began to look as if these nocturne nomads really did lack the assurance of *anything* to call their own.

When pressed, the New Romance mouthpiece frequently brought it all down to prole transcendence in the shape of the Nightclub Life; this was hardly awesome news — the long weekend has been at the centre of working-class pleasure for Tiffany's years. What was objectionable was not the club ethic itself — far from it — but the metamorphosis of this simple pursuit into a sneering dogma, the desperate need to *turn it into* myth. The New Romance frantically elevated that life — Travolta's self-absorbed seconds before the Saturday night mirror — into a stubborn rule. The narcissist's determined gaze could soon be found everywhere . . .

It reached an Artful height in the promo videos of Steve Strange, Spandau Ballet (in the 'Pressure On' video it even fractured into schizophrenia) and Adam Ant.

Let's take Adam as prime example — he has been most successful, after all — and look a little closer. It's not in order to deny the relative merit of all those diverting nursery rhymes, but one is tempted to ask if Adam is really the type of representation or representative that we're — as he claims in 'Stand And Deliver' — *"too scared to mention"*. In the 'Stand And Deliver' video, Adam stops brandishing his highwayman's pistol in favour of a hand mirror; this is the point at which we cease to be unmentionably scared. From anyone else it would be sexually hilarious, this switch from gun to gaze, but with Adam the threat is nothing more than a *double entendre* with no real punchline.

The 'Prince Charming' video took this weird, almost sexless private language a step further. The Prince's conquest here is not sexual with reference to another — there is no Cinders, no Princess — but with reference back to the narcissistic self. This peasant's glorious entry, his penetration of the upper crust, is predicated on his dazzling self-confidence. The triumph is pure narcissism, as the Barrymore leaps and gallery of rogues (Brando, Eastwood, Alice Cooper) seem to indicate. As reversal of the original myth, this is perfect. After all, a Princess wouldn't be allowed to do such things, only boys are strong (silly?) enought to swing about on chandeliers and suchlike. The only vaguely 'feminine' threat to this dandy comes in the form of Diana Dors, whose smirk is not so much sexual as a pat signifier of Adam's acceptance in the world of family Showbiz — the same function served by his carefully selected promo spots and cautious interviews elsewhere on TV. In these, Adam publicly proclaims a Pop cleansed of drugs, drink, excess, of any suspicious temperature . . . and the only lust allowed reign is sex. Or so he says. The SEX in ANT has moved from the early days of knowing kink to a pantomime wink, from S&M to man-at-C&A. It's all just antics.

In the Prince Charming video, Adam looks back at his already discarded images (all the way of getting into our hearts rather than our knickers) and smiles at the ease of it all. As with so many of the New Romance stars, Adam couldn't wait for a mythology to gather around him — perhaps the *wrong* mythology — so he impatiently built it himself, hand-in-hand with the hit-by-hit process. In all the strange significations of Adam Ant's video world, he inadvertently reveals his alienation from his audience, and exposes the root of his and many a pop star's pose. He is addressing himself — dressing himself — in a double, using *another* Adam to come to terms with the outside world. As the increasingly bald self-celebration ('Ant Rap' for Christmas) avers, Adam is in danger of going the way of the original Narcissus, who fell into the watery depths of private self-infatuation, who drowned through trying to rejoin his own image.

BUT WHAT of the *other* world? In truth, our two worlds more often than not merge rather than collide. Take *The Face,* where all the withering permutations of the

■ **Continues page 14**

Video OD?

Sanyo Personal Hi-Fi, M4440. Pitch, tone, balance and volume controls. Push-button operation for play, rewind/review, fast-forward/cue. Cut-in talk line facility with built-in microphone. Tape counter, headphone and 6 volt DC jack sockets. Lightweight, battery operated. Complete with headphones, carry case, cassette pouch, and shoulder strap. For only £49.95, she shall have music wherever she goes.....

SEE SANYO, THEN DECIDE

SANYO
Technology at your fingertips

YE NEXTE YEARE BOXE

Next week in NME . . .

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING AT ALL

(It's Christmas, and we don't come out).
BUT! In just one small fortnight from now, in our stupendous New Year Issue — on sale from Thursday, 31st December - we'll be ready for the Great Leap Forward. And it'll be into '82 with delights like **SILVER SCREEN** — the best films of '81, acclaimed by the universe's boss movie page.

DOLLAR — Paul Morley discovers *true* love
PRINT — Cynthia Rose's Top Ten from Zino Mondo.
DR FEELGOOD — CSM finds the Docs in real good health.
PLUS — the names to watch in '82.
AND — the original and still the greatest —
THE T-ZERS AWARDS FOR 1981!!!

Okay, that's it till then, then. Will you miss us? We'll certainly miss you, you know, but of course it's only fourteen days really, and . . . (Oh shut up and let's go home — Ed).

FOR YOUR HI-FI'S ONLY

Having saved the world once again, our hero looks forward to an evening of aural delight, listening to a little music with a good bottle of red. He places the record on the turntable — but the sound is not good. "I don't know much about these things" said the blonde "but I'd say you have a deficiency at both frequency extremes, considerable loss of midband information, a hump around two kilohertz and poor channel separation." "Where did you learn that?" asks our hero. "From this" she replies, producing a well-thumbed copy of Practical Hi-Fi. In the January issue there's a free NAIM Calendar for 1982, a look at the new Philips open-reel tape deck, a speaker review and more from the Video revolution feature. He moves across the room and lays down beside her. "Amazing" he murmurs "turn up the lighting I've got some reading to do."

PRACTICAL HI-FI

January issue OUT NOW

Narcissism

■ From page 12

New Romance are laid out like a mail order catalogue, side by side with the vociferously *anti*-commentators such as Julie Burchill, John Savage, and Ray Lowry. It is an awkwardly liberal concretization of difference.

But even these *anti*-commentators offer no proof of the New Romance's vacuity, but only *proof in comparison* to their own collapsed ideals (Burchill and Savage mourn punk, Lowry veers between Lenin and Lennon). It is truly a world where everybody looks at phenomena but doesn't touch, doesn't get close enough to be touched or tainted.

Nineteen hundred and eighty one was a year when even the most enjoyable commentators (as usual amongst the disaffected, only Burchill had the prose to get away with murder) seemed frightened to gouge the surface sheen of things, to let loose the messy contents. Frightened of the forward narcissism of the New Romance, people chose to comment at a distance, as if the whole 'scene' were a mirage, and getting *too close* a view might result in the evaporation not only of the mirage but of their own travel writings.

With an aesthetic like Burchill's, it worked; narcissisms made for one another. Her style layered over the basic inconsistencies, a frenzied parody of empiricism and evangelical glee, crusading for everything from an old Hollywood gaze — so American, so blank and superior and distant — to El Salvador, a community garrotted by American political intervention — so blank and superior and distant.

Everything was *better than*. Yesteryear Hollywood *better than* today's, politics *better than* pop stars, and so on. You could see Lauren Bacall staring into a mirror only to find Joe Stalin leering back at her. A nightmarish narcissism, but infinitely preferable to the sort of bumbling literalism which, let loose, would probably classiify Modern Romance (the group, I mean — the one with the record in the charts that sounds like 'Y Viva Espana') and Grace Jones on the same stage, as one polarity in a world which has rugged rock'n'roll and a spotless politics cleansed of all power as the other.

Literalism's failure to recognise the possible benefits of ambiguity, irony and the power of certain modern performers arises in turn from a refusal to recognise the real nature of the consumer's viewing position . . . one always centred in narcissism, clinging onto disparate images in the external world — be they compounded of ideology or idolatry. Our first ever identification is made in the mirror and it is this singular and solitary look that determines most other infatuations — the inexhaustible cycle of attempts at circumscribing the self.

For a child to leave its own world and enter "ours" it must realise itself as separate, as viewer as well as viewee. Part of this personality in the making is make-believe — identification with different ideals, from the classic ideals of childhood (again I remark, apropos Adam, that far from being unmentionably scary, his archetype is all too worn) to those of adulthood. Narcissism passes out a surplus of possible roles.

Our hopes lie with performers and pop stars who can take these archetypal roles, play them believably, whilst at the same time fiddling with the underpinnings which moor our personalities in obedience and observance rather than risk and dispersal. (I am thinking here of the kind of astute disruption which has gone into the video which accompanies The Human League's latest single.) The literalist slur which identifies the performance with the "real" self of the performer, attributing to it an escapist flight from the "reality" of everyday life, is a very dead end. It is something like denouncing vagaries of a bathetic ruling class. That we fail to recognise our "selves" in the *act*, in the actions, is a given. What we are presumed to want to perceive is the shadowplay of submerged desires and dangers. What we are presented with, therefore, is the dagger hidden beneath the allure of the silk.

Another example. Grace Jones . . . an explicit statement and arrangement of the contradictions of entertainment, the tensions of looking and being looked at. A narcissism without mirrors, without any hint of *striving to be* heroic, to steal the scenes. The Grace Jones show is not optimistic or pessimistic or self-obsessed or humanist . . . it is, in fact, *perfectly* meaningless. She is what each viewer identifies in her — in *it* — but never so pliable that she could become a passive or passifying fantasm. Her rendition, in 1981, of 'Nightclubbing' was . . . blank, selfish, purely aesthetic. She doesn't *belong*. Her world is obviously one of props and not of promises. She is 'proof' that fashion and style are as much products of individual fetish as of prevailing climate. She has turned the commodity into a body, rather than the usual vice versa. I am thinking here also of the excellent Olivia Newton-John video for 'Physical' . . . an event which deserves a thesis of its own, someday.)

We are each of us amalgamated of an infinite variety of traces and arrange them into mythic shapes and sympathies, even if we never have to face a satiated public gaze. The tendency to think that Political faith is more 'dignified' than Pop dotage, or that Pop dotage contains more desires than Political faith . . . either wayward worldview nourishes a profound neglect for the movements of narcissism which shape it. All needs must of necessity take mythic form — be it a political utopia or an undying love — and the most sensible aspirations can dissipate in one electric and fickle moment.

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Hazel O'Connor and Jess Birdsall in Jangles

ITV network goes rock clubbing

HAZEL O'CONNOR, The Fun Boy Three and Haircut 100 are three of the names lined up for New Year TV appearances on *Jangles* — a seven-part series set in a fictional club venue of the same name.

Going out on the ITV network from the end of February, *Jangles* follows the misadventures of Steve, an unemployed kid played by the 18-year-old newcomer Jess Birdsall, and his girlfriend Joanne, resident singer at the Jangles club, played by Hazel O'Connor. And for each episode of the series, there'll be a different guest act performing.

Playing at the club in programme one, as the story opens, will be US group Our Daughter's Wedding with a live version of the follow-up to their 'Lawn Chairs' single. Apart from Haircut 100 and The Fun Boy Three, future episodes will feature Tank (the heavy metal outfit formed by Al Ward of The Damned), reggae band Talisman, The Fantoms and Bristol's Slow Twitch Fibres.

***Jangles* has been made by HTV in Bristol, although the club's setting might be Anytown, UK. The show's producer, Peter Holmans, intends it as a reflection of the realities of teenage life in the '80s, but with an emphasis on the more upbeat aspects — if there's no work then let's play. The realism is heightened, both by the inclusion of real acts at the club, and a combination of raw and seasoned actors in the plot that surrounds the live action.**

And naturally, *Jangles* is also something of a showcase for Hazel O'Connor, who not only just acts but gets to sing every night as well.

Girls talk — "We've split"

DESPITE FRANTIC denials from record company Happy Birthday and band leader James 'Jes' Alan, it does appear that Girls At Our Best have finally parted company for that old favourite "personal reasons".

The problems within the band have been well known for some time, with drummer Carl Harper being particularly fond of expressing his disaffection with the creative core of Jes and vocalist Jo, but it appeared on their last bout of British dates that the band was functioning more effectively on a personal level. A batch of American dates followed, during which, according to Happy Birthday chief Paula, the band were "very much together", but soon after their return, and with the album 'Pleasure' touching the lower regions of the charts, rumours began to circulate that Harper and bassist Terry Swift had left the band.

Happy Birthday denied the rumours, maintaining that Jes and Jo were in a secret London hideaway, writing songs for a recording session next month. But when Carl and Terry were finally tracked down, they made no attempt to deny the rumour.

"Yes, it's all true," stated Terry. "It's quite an amicable split really, we just all sat down and talked about it and decided to part — it's not worth continuing with something that you don't enjoy just for the sake of success. Jes and Jo will probably carry on with some other people, but neither Carl nor I have any immediate plans."

From his home in Leeds on Tuesday, guitarist Jes confirmed that the boys in the Girls had indeed gone their separate ways.

"The thing with GAOB was that it was never a real group in the sense of, say, Eddie And The Hot Rods. Things have just reached a stage where we felt we had done everything we set out to do under that name. We've had four singles, and the album and the tour and we'd gone to America.

"It was on the American tour that it became evident that it was the end. All four of us agreed that it was the right thing to do. It's not a shock horror split story with people storming out or anything like that."

— DON WATSON

Dole drums

A FREE CONCERT by The Beat and UB40 — played for the benefit of Birmingham's jobless young — was the focus of last Monday's *World In Action Special*, a documentary devoted to the effects of rising youth unemployment.

Apart from extensive footage of both groups in performance, the Granada TV team interviewed them offstage, as well as talking to Midlands teenagers about how life on the dole was treating them.

The Beat's Dave Wakeling took the camera crew around a desolate factory site where he'd once come looking for work. "It's been a huge shock," he said. "It's desperate. This was the hub of Britain. Now there's nothing."

Dempsey dead

MICHAEL DEMPSEY, one time manager of The Adverts and TV Smith's Explorers, died last week when he fell down a stairwell. Dempsey, whose interests also included publishing — he compiled anthologys of *Sniffin' Glue* and Roxy photos — was one of punk's earliest entrepreneurs. His death occurred when he fell off a chair whilst changing a lightbulb at his home late on Sunday December 6; when found the next morning, he was rushed in vain to hospital, where he was pronounced dead of internal bleeding from a punctured liver.

JEAN SMITH-SARTRE
of The Naked Brunch

FILMS
Listburger's *Cheese*
En Sock (including, of course, the conclusion *En Nother Sock Also)*
The Arthur Haynes Story
Das Blumenkohl aus Stig Thunderkok
Gus Pissinger's *Venom*
I Pavarone du Pararone ce Inquestiarto (sometimes known as The Lard Bucket)
The Damned
Segues Of Art And Other Deaths (private tape)
The Day Of The Crocus (I think it was called)
Gus Pissinger's *Ahoy*
Danish Dentist On The Job (Nelly Kaplan's very serious film. Honestly. Look, *City Limits* explained the whole thing so stop sniggering like that. Nelly deserves better)

BOOKS
(A difficult section as I find most foreign literature, particularly the French attitude, absorbing. Indeed all the world except those who communicate in English seem to know how to use words — I do so detest the word 'books'. However we're getting there through new writers like George Nasal and Janet Lung. Here, then, are ten probably familiar but indispensable works . . .)
The British Ordeal by The Moaning Collective Of Nice
Zabadack's Fine Hosery Guide compiled by Jean Michel Arshstoker
J'ai le monde sur un Stringe — Pepe Pissinger
Anything by Francois Rambali-Italics
Darkness/The Womb — Mdme Gitte St Pancras
As A Nation We Talk Through Our Noses by Claude Bozaiker
How I See This World by Any Dank Old Miserable Foreign Depressant Who Never Sold More Than Ten Books In His/Her Life
A Guide For Living by Some Decadent Camp Old German
A Couple Of Wanky Trash Books That My Terrible Lifestyle Feels Compatible With
The En Sock Companion by Henri & Mariette Funkacre
The Holes In En Sock by Ron Niggles
The Rolling Stone Book Of Council House Waiting Lists

PEOPLE
Noggin The Nog
Adolph Monjou
Rommel
Frank Black (co-founder of Black & Decker Power Tools and undoubtably one of this century's most fascinating men)
The Sisterhood Of Spit

TV
Twilight Zone/Night Gallery/Into The Unknown — in fact any of those US b&w SF late-nighters that nobody watches because they're too dull but, for some reason, have a comforting integrity.
Lost In Space or a comparable memory jogger to show your readers that I was a funky little kid obsessed with that great 'innocently' trashy TV of the '60s
All commercials
Whatever soap opera has the worst viewing slot (not The Sullivans again though)
Watching Harry Carpenter purse his lips after every other sentence
Tales From Rebovia/Rag, Tag & Bobtail.

DISEASES
Mumps
Parasites (private tape-worm)

PLACES
All of Florence
Parts of Florence's sister

RECORDS
I Can't Leave Her Behind Alone by Pugh Felts Brel On 45
I've Got You by The Penis
Me No Pop I (but Olive Oyl 'Aveya Tonight) (version)
Russ Kunkel & Billy Preston: 'Brad Goes Instrumental'
Anita Weird: 'You Can Ring My Brel' (disco 12")
Brel & Burroughs: 'Mantras By Moonlight' (selected Records)
Sister Ray
And, of course, 'Alles Ist Munch' by Naked Brunch

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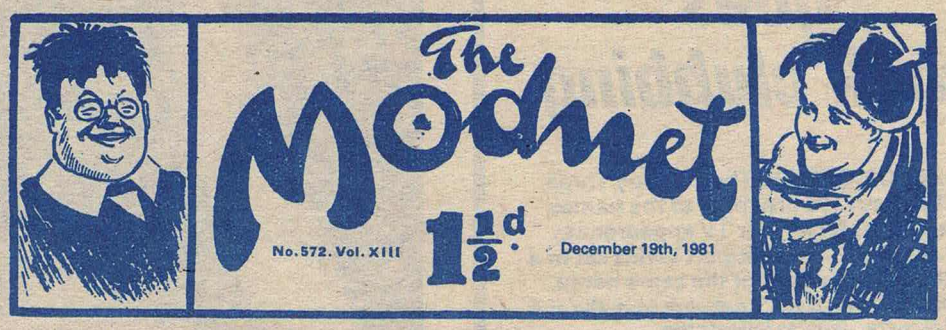


Jill Mumford a la Magnet

BILLY BUNTER'S BIG CHRISTMAS BINGE

A short story by Richard Franks

CHAPTER 1
STICKY!

"STOP this one, Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ooooh!"

Billy Bunter stopped it.

"It" was a custard tart. Bunter stopped it with a plump chin. It spread in a sticky sludge over the fattest face in the music business.

As it unfortunately happened, Billy Bunter had opened his extensive mouth to call to Bob Cherry, when the custard tart arrived from Bob's playful hand. That extensive mouth was immediately filled to capacity — with pastry. Billy Bunter's startled yell came muffled by cake.

"Ooooh!" spluttered Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a Christmas reception at Greyfriars discotheque, to launch 'Eton Trifles', the new album by the Famous Five punk quintet. An early gathering of liggers had congregated in the club. There were not very many of them: but there were odd record company executives and journalists here and there among the plastic palm trees, and cheery fellows were making the most of it. Bunter was making more of it than most, as prelude for the *NME* Christmas party that same evening: an important engagement in the fat Owl's diary. The December sky outside was cloudy: but the faces of the Five were merry and alcohol-flushed as they splashed one another with pina coladas.

Cocktail parties did not appeal to Billy Bunter. The smoky confines of a Soho basement did not attract him, especially on a winter's day. On a cold and frosty morning he preferred frowsting over his office fire, spliff in hand and out of mind. But Bunter had something very particular to say to Harry Wharton and Co so his favourite armchair Dodgy Enterprises Inc remained untenanted, while he looked for them in Greyfriars. Now he had found them — and a custard tart at the same time.

He clawed cake from a fat face, spluttering.

"Ooooh!" gasped Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I was looking for you——"

"Well, here we are!" said Harry Wharton. "Stop this one!"

"But I say — yarooooh!" roared Bunter, as he stopped it, this time with a well-filled waistcoat. "Beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here's another!" called out Johnny Bull.

"Ow! Wow! Stoppit!"

"And here's another!" chuckled Frank Nugent.

"I say — ooooh — wooooh!"

"Herefully comes another, my esteemed fat Bunter, to raas," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Ow! Beast! Will you stoppit? Ooooh!"

"Hah, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter danced a salsa *a la* Sullivan, as he frantically dodged custard tarts. But he dodged them in vain. The Famous Five were all good marksmen: and Bunter's unusual circumference made him an easy mark. Custard tart after custard tart burst all over the Owl of Denmark Street, to the accompaniment of indignant squeaks from Bunter, and merry laughter from the spiky-haired combo.

"Woooogh! Will you stoppit?" shrieked Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I was looking for you to say — yarooooh!" A tart bursting on a fat little nose cut short what Bunter had to say.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Apparently it was something urgent that Bunter had to say. But Harry Wharton and Co did not seem keen to hear it. Possibly they suspected that it might be something about the Five's Christmas support tour with the Gang Of Four and Funboy Three in Paris: a subject upon which absolutely nobody at Greyfriars was anxious to hear anything from Billy Bunter. Anyhow they continued to pelt the fat Owl with custard tarts, and Billy Bunter continued to twist and shout.

But the worm will turn!

Billy Bunter, with his little round eyes gleaming wrath and indignation through his big psychedelic spectacles, stooped and clutched at the centrepiece of the reception: a huge chocolate cake. With all the force of a fat arm he hurled it at Bob Cherry's laughing ruddy face.

But Billy Bunter was no marksman. There was plenty of force behind that chocolate cake as it whizzed. Undoubtedly, it would have given Bob quite a jolt, had it landed in the middle of his features, as the wrathful Owl intended. But it missed by more than a yard, and whizzed on into space.

It was somewhat unlucky for Mark E Smith of The Fall, that he was strolling by at a little distance, looking at an Adam Ant video on the Greyfriars telescreen and wondering whether he should change his act. He stood in the line of fire as Bunter's cake whizzed past Bob's head.

"Oh, my trilby!" ejaculated Bob.

"Look out, Smithy!" called out Harry Wharton.

But it was too late.

Smithy was not looking out. He was giving the merry crowd no heed at all. He was taken quite by surprise.

Had Billy Bunter aimed that chocolate cake at Smithy, possibly it might have landed on Bob Cherry. But he had aimed it at Bob; and it was Smithy who received it. He received it in his left ear, where it splattered, filling his ear, his collar, and his carefully dishevelled hair, with cake. Smithy gave a startled howl and staggered.

Smithy was not the best-tempered of fellows. But even a good-tempered fellow might have become a little excited by the sudden and unexpected crash of a squashy chocolate cake in his ear.

He glared round, clawing at an earful of cake.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Billy Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Famous Five. They seemed to find the unexpected incident amusing. Mark E Smith did not look amused.

"You silly arseholes!" he roared. "Which of you idiot bastards chucked that? Think it's funny?"

"Sort of!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "But ——"

But Bob was not given time to say more. Citizen Smith came at him with a rush. Smithy had not seen that missile hurled, and it did not even occur to him that it came from Billy Bunter.

Nobody would have suspected Billy Bunter of hitting a target, with a chocolate cake or anything else. Smithy did not doubt that it was the cheery Bob, and he rushed him down, to demonstrate that it was not, as he seemed to suppose, funny to catch a fellow in the ear with a chocolate cake.

"Here, I say!" gasped Bob. Then he went over, landing on his back with the Citizen sprawling over him.

Here's some for you!" howled Smithy, as he grabbed up handfuls of cake, and plastered Bob's face with them. "Like it yourself?"

"Urrrrgh!" gurgled Bob, struggling frantically, half suffocated with cake. "You mad ass — gurrrrgh! It wasn't — wurrrrgh! I tell you it wasn't — gurrrrgh! Here, rescue, you fellows — oooogh! Draggimoff!"

Harry Wharton, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh rushed to the rescue. They grasped the excited Citizen, and dragged, while Bob heaved under him like Shakin' Stevens on *Top Of The Pops*. There was quite a mix-up of struggling punks, scattering cake right and left.

"He, he, he!" cachinated Billy Bunter. That mix-up amid the cake was quite entertaining to the fat Owl.

But he did not linger for more than a moment or two to enjoy the entertainment. Whatever it was that he had to say to Harry Wharton, evidently it was not a propitious moment for saying it. Neither was it judicious to remain upon the spot until Smithy learned who had projected that chocolate cake. Like the guests in Macbeth, Billy Bunter stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once — leaving Harry Wharton and Co and Mark E Smith to sort themselves out.

Billy Bunter rolled into Wardour Street, and left them to it: and the fattest figure in the music business filled, almost to overflowing, the roomiest armchair in Dodgy Enterprises Inc: till the *NME* Christmas party began. Which joyful occasion naturally banished all lesser matter from Bunter's fat mind.

CHAPTER 2
A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

"OOOOOOH!" murmured Billy Bunter.

"Gabba, gabba, hey!"

"Oooooo!"

"Anything the matter?"

"Wooooooooh!"

Greyfriars discotheque was packed with people on Christmas Eve, even though it was still early. It could not have been too early for Billy Bunter. The fattest face at the festive mirror was also the brightest. The stimulants were quality and ample: and Billy Bunter's sampling of them was quite a record, even for Bunter. Midge and Hazel exchanged glances, wondering where he packed it all. Mr Jackson gave him somewhat anxious glances, perhaps fearing that disaster might accrue. But hospitality was unlimited: and when hospitality was unlimited, Billy Bunter was the man to make the most of it. It was against Billy Bunter's principles, if he could help it, to leave anything narcotic undigested. But on this occasion he simply had to. Even Bunter had to roll away, reluctantly, leaving delightful decoctions unconsumed.

He rolled as far as an armchair by the fire in the hall. He sat, or rather collapsed, into that armchair. He gazed at the fire with a glassy eye through his psychedelic spectacles. Bunter had done well — a little too well. He could not help feeling that perhaps he had overdone it a little.

"Oooooogh!" murmured Bunter.

The Famous Five gathered round him. They had enjoyed their Christmas celebrations, with the excellent appetites of healthy youth. But the whole Co, together probably, had not done quite so well as Bunter. His single performance had put them all in the shade.

"Enjoying life, old fat man?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Ooooh!"

"What's up?" asked Nugent.

"Wooooooh!"

"Feeling ill?" asked Harry Wharton, sympathetically.

"Nunno! I–I–I'm all right!" gasped Bunter. "I–I feel a–a–a little queer, that's all. I don't know why."

"He doesn't know why!" grinned Johnny Bull.

"The whyfulness is terrific," chuckled Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"It wasn't the mescalin!" mumbled Bunter. "I'm sure it wasn't the mescalin! I had only four microdots of mescalin."

"Then it couldn't be that!" said Bob, gravely.

"It wasn't the Charles! I had only seven lines of Charles——"

"Couldn't be that either, then!"

"No! And it wasn't the spliffs — I had only a dozen, so it wasn't the spliffs——"

"Perhaps it was the lot together," suggested Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oooooh!" mumbled Bunter. "Wooooh! I say, you fellows ——ooooh! Wooooh! I–I–I don't feel quite well! Oooooooh! Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Oooooooh!"

The Co were sympathetic. But sympathy was not of much use to a fat Owl within whose extensive circumference four microdots of mescalin were on bad terms with seven lines of Charles, and all of them at war with a dozen spliffs. So they went out to take in a William & The Outlaws gig at Popper's Island multi-media complex in Parliament Square, leaving Billy Bunter to recover at his leisure.

When they came back, an hour or two later, Billy Bunter was still sitting in the armchair by the fire. But it was a much brighter Bunter that blinked at them through his psychedelic spectacles.

"I say you fellows," squeaked Bunter.

"Wh'appen?"

"I say, got any herb?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Evidently Bunter had recovered.

IT WAS a merry Christmas at Greyfriars discotheque: and, as it had happily turned out, none the less merry because Billy Bunter's big Christmas binge was only just beginning.

GAVIN MARTIN shoots the pump with J Walter Negro & The Loose Jointz

THE MAN WHO MADE THE FEET DANCE IN GRAFFITI

The underground artist at work. Pic: Peter Anderson

WALTER SANCHEZ has been painting all his life. For the past ten years a lot of his painting has been sprayed on the subways and burnt out tenements of his native New York City. As a student at Columbia University he found far more life and vitality in the notebooks of the city's graffiti artists than he did in art classes.

"It just drew me in. There's a whole world out there that's literally underground and I wanted to be part of it," he reflects with calm deliberation.

On the day Peter Anderson and I meet him, however, Walter is engaged in a two-hour photo session for which he emblazons a rather twee 'I Love Zoo York' graphic on a large white screen. We're disappointed. This is hardly in keeping with the hoodlum art, inventiveness and atmosphere of NYC street life celebrated on 'Shoot The Pump', the debut single by Mr Sanchez' alter-ego, J Walter Negro & The Loose Jointz: one of the best and most celebrated dance floor fillers in New York over the past few months.

"I feel it's my responsibility to do this," he explains, "because we've conquered the subway system, it's Ho Chi Minh city down there now. Some people are motivated by nothing but primate thoughts but I like to think that among graffiti artists there is an ability to express things so clearly that is releases a lot of the things which are trapping other people. So now in 1981 we have the opportunity to go to other places and organise constructively."

We remain unconvinced that this is the right way to do it — and he also has his doubts. Couldn't graffiti become just another NYC art clique?

"It's really too late to worry about that, already there's an ABC television movie on graffiti and graffiti has been accepted by people like Andy Warhol. Graffiti art is on show all over the world and I think it's necessary to extract whatever benefits we can from that, as it's the only position of strength that we have."

Back in 1972 Sanchez formed The Soul Artists, an infamous graffiti group, with his friend Futura 2000 who was recently in this country courtesy of The Clash.

"Our aims were to express ourselves and to gain some ego gratification. But it was something more than that, Futura and I both have a motivating force inside us which has made us take tremendous risks and do outrageous things over the years in an effort to communicate with people.

"David Byrne and Brian Eno say that America is waiting for a message and I think that they're right. There's something in the graffiti art world as well as in the rap music world, the break dancing world and other contemporary tribalist art forms that is trying to communicate a message to the world at large. It's hard to define in words — the art and music say it better."

These signs you talk of, are they some sort of spiritual thing?

"If you take it from Nostradamus or the Book of Revelations, yes. But if you take it from the perspective of synchronicity or quantam physics it becomes altogether more scientific. But all roads lead to Babylon, so to speak. Something tremendous is about to happen on this planet; some people will survive it and some won't. I think that might be part of our motivation, to help people understand what's happening so they can survive and overcome it rather than be swept away by it."

There comes a tide in the affairs of men and suchlike, and for J Walter Negro the waves are rising high and fast. At the same time as his artwork is having to handle new and potentially corrupting contexts, 'Shoot The Pump' has been discovered and released by John Hammond (whose previous finds include Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Bruce Springsteen and Bob Dylan). As the conversation unwinds, it becomes obvious that 'Shoot

■ *Continues over*

The Lone Groover — Benyon

HI THERE YOUNG LOOTERS! — TIRED OF MARCHIN' FOR JOBS — BEATIN' UP COPS AN' THOSE LONG POINTLESS BIKE RIDES....
TAKE A BREAK FROM PLANNIN' TH' REVOLUTION — IT'S A DRAG KNOWIN' WHAT T'WEAR, RIGHT!
FOOD
IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE BUT THERE'S SOMEONE WORSE OFF THAN YOU — WELL MILLIONS REALLY BUT ONE IN PARTICULAR — WHAT'S MORE IT'S NEW YEARS EVE.. HA, HA, HA....
GRORNO! I NEED FOOD!
HMM... WHAT'S THIS GOLD TRIMMED CARD LYIN' ON TH' GROUND?.....
...EEK — IT'S AN INVITATION TO A NEW YEARS EVE THRASH DRINKS — POSES — CONCEPTS ...AN' FOOD — FOOD!!!!
...AN' IT'S JUST 'ROUND TH' CORNER AT TH' SPANDEX-GLITTERFABLOOKATME CLUB.....
DWARLEENG — WELCOME TO MY PARTY ALL TH' PRESS 'RE HERE SO T' MORROW Y'LL BE UTTERLY FAMOUS...
FOOD?
OF COURSE...
JUST MAKE SURE Y'GET PHOTO GRPHED WITH TH' RIGHT PEOPLE — DON'T WORRY THEY'RE ALL LABELLED.....
FOOD?
FOOD? WHAT CAN I SAY!
I CAME OUT OF TH' SIXTIES WITH CREDIBILITY — BUT HAVE I STILL GOT IT?
WELL...
I MEAN — HIC — AM I PASSÉ — HIC — ANOTHER YEAR, ANOTHER ALBUM, ANOTHER WIFE — HAVE I GOT ANYTHING LEFT TO SAY?
OF COURSE YOU HAVE!
WHERE'S TH' FOOD?
FOOD? JESUS I CAN'T RELATE TO PEOPLE ANYMORE.
I'M OUT OF TOUCH!
IS FOOD A BAND OR A DUDE? HIC — I MEAN DOES HE HAVE ANYTHING MORE VALID T'SAY THAN ME? — TH' BASTARD!
FOOD?
SOOPER! WHERE DEEED YEW GET YOR EYE SHADOW FROM?
IT'S A MASK!
A MASK! HOW BRILL — WITH A SILLY NOSE TOO — WHAT'S YOR FAVE COCKTAIL — DISCO/CLUB AN' VIDEO?
SIGH!
BLOODY INVESTIGATIVE JOURNALISTS!
'EY UP, LAD — I'M A RIGHT T'WORK MARCHER, I'VE GOT NO 'O' LEVELS, NO EMPLOYMENT AN' NO BLOODY FUTURE — IF I WASN'T IN A BAND I'D GO MAD!
WHAT SORT OF MUSIC D'YA PLAY?
I'M A FUTURIST
EH! SHOULDN'T THAT BE A NO FUTURIST?
A NO FUTURIST! — NO FUTURISM? I LIKE IT!
THE RIGHT TO BE ALIVE (PLEASE)
WHERE'S TH' FOOD?
I MEAN THAT COULD GET ME IN TH' MORNIN' STAR — AN' TH' FACE...
HEY — WHERE CAN I GET A DAYGLOW DONKEY JACKET FROM?.....
'EY! EVERYBODY! I'M A NO FUTURIST!
HMM — THERE COULD BE A BIG FUTURE IN IT — LET ME MANAGE YOR CAREER
SURE!
FOOD?
NEXT STOP LA — TH' SPOON READY
ARE YOU A KID WITH STRONG OPINIONS?
SURE.
GREAT! NOW I'LL TELL YA WHAT YOUR OPINIONS SHOULD BE
'SCUSE ME, WHERE'S TH' FOOD?
FOOD? — I ONLY EAT RAW MEAT FRESHLY KILLED BY MY CROSS-BOW — Y'SEE I'M A REAL HEAVY MACHO SINGER.....
NICE!
I WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED.....
SURE — I DRIVE WOMEN WILD...
SLACK T SHIRT
M'NAMES BUCK GORGON.
MAYBE Y'WANT T' COME BACK TO MY PLACE — AN' DRESS UP IN THIS NIGHTIE I'VE GOT.....
BUCK! I TOLD YA NOT TO SPEAK TO ANYONE — AN' TO BE HOME AT TEN.
EEK! M' MANAGER!
RIGH! PUT YOUR LEASH ON — AN' I'LL GET A TAXI — AN' FOR GODS SAKE ADJUST YOUR STUFFED SOCK!
KNOW WHERE TH' FOOD IS?
FOOD? DON'T Y'KNOW THERE'S MILLIONS DYIN' OF STARVATION!
HEY — I'M ONE OF 'EM!
WHEN I THINK OF IT I GET RILLY DEPRESSED — LIFE'S SO FRIGGIN' TERRIBLE....
I GET SO DEPRESSED — IT MAKES ME WANT T'DO AN ALBUM AN' HAVE TH' WHOLE WORLD SHARE MY MISERY — THAT'S WHAT MAKES MY SUCCESS.
V'MUST COME AN' SEE ME ONSTAGE — I'LL DEPRESS TH' SHIT OUT OF YA — Y'LL DIG IT!
HEY! I'M TH' NO-FUTURIST, D'YA THINK I SHOULD SIGN A TEN YEAR RECORD CONTRACT OR TWENTY?
ME! ME
NO ME!
I'M A ROCKIST
?!
I'M A MANS, MAN, MAN... AREN'T I?
ME! ME
ACT HIR
STOP IT! STOP IT! I DON'T NEED ALL THIS IMAGE PLAYIN' CRAP!
...ALL I WANT IS A SAUSAGE ROLL!
OH NO!
HEY — YEW WIN TH' PRIZE! WE'VE GOT PEOPLE HERE IN SEARCH OF ALL SORTS OF ROLES.....
BUT NO ONE ELSE IN SEARCH OF A SAUSAGE ROLL!
YEW WIN A HAMPER FROM HARRODS!
OH YEAH!
IT'S MIDNIGHT EVERYONE! WHOOPIE!
LET'S ALL JOIN HANDS!
FOOD!
FOOD
FOOD
MAY OL' ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT (AS SOON AS POSSIBLE — IF THEY'RE NO LONGER HOT NEWS OR SELLIN' RECORDS FOR TH' SAKE OF.... MAKIN' TH' SCENE EVEN MORE FAB
IF MUSIC'S TH' FOOD OF LIFE — WHAT DOES THAT MAKE INDIGESTION?
MAY LAST YEARS OL' PERSONALITIES (BE REPLACED BY EVEN MORE STIMULATIN' DUDES' FOR TH' SAKE OF KEEPIN' TH' SYSTEM GOIN' FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE AN' TH' ILLUSION OF FABNESS!

J. Walter

■ *From previous page*

The Pump' is not what the Loose Jointz — a team of jazz virtuosos who have worked with Defunkt, Charlie Mingus and John Coltrane (bassist Lonnie Hillyer is JC's nephew) — are all about.

"I refer to 'Shoot The Pump' as the soldier that played his point. It was sent over the hill and I'm surprised that it came back with plane tickets to England in its little hands. It's nothing more than an introduction to a new band, a new record label. It's not representative of the full scope of what we're trying to do. The lyric merely identifies where we're coming from. The name of the label — Zoo York — can be seen as a place where people aren't afraid to disobey laws and follow their own, which are perhaps better ones."

Sanchez has undoubtedly seen quite a lot in his 25 years, but he feels that for the Loose Jointz to expand fully it will be necessary to leave New York and the constrictions of the American record industry. To this end he hopes to be able to base Zoo York Recordz and the Loose Jointz in London next year, after they play some dates in February and, hopefully, ink a full distribution deal with Island Records. He is still conscious, however, that he's a spokesman for the many kids who brighten up the subways and that the New York melting pot is where his heart and inspiration lie.

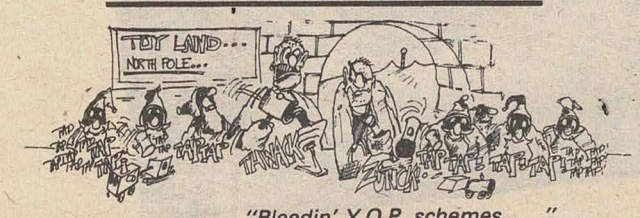
"New York really only has one problem and that's that it's mismanaged. Of course the city has no money to spend on schools or hospitals, when Mayor Koch is prepared to spend 1½ million dollars on a fence to keep graffiti artists out!

"It would be quite possible for the city to be very desirable, but for the unbelievable greed of one or two individuals. I see a trend toward people's gentrification — poor people and third world people taking the initiative and rebuilding streets and communities themselves. It's started to happen and it's working and it's in that direction that the energy of the graffiti artists should be channelled.

"You've got hundreds upon thousands of kids, all of whom are unemployed or minimally employed, all of whom love to paint and all of whom have been doing community service whether it's appreciated or not. There's certainly no question that they'll get paid for it. Kids who go out and mug people or steal gold chains are doing it for the money.

"Obviously there's a tremendous motivation to do things, to be recognised on the ego level, to improve the environment in an aesthetic sense. If the initiative these young people are showing could be used in a proper fashion, I think New York City could become a really special place in a short space of time."

Perhaps the mood is best summed up by a line from 'Shoot The Pump' — *"I'm going to live forever or die trying."* J Walter Negro has brought the drive and compassion of the street artist to the recording studio and brought a new frantic urgency to the dance floor. Let's hope they continue the way they've begun — on the good foot!



Benyon

"Bleedin' Y.O.P. schemes . . ."

Police fans stay away in droves

THERE WAS a *very* secret Policeman's Ball at the Marquee last Saturday night — so secret, in fact, that Sting and his cohorts ended up playing to a club that was barely half-full.

The occasion was a non-publicised gig, organised for fan-club members only, prior to the group's UK tour proper. Admission was to be by tickets won in a special lucky draw. But in the event, the foul weather sweeping the country that night stopped many fans from getting there at all, particularly the large numbers hoping to travel down from the North.

So The Police's appearance turned out even lower-key than they'd planned — performed to an audience of only a couple of hundred. Meanwhile, in snowy Wardour Street outside, organisers were making frantic efforts to lure in passers-by: "Come on in, The Police are on — here! Now!" But funnily enough, hardly anyone believed them . . .

Pic: Andre Csillag

Ashford Rasta death — self-neglect again

AT LONG last two High Court judges have pronounced on the application by the family of Richard 'Cartoon' Campbell, the Rastafarian who died in Ashford Remand Centre, Middlesex, to have his inquest verdict quashed. And they have upheld the verdict that he died through 'self-neglect'.

Readers will recall that Cartoon Campbell was found dead in his hospital cell at Ashford on March 31 1980. Rastafarianism is not recognised as a religion in Britain's prisons — and when he fasted, he was force-fed. When he used Rastafarian terms, the remand centre authorities decided he was schizophrenic. When he protested, he was fed psychotronic drugs.

After his death and two subsequent inquests, an independent inquiry established that Cartoon's acceptance by two separate outside hospitals was blocked by the remand centre authorities.

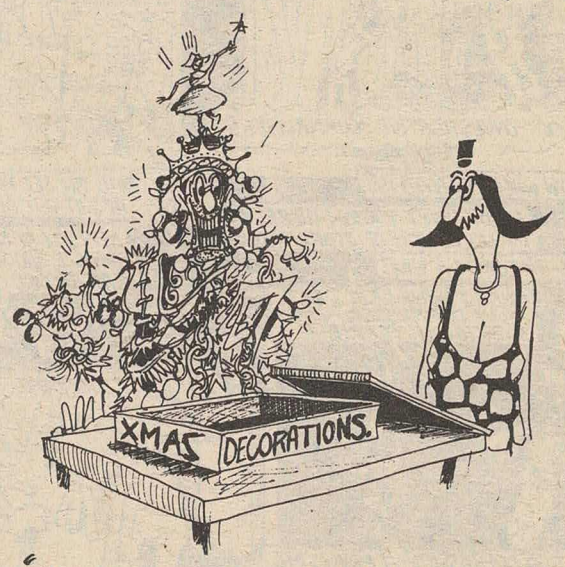
Despite all this, and despite the fact that Cartoon's 'crime' was hardly earth-shattering (attempted burglary), the jury at his second inquest was asked by the coroner if they did not wish to add the rider 'suffering from schizophrenia' to their verdict. They replied that they were not happy with that, and added instead a rider criticising Ashford's lack of specialist facilities to deal with cases such as Cartoon's.

Incredibly, however, schizophrenia was included as part of the jury's verdict on the formal 'inquisition' *after* the inquest. Last week the judges directed that these references to schizophrenia should be struck off the formal record of the verdict, but they did not agree with Cartoon's family that the jury was pressurised into returning the verdict it did.

The family's failure to have the inquest verdict overturned is a blow to the Richard Campbell Campaign, because if there had been another inquest they would have been able to present some of the evidence about Cartoon's treatment which came to light only after the inquests took place. A third inquest would also have helped the Campaign's bid for an official public inquiry. It now looks as though the family will be left with no alternative but to sue the remand centre, if they can get together sufficient funds to do so.

— RICHARD McDERMOTT

Benyon



"YOU SHOULD GET SOME MORE OF THESE AND DOT 'EM 'ROUND THE ROOM."

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YAMAHA

The

Awards 1981

— the ones that really matter!

Commentators: Murray Walker, Perry Haines.
Editors: John Junor, Richard Ingrams, Andy Warhol, Perry Haines.
Fools On The Hill: Steve Strange, Hazel O'Connor, Perry Haines, Robert Elms.
Journalists: Betty Page, George Melly, Martin Fry, Glenn O'Brien, Perry Haines, The Voice Of Sport Frank McGhee.
Drinks: Tia Maria graced with a Polish spirit, Southern Comfort teased with ice, vodka in bed with lime, Carlsberg 68, Bucks Fizz, pernod and blackcurrant, Killer Zombie (a quote of the year from Billy Connolly: "It gets you drunk from the ankles upwards"), whisky sour, bloody mary — Errol's special — malt whisky, Perry Haines (if you're lucky).
Cartoonists: Michael Heath, Perry Haines, Honeysett, David Hockney.
Failures: Rusty Egan, Perry Haines (you'll be lucky).
Most unfashionable singers: Carly Simon, Bryan Ferry.
Most unfashionable singers: Toyah, Midge Ure.
Women of the year: Nancy Reagan, Katherine Whitehorn, Jean Alexander, Elaine Page, Jessica Lange, Helen Mirren.
It Of The Year: Grace Jones.
Men Of The Year: Mick Jagger, John Mortimer, David Sylvian, Perry Haines, Monty Smith, Anthony Andrews, Bob Last.
Magazines: Spectator, Punch, Interview, The World Of S&M.
TV: Angels, Rockford Files, Quincy, Terry And June, Gentle Touch, Taff Acre, Blake Seven, Give Us A Clue, Kung Fu.
Comedians: Stevo, Bernard Youens, Madness, Barry Humphries, Eddie Murphy ("Be A Ho"), James Chance, Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon, Brezhnev, Gavin Macleod.
Gossip: Peter Tory *(Daily Mirror)*, Lichfield *(Ritz)*, Perry Haines, Hilda Ogden.
Businessmen: Sir Terry Wogan, Perry Haines.
Voice Of The Year: Perry Haines.
Flops: Errol's Spandau Ballet competition, Robert Elms.
Snob: Ray Lowry.
Intellectuals: Steve Norman, Chris Sullivan.
Dustbinmen Of The Year: Piggin' Blue Rondo A La Turk.
Best dressed: Eddie And Sunshine, David Sylvian, Perry Haines, Mick Jagger, Rod Stewart, Nancy Reagan, Samuel Beckett, Steve Severin.
Dickheads: Michael Parkinson, Robert Elms.
Most tasteful person of the year: George O'Dowd.
Sulk Of The Year: Paul Weller, Bruce Forsyth, Kevin Rowland, Funkapolitan, Noele Gordon.
Body Of The Year: Perry Haines, Olivia Newton-John, Geoffrey Hughes, Mine, William Hurt.
Athlete: D.A.F., August Darnell, John Derek, Nadia Comaneche, Perry Haines, Marc Almond.
Pure As The Driven Snow Of The Year: Clare (you'll be lucky).
Verb Of The Year: Fuck.
Religion: Indulgence.
Pastime: Drugs.
Drugs: All your pastimes.
Lovers Of The Year: Charles and Diane, August and Addy, Philip and Joanne, William Hurt and Kathleen Turner, Ian Penman and Paul Morley.
Hallucination/floating afore my gaze midway in the air of the year : that mercurial red ribbon.
Book Of The Year: *Adultery In The Novel* by Tony Tanner (Johns Hopkins £5.50p).
Film Of The Year: *Body Heat*, written and directed by Lawrence Kasdan.
Quote Of The Year: Nancy Reagan: "I believe if we had capital punishment in this country there would be a lot more people alive today."
1982: Sado-masochism, twelve-hour tickling sessions, Perry Haines, Perrier water, jewellery, monks, nuns and purity, ballads and torch, Mrs Morley's boarding house, sweat, dolphins, flesh.
Most unfashionable man of the year: Errol.
And remember . . . as Glenn O'Brien said: "if you want to be sophisticated, rich and better-looking-all-the-time, then take my advice . . ." Take Errol's advice: for Christmas, don't forget that the smile is the push up of the soul.

Tasteful George, comedian Stevo, failure Rusty

'Bowie' stops Riot

IF YOU remember Jon Roxi's multi-racial South African fanzine *The Palladium* from previous Alternative Print excursions, you might remember a band called Riot Squad, who dropped their punk-hard-as-it-comes EP 'Total Onslaught' into *NME's* office this week.

Like other SA bands (Private File, Happy Ships), Riot Squad are trying for their own style of homegrown new wave. They have a reputation for playing low-price gigs and benefits — as well as having participated in a 30-hour non-stop gig at a farm near Highgrove, an honour offered them by local black jazz musicians.

The band's most bizarre venture, however, must have been the University of Capetown open-air show where the "authorities" happened to pull the plug on the proceedings just as Riot Squad chundered into their original composition 'Security System'. When the crowd of festival-goers refused to budge (or riot), university principal Dr Stuart Saunders strode onstage and introduced himself as "the rock star David Bowie"! He apologised for the fact that he "couldn't play here" and then said the concert could only continue "below Jameson Hall or on the rugby field". Believe it or not, the pacifistic crowds obliged the fake Duke, and the concert resumed for another three hours or so.

You can get some idea of what they heard by contacting Riot Squad vocalist Anthony Slaughter at 19 Berkley St Gardens, 8001 Capetown, South Africa, to enquire about copies of 'Total Onslaught'.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

The county's Riding and Road Safety Officer, Margaret Mudditt, said: "The problem with some drivers is that they forget that a horse is only human and can be easily frightened."

Northants Evening Telgraph strikes again!

Cliche City

These we have loved to death

Hedonism
Awesome
Dance Stance
Bra(ckets)
Upful
FUN

Primal, neanderthal
Minimal (ist) (ism)
Raygun
... is no mean feat / achievement
White funk
Abrasive
Stunning

Submitted by reader Billy of Aberdeen.

THE FIRST issue of a new reggaezine *Judgement Times* emerges out of Boston in the US. Under the joint editorship of Jah Twister and Tim Barry, the publication features articles on Lee Perry, dubmaster Scientist, U Brown, Zion Initiation, UB40, a short piece on the Sergio Leone spaghetti western themes in Jamaican music, some prophecies of Armageddon entitled *Apocalypse Watch* and an album reviews section. It is available from Box 132, 118 Mass Ave, Boston, MA 02115, USA price $1.00.

— PENNY REEL

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YOU'RE TRYING LIKE MAD TO THINK OF THE IDEAL GIFT AND YOU DRAW A BLANK.
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Everything you always wanted to know about cocktails, but were too drunk to ask!

Illustration: Jill Mumford

THE FRENCH, of course, know how to drink. Most of the British are scared of a proper drink.

In the New Year you should treat yourself, as often as possible — says Errol your health adviser — to weekend trips to Paris: sample flesh and Armagnac, the world's second great brandy. In France, said Barthes, drunkenness is a consequence, never an intention. A drink is looked on as the spinning out of a pleasure, not simply as the cause of a desired effect.

Nonetheless, to become drunk well will not cause madness or death. Hopefully both. To get drunk is not actually to waste life but to taste the best parts of the unknown. To get drunk is not embarrassing, honestly, especially if we all get drunk at the same time. One should get drunk at least twice a day, I think, and do so with poetic determination.

For the French, drink is a noun. To us, an adjective. Our conventional approach to drink does show signs of being abolished. After the straight, prohibition days of the '70s, the cocktail is re-establishing itself. Brought into the world to add more colours to the jazz age, it is now destined to aggravate the generous post-rock times, moistening and reflecting the vanity and variety of the new pop era.

I could go on explaining and speculating for hours, but what is the point? The choice of cocktails and the blend in cocktails say much about the complex, profuse sensations available to our lucky, lovely selves. Cocktails can become as much a part of the day as sleep, sex and sweeties.

I recall what Michael Jackson, the authority on drink, so correctly said: "Some people stick to one drink for life. That is not so much monogamy as masochism. A palate thus treated will probably be driven to drink and not to the taste of it." Cut my wrist open and pernod and blackcurrant will no doubt flow freely: but I could never limit myself even to such honey. I drink, therefore I could be.

The world won't end with a bang but with a Kangaroo, or a Buck, or an Earthquake. (I must tell you about an Earthquake, a drink I dedicate to Heaven 17: ½oz gin, ½oz bourbon, ½oz pernods. Shake with ice and strain into a glass). It is not what you make of cocktails, but what cocktails make of you. Cocktails can remove psychological frustration. Cocktails can get you through the night (oh yeah) and slip you between the right sheets. (I can't carry on without telling you about the Between The Sheets, which is dedicated to D.A.F: 1oz Cointreau, 1oz brandy, 1oz white rum, 1oz lime juice and a twist of lemon peel. Shake with cracked ice, strain into a champagne glass and decorate with lemon peel). Cocktails won't save your life, but they'll keep you from waiting. Cocktails won't make you friends, but they'll become one. The cocktail removes all envy: I am more than you!

ACCESSORIES. Mix your own, if you have to.

A lemon squeezer; ice box; tongs; ice crusher; swizzle sticks; paper umbrellas; coasters; cocktail shaker; mixing glass; variety of shaped glasses. The Cocktail Shop, 5 Avery Road, London W1X 9AA will supply all necessary accessories. Telephone 01-493 9744 for mail order details.

AFTERNOON. Commonly taken to be 6pm until 9pm.

AMERICAN BEAUTY: Dedicated to **August Darnell**. ¾oz brandy, ¾oz dry vermouth, ¾oz orange juice, ¼oz white creme de menthe, a dash of grenadine, 1oz port. Shake all the ingredients, exept the port, into crushed ice. Strain into glass. Tilt glass and slowly add the port so it floats on top.

THE DAISY: Dedicated to **Clare** of Altered Images. 1oz bourbon, 1oz raspberry juice, the juice of half a lemon, ½ teaspoon of sugar, soda, raspberries, orange slice. Shake with ice cubes and strain over crushed ice into metal tankard. Top up with soda. Stir thoroughly. Top up with raspberries and orange slice.

PARADISE: Dedicated to **David Sylvian**. 2oz gin, 1oz orange juice, 1oz apricot brandy. Shake with cracked ice, strain into glass. Decorate with thin slice of orange.

EVENING. Certainly taken to be 9pm until midnight.

WHITE SATIN: Dedicated to **Kim Wilde**. 1oz Galliano, 1oz Tia Maria, 1oz double cream. Shake well with crushed ice and strain into glass.

GREEN DRAGON: Dedicated to **Toyah**. 2oz pernod, 2oz milk, 2oz double cream, 1oz sugar syrup. Shake with ice cubes and strain into chilled glass with plenty of ice.

ILLVA QUEEN: Dedicated to **Marc Almond**. 1oz Amaretto di Sarrono, 1oz Tequila, 2oz grapefruit juice. Strain into tall glass and top up with pink Russchian (if you can still get hold of that failure of a mixer).

NIGHT: What else but midnight until 4am?

BLENDED COMFORT: Dedicated to **Linx**. 1oz Southern Comfort, 2oz bourbon, ½oz dry vermouth, 1oz orange juice, 2 tablespoons, lemon juice, 4oz crushed ice, ¼ peach plus one peach slice and one orange slice. Skin the peach quarter. Mix ingredients in blender. Strain over crushed ice into glass. Decorate with peach and orange.

BLACK MAGIC: Dedicated to **Siouxsie**. 1½oz vodka, ¾oz tia maria, drop or two of lemon juice. Shake with ice and strain into glass.

GRAND PASSION: Dedicated to **Phil Oakey**. 1½oz gin, 1oz passion fruit juice, 1 or 2 dashes of Angostura, cherry. Shake well with crushed ice and strain into glass. Do something with the cherry.

BOSOM CARESSER: Dedicated to **Martin Fry** of ABC. ½oz, madiera, ½oz brandy, ½oz caracoa, 1 teaspoon grenadine, 1 egg yolk. Shake with ice and strain into glass.

BLOODY MARY: Errol's Special for **Penman, Morley, Thrills, Hanna** and **Martin**. 2oz vodka, 3oz tomato juice, ½oz lemon juice, 1 spoonful of Worcestershire sauce, 2 drops of tabasco, salt and pepper, 1 lemon slice. Shake with three ice clubes and strain into glass. Salt and pepper to taste. The one meal during the day.

RUSTY PALE: Dedicated to **Rusty Egan**. ½ bottle Bacardi, ¼ bottle dark rum, 3 sticks of soft liquorice, teaspoonful of vinegar, 1oz brown sugar, 2 aspirins, 2oz flour, handful of lime flavoured sherbert, squirt of Colgate. Plonk ingredients into large bucket, stir vigorously for 45 seconds, add ½lb of crushed ice and do your best. Many barmen regard this as a 'joke cocktail' and do not recommend it as fit for serious drinkers.

SLEEP. Can you believe those dreams?

HANGOVER. Curse of perverse pleasure?

Waking up surrounded by redheads and red ribbons is my favourite method to stave off the hangover. Sometimes I just wallow in it and the memories attached. Three chocolate flakes and a glass of Yugoslavian Traminer is recommended: along with a genuine slow screw. Perrier water before sleep helps. Alternatively, don't go to sleep. If you must, and most of us must, simply wake up and start again.

MORNING. Anytime between midday and 6pm.

BUCKS FIZZ: Dedicated to **Dollar**. One bottle chilled champagne, 8oz fresh orange juice. Pour the orange juice into jug and then add champagne. Decant into a large tall glass.

CORPSE REVIVER: Dedicated to **Jim Kerr** of Simple Minds. 1oz dry gin, 1oz cointreau, 1oz china-martini, 1oz lemon juice, a dash or four of pernod. Shake mixture thoroughly, strain into glass.

Remember! Just relax and keep going through the day. The more chilled the glass, the more the thrills. Come along with me:

White Satin

Corpse Reviver

The Daisy

Green Dragon

Bucks Fizz

American Beauty

Paradise

Illva Queen

Black Magic

Grand Passion

FASHION PASSION!
The Year That Style Revolted

LYNN HANNA unpicks the seams of British Style '81 and examines the politics and philosophies behind the posing Looking flash — PETER ANDERSON

JUST FOR A few minutes, to the uncritical eye it looked like Vivienne Westwood's vision of uninhibited urban savagery had finally been fulfilled.

After rummaging through the clothes rack in her shabby West End studio, the prospective foreign buyers had taken their leave, and the cheap white wine that had been dispensed all afternoon began to take its toll. Helpers and assistants dressed in permutations of pirate and primitive started to gyrate unselfconsciously to a blaring Bow Wow Wow soundtrack. A video showed an endless succession of Indian inspired clothes modelled with painted limbs and the vivid, optimistic panache that characterises the current World's End collection.

Vivienne Westwood nonchalantly turns cartwheels in the corner. A black male model demonstrates ballet lifts and leaps. A shy girl with a dazzlingly sweet smile swirls in selected dresses in front of the photographer. Clearly audible above the confusion and floating insistently across the other conversation come the ubiquitous tones of Malcolm McLaren, who's engaged on lecturing anyone who'll listen, on the imminent Demolition Of The Western Work Ethic.

At 40, Vivienne Westwood is a gentle, intense woman with a worn, fine-featured face. This evening she's imparting confidences with the exaggerated air of someone who's drunk too much wine on an empty stomach; bits of her background emerge from an oddly straggling interview. Although she had no formal training in fashion, she did attend art school, has developed a passion for academic research and attributes her skill to the practical process of trial and error.

"Even when I was a little girl, I could always do things. I do have that talent, that facility for craftsmanship. I use it in my own way and I'm very anarchical about it. It's a question of breaking away from rules I think. Words don't put it into any kind of shape because we're working in three dimensions. But those three dimensions wouldn't work if you didn't have the politics behind it."

Meeting Malcolm, she tells me, flipped the coin of her life.

Having previously worked as a schoolteacher she embarked on a personal and professional partnership that started with teddy boy styles in Let It Rock, continued through fishnet and rubber in Sex, progressed to Seditionaries, punk and The Sex Pistols, and has culminated with World's End and the highly successful pirate / Indian look that has had a definite diverse influence on fashion across the wide range of High Street high fashion.

The next World's End collection will be shown in Paris, home of *haute couture* and still the most important international fashion centre. Vivienne Westwood's clothes have proved not only a triumph in imagination and execution, but are also providing a valuable boost to the British fashion industry with their burgeoning impact on the world market.

And, as you might imagine, that brilliant self-publicist Malcolm McLaren has a persuasively argued stunt/theory on which to hang this latest episode in his long-running saga of subversion through style.

"That man Malcolm," observes Vivienne solemnly, "is the most clear-thinking person because he understands the polarities of culture. He's the most sophisticated person, culturally, that I've ever met."

"Seeing things is primary," states McLaren with serene self-confidence, that famous charm slapped on almost like an afterthought in the ingratiating grin with which he finishes each phrase. "You see before you hear, before you read. Immediately you see someone on the street, you form an opinion about them. What they look like is interpreted as what they are. It's quite evil in that respect.

"Fashion will exist for ever in my opinion, as probably one of the most crucial mediums, I think much more so than music."

THAT THE INSTIGATOR of punk should now choose clothing as the most expressive and effective channel for his ideas, is symptomatic of a wider shift in emphasis that over the last 18 months has seen an explosion in style.

Besides the young designers who've achieved fame at an early age through their association with a new breed of pop faces who have stressed image as the main source of their appeal, there's been a blossoming of small businesses who are being quickly picked up by the established fashion press. Now there's a widespread feeling that the clothes industry has been thrown temptingly open to fresh influences.

"Anyone can make clothes with a bit of common sense, that's all you need," says Eric Holah, a 19 year old punk who with his partner David Mumford owns a tiny stall in Kensington Market — since the '60s, a traditional testing ground for those with fashion aspirations.

Eric's simple, reversible dresses, made in versatile shapes from fabric that has been bleached into patterns on his kitchen floor at home, have just started to appear on the pages of the women's magazines. Eric and David both come from Banbury where they were taught to sew by their mothers. Eric went to college where he failed his art A-level, and his attitude to designing is similar to those expressed on music during the inspired, enthusiastic amateurism of punk's early golden era; an impression that young ideas and values are temporarily asserting power over the practices and products of an old-established industry.

It seems superfluous to say that it's not just among professional designers that a new mood is *a la mode*, and the countrywide chain of clubs has provided the focus and scenery for the rediscovered art of dressing up to go out. From beatnik to Puerto Rican street hustler to tousled '80s reincarnations of the cleanteen habitues of *Expresso Bongo*, elegant '50s and '60s high society sophisticates and glam leather bikers whose vampirish, painted faces make them look as if they've strayed from the scene of some surreal horror film set, there's never been so much scope to dress for the pure pleasure of self-expression. *i-D* magazine has set the seal on a new fashion sensibility that utilises imagination, ingenuity and a vast variety of idioms with a new generation of street stars whose effectively personal identity has often been achieved at minimal cost and with a great deal of resourcefulness, real vitality and elan.

On the less attractive side of style, it is possible to attribute the huge and quickly changing choice to an atmosphere that's both effete and dangerously dilettante.

It's ironic, and perhaps inevitable, that 1981 was also the year when the desire to be different metamorphised across the fine line between identity and identified into the perceived need for a tribal uniform. With the stiff, artificial styles promoted by the likes of Steve Strange (with perhaps a certain shy insufficiency buried beneath that blank mask of make-up?) came a self-righteous elitism cultivated by a self-congratulatory clique, that went hand-in-hand with an often shallow eclecticism of the visual and musical manifestations of exotically past or foreign cultures.

The delusions of elevating what you wear into a *raison d'etre* are examined elsewhere in this issue. For our purposes, fashion is taken in its ambiguous sense of both changing and following the current customs, something immediate and emotive, an ancient desire for disguise or display that should need no defensive justification.

And there's no doubt that British fashion '81 has seen a new vibrancy and vigour at almost every level, from the international high fashion ambitions of the Westwood-McLaren attempt at a new Life Style, to the shabby corridors of Kensington Market, to the spectacular evidence of an assimilation of style out on the country's streets, shops and places of evening entertainment.

"There's developed a whole generation now who buy second-hand or unusual clothes. Since the age of 15 or 16, that's all they've done," says Clive Jennings who with his wife, Ros, owns Clozo in Islington. Clive has just organised his second alternative fashion sale as an outlet for 30 or 40 young designers, and he feels that the emergence of a different generation of designers is due to an increased awareness and interest in appearance, to a change in the consumers' buying habits, plus changing commercial concerns which have switched from high fashion ambitions to acquiring your own shop.

"People are also interested in buying clothes that are actually designed by young people. It happened in the '60s and now it's happening again. People want original things that they're not going to see anywhere else, and they can also order things to their own specification."

THE MASS POP success of Spandau Ballet was probably the most important single factor in placing a greater importance on the role of the dress designer, and beneath their often pompously inflated claims was the real achievement of having arisen from a club milieu that attempted to reduce the division between dancefloor and stage, and which, by stressing the importance of a complete evening's entertainment, encouraged a greater respect for the audience.

Travelling with a motley entourage from all walks of the fashion media, they've directed a spotlight on the creations of a charmed circle of young designers; one of whom is Melissa Caplan.

Melissa has now found herself under scrutiny early in her career, having left school with no O-levels, studied fashion at college with no qualifications and then left after two years, disillusioned with a course which she felt emphasised accurate imitation at the expense of originality.

At 22, she has a growing reputation, plus a combination of flair and application which combined with her business acumen bode well for her future. With an affable, placid manner and dressed the morning I met her in a homely cardigan splashed with paint from decorating her new studio, she didn't look much like one of a new breed of shrewdly ambitious designers who are aiming squarely at success within the established fashion industry.

Nevertheless, Axiom, the shop in the Great Gear Market off the King's Road, that she runs in collaboration with a group of designers who include Simon Withers and Willie Brown, is about to open a new shop in Covent Garden, and Melissa herself is just starting to export in a small way for the international market.

"It's very open to new designers at the moment. When we did the Fashion Week at Olympia, it became very noticeable that people were watching. Italian *Vogue* sent some photographers to my show in secret, because they know that in a few years time, they'll be coming to the English shows anyway. Because Vivienne Westwood has been successful, the foreign markets are beginning to accept that there is fashion being created in England.

"I get a lot of letters asking me how you set up on your own, but a lot of them aren't going to get very far because they don't realise that there's a lot more to it than that. It'll all close up again in a little while, which is a shame in a way. There's always a multitude of designers coming from college and maybe one of them will get somewhere, but very few do. It's a pruning process."

Like many of the designers connected with the new club scene, Melissa's success has been closely allied to developments in music. Because she makes clothes for Toyah (who she first met at a party four years ago), Spandau Ballet and Steve Strange, she's become linked with the New Romantic movement, although the clothes she creates are far from frilly and tend to stress shape, line and layers.

She freely admits that the consequent publicity allowed her to by-pass some of the slow, hard slog that normally goes into building up the name of a business. It has also had a huge influence on the speed with which fresh styles have been accepted by a wider public. The Futurist fashions that originated in the clubs have now been effortlessly assimilated into all levels of style, from Top Shop frills and furbelows, to debutante partywear worn by the Princess of Wales — first lady in aristocratic fashion circles — to the flowing, fussy confections dished up by the major foreign fashion houses with their origins unsuccessfully concealed under slender innovations and unconvincing new names.

"It's the involvement with music that got our clothes off the ground, there's no doubt about it," explains Melissa. "You can get very uppitty about it and say, it was *my* clothes, but facts are facts and the music drew attention to the clothes. The most important thing to young designers seems to be to get yourself a pop star to publicise your things. If you're lucky they'll get famous. I think we've set a lot of trends because this is the way a designer's going to try and make it for a long while now. Zandra Rhodes may have started with dressing famous people, but after a while they were just mentioned in articles that were written about her. Vivienne Westwood did stuff for The Sex Pistols in the same way. Someone who is as established as Jeff Banks started by doing stuff for Sandie Shaw.

"It's also a good thing for the pop stars involved, because they say, these are our exclusive designers and suddenly there's these unknowns who they've discovered. It's nice doing it. You have to work it all out for them and they work with you. It works two ways, their names are mentioned with yours and your name is mentioned with theirs. You're scratching each others backs."

If Melissa Caplan has mixed feelings about the advantages of being associated with a definite trend and tends to stress that she regards her development as a long, steady process that it may take five or ten years to consolidate, the close connection between the current crop of fashion and the modes of new music arise at almost every level, even to the press handouts of new groups which state not just their visual and audio style but also the name of their designer.

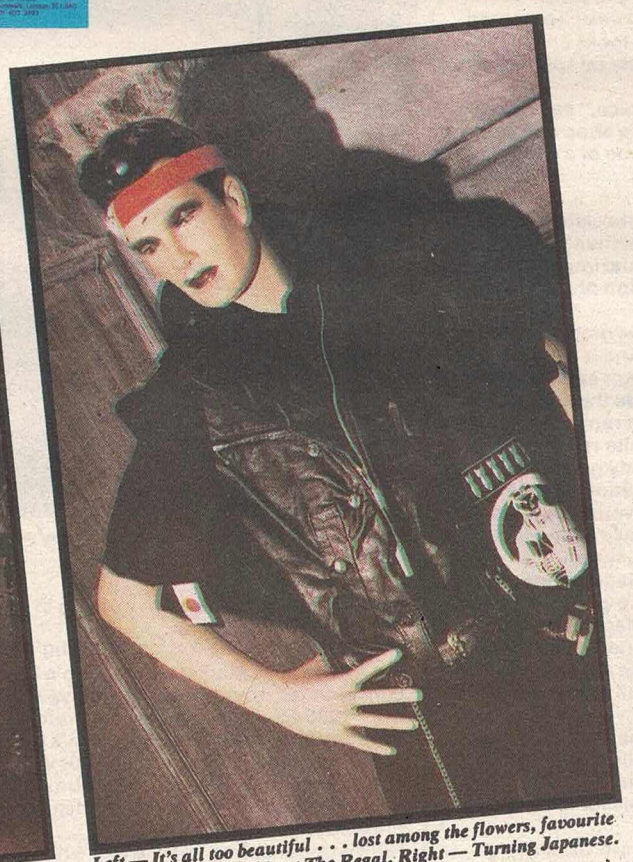
BY CONTRAST, Johnson's have had a more stable connection with the music business since they first started in the early '60s, selling the flash, brash, '50s inspired styles, at the moment mixed with a sort of Japanese kamikaze flavour, to a clientele that includes many modern musicians. You can see Johnson's clothes on almost anyone between the Banshees and The Pretenders, and some of their customers, like Gary Glitter, they've had for years.

From a stall on Kensington Market, Johnson's have expanded to another shop on the King's Road, a manufacturing concern and a wholesale department with offices in Fulham. But the business is still run by a close-knit team of ten who all collaborate on a

CONTINUES PAGE 24

STALL 158 THE REGAL STALL 158
1st FLOOR, KENSING
KENSINGTON

High jinx and hautecouture. Somersaults, Life Style and primitive pleasures en route for Paris by Vivienne Westwood at World's End. Inset — schemes in style. Malcolm McLaren and Vivienne Westwood inspect a part of their political aesthetic.



Left — It's all too beautiful . . . lost among the flowers, favourite shirts and soft '60s chic at The Regal. Right — Turning Japanese. Kamikaze chic at Johnsons.

Zoots suits at Za Zuza. Hats off to the shifting whims of style by Dave Bonsall and Alan Taylor.

FROM PAGE 22

new look and are inclined to spend a social life together where going to see groups is treated as a major occupation. As if to emphasise the oddly symbiotic nature of their operation, aspiring musicians have been known to present them with tapes and records to try out over the shop stereo.

"It's just rock and roll clothes, and that covers a vast period of time, right from the '40s," says Steve Prendergast, manager of their King's Road shop. "We research back into it. You see a film, you get a book and it all goes into your memory. You remember how John Lennon looked when he first came to London or how Keith Richards used to look compared to how he looked now. They're all things that go into the ideas. We don't tend to jump in on things like zoot suits. We just keep our heads down, beavering away, at what we think, or hope, is good."

Music, movement and style may have been inseparable since time immemorial, but with you're a tailor you learn how to cut. It doesn't mean to say that because you're one or the other your interests aren't the same.

"At one period of time clothes meant capitalism and capitalism meant bad news as far as music was concerned. They were knocking out kaftans in here for people who were buying records but who daren't admit they like clothes. After the era when people had spent a lot of money on a mohair suit, it became bad news to go out to a tailor or onto the High Street and be seen spending money on clothes. So a lot of kids got into second-hand clothes, and that spawned a whole new industry.

"Now you've got second-hand American jackets that are full of holes, selling for £30. You can get a good one made for that money, and the manufacturing of clothes is having a new renaissance. It's gone full circle in my opinion."

mainly listening to groups from the first time round. It's about 50/50 I suppose."

When asked if he wishes he'd been involved with psychedelia during the '60s, Martin's calm demeanour brightens.

"Oh, yes. Certainly. I can remember being taken down the King's Road when I was a little kid, seeing Granny Takes A Trip. It must have been great to be around then. From '65 to '70, things really seemed to be going places. There just seemed to be something better about it."

As music increasingly ransacks the past for inspiration and a rediscovered era surfaces every few months, the search for complimentary clothing from previously forgotten periods continues correspondingly. Buying secondhand clothes is also an inexpensive way of getting a colour, quality

Sandy and George, who run Marvelette are a courteous, articulate, attractive couple. On one level, they are engaged in the practical day-to-day routine of running their own small business. On another, they spend a lot of time discussing in depth their role and rationale, their philosphy and their politics. George has been known to pounce on the unsuspecting nouveau-punks who stray into the shop and quietly question them about the reason behind what they're wearing.

"We had a girl punk in the other day, and she was most confused," says Sandy. "She'd been a rockabilly three months before, but she changed back to punk because she felt it wasn't her. She said she really objected to the

Off the wall and under the street. A selection of bow-ties, sunglasses and guitar-shaped earings (if you look very carefully). Sandy expounds the stylish ethics of selling past-present fashion at Marvelette.

'81·FASHION'81·FASHION'81·FASHION'81·FASHION'81·FASHION'81·FASHION'81·FASHION'81·

the serious, quasi-intellectual school of rock pomposity came as long-haired, anti-style uniform which betrayed a hearty distrust of anything so fickle as fashion.

Clive Jennings of Clozo feels that the present appetite for style is still a reaction against the grey, dressing down of the early '70s.

"Now with bands like Blue Rondo coming onstage in full dinner dress like a hotel band of the '40s, people are getting into the look as well as the music. And in the provinces especially people are very influenced by what musicians wear."

With a site on one of the catalytic corridors of Kensington Market and a wide window overlooking the changing scene on the High Street, Za Zuza is an example of a fast, flexible response to shifting street styles and pop preoccupations.

Selling a mixture of secondhand accessories, new clothes and unworn old stock, it has recently moved from selling rockabilly styles to suits made up to an old pattern and manufactured in new materials. Nearly everything in the shop complements a certain look, which at the moment revolves around the ramifications of the zoot suit, although a shop selling bikers' leather is also a possible future plan. Joint owner Dave Bonsall traces present patterns back to the time when Bryan Ferry reintroduced sartorial elegance into contemporary pop culture, a thread of music and style that he feels has always been entwined in terms of aims as well as interests.

"I think the two things have always been integral. There's been periods where one of the other has tried to deny it. I don't think either leads. The thing is mastering your craft. If you're a musician, you learn how to play, if

And just as music has diversified into different areas since the more uniform upheaval of punk, so fashion has fragmented to cater for the dozens of set looks and preferences determined partly by splintered musical tastes.

"There's now so much choice," says Dave, "that a kid can just walk into a shop and slot on a rockabilly or a mod or one of a wide range of styles."

IT WOULD BE misleading to claim that fashion is more important than music, but there is no doubt that visual impact can prove to be the initial attraction of a movement.

One of the more interesting manifestations of the new psychedelic sideline is a shop with branches in Kensington Market and Carnaby Street called The Regal. Inside the clothes are a riot of clashing colours that range from plum velvet jackets to pink and white regency stripe to frothy, frilled shirts to gaudy garments printed in a blinding combination of yellows, luminous limes and overpowering purples.

Seated at a table in the Kensington Market branch is Martin Macfarland, the shop's soft-spoken 23-year-old manager. Martin has a small moustache and centre-parted hair that falls neatly either side of his face. Wearing striped hipster trousers, a V-neck sweater and a roll-collar shirt, he looks like a fair imitation of Steve Marriott of The Small Faces, circa 1966.

Martin admits that this time round it's the look that provides psychedelia's principal attraction, with most of the new groups playing the background music for the self-contained scene.

"Some of the new groups are OK, but noone's really achieved anything. Obviously the clothes are the main appeal. The music is

Reclining design by Melissa Caplan, dresser of pop personalities, and shrewd businesswoman with her sights on the stars.

and originality that is often missing in modern mass-produced fashion.

the Antiquarius Market on the King's Road, the Antiquarias Market on the King's Road, concentrates on clothes with a 20-year span from 1935-55, although they do stretch up to the early '60s. Besides selling men's suits, shirts, hats and shoes from the '40s and '50s, and a range of women's outfits from the '50s, they specialise in imported American cocktail dresses which have a brash, Hollywood-inspired sparkle that's missing from English clothing subdued by the austerity of the War.

reaction, the hostility, her clothing caused. George said. But isn't that the whole point? She had the look but not the politics. She seemed to think the look *should* be acceptable."

"So much was at stake then that was sadly lost," says George of punk. "It was discarded surprisingly easily. It'll be a long time before you see anything like that again, which is perhaps why you see this demented circling around. It's frantic and bewildered."

George is well-aware of the inadequacies of language in describing the ephemeral, visual phenomena of fashion, which can easily make

statements sound either cliched or misleadingly high-minded. Nevertheless both he and Sandy express a certain concern at the rapid, shallow whirl of trends that snatch up and discard products of different cultures at a rapid rate, and use a superficially pleasing appearance without any real appreciation of its origins.

As Sandy points out, the zoot suit comes out of a definite social situation and can still be seen in Puerto Rica.

"That's why it can be very superficial when people just say, I'm into Latin," she says.

"It seems that you have a formula for change now," adds George. "It would be wrong to say, OK, the way it's done is bad, so you can't do that sort of thing at all. It's just that things are assimilated unintelligently. One of the things that's needed is a bit more time. How can you expect people to have any real liking for Latin when it's thrown at them in such a complete way, both the look and the music? Everything is apparently right, but it's hollow underneath. One of the things I object to is that hollowness is forced on to people, onto me. You have a complete package deal and everyone is happy for three months. Then of course they get bored, because there *is* no substance.

"People will go to quite extraordinary lengths to put a look together. But it's often done drily and without much apparent enthusiasm. When it's done coldly and academically, that's when something destructive happens. You shouldn't ask for complete clarity in a person of 18 or 19. Just a bit of enthusiasm and a real lliking for it. More of the findamentals and less of the ornamentals."

To George and Sandy, part of the answer lies in taking responsibility for the personal assumptions caused by clothing, and in evaluating styles regardless of the light shed on them by changing contemporary tastes. In contrast Dave Bonsall feels that a volatile response to fashion is an inevitable and intuitive part of a wider, imperceptible climate.

"If you're interested in what's going on, you're part of the climate, and change comes to you naturally. I don't think it's possible to consciously sit down and think, Now what we've got to do next is this. It's what you're interested in, what you have a feeling for at that particular time. It's part of the same thing as the music.

"The transience of it is important. But I throw myself into it, full-pelt. When you've beaten it around enough and you feel that the climate's changing and you're changing yourself, then you're going to go into something else naturally. It's up to you to fight against that which you feel is wrong, and that which you feel is right, you follow."

IT IS IRONIC that the group who were manufactured as the most calculated sales-aid, not just for fashion but also as a means of transmitting the theory behind it, have not so far followed the successful course which was so carefully plotted for them.

bands. You had to consciously make an effort to understand, and I don't think people had the time, concern or sufficient interest. I don't think anybody's interested to that extent in music anymore."

Having previously been responsible for a movement which encouraged distrust of the packaged pop myth, he now admits that punk dictums are being used to his detriment. His words in the mouth of a 15-year-old singer and the whole way Bow Wow Wow are marketed, smacks of a most unpleasant manipulation that perhaps too blatantly assumes gullibility on the part of its audience.

"At this stage of my life, people are very sceptical of my ideas, because they think I have bad motives. I don't think people should be suspicious. They should be a bit elated by it. I don't know why people sould be suspicious of an idea which is intentionally good and being paraded to the nth degree."

On the other hand his unscrupulous methods are not those which are likely to encourage respect for his motives.

"People tend to be very responsible and I'm not," he smiles. "I'll be the most ruthless person possible if it comes to getting an idea across, whatever the cost. To hell with the consequences."

Whatever you may think of a personality that seems to rest on an assumption of superiority and that elitist instinct that's always ready to sell a public perceived as an amorphous, grateful mass a neatly packaged idea, cleverly tailored so that it looks convincing without close scrutiny, there's no doubt that under McLaren's direction, Bow Wow Wow do make a brilliant effervescent pop music. And Vivienne Westwood's stunning selection and updating of primitive styles result in clothes that convey a genuine, uplifting emotion.

The idea that the World's End clothes so successfully disseminate is a future state where adults and teenagers are equal in that they have no hope of employment. Immobilised in an urban environment, they will turn to primitive methods of utilising the resources around them, and increased leisure will enhance creativity.

It's easy to point out the inherent contradictions in McLaren's blueprint for Britain, which he admits rests on a blind optimism for many of its ideas, although it does at least have the merit of removing the stigma of unemployment.

For Vivienne Westwood the most overt political possibilities of fashion were evident in punk.

"In Seditionaries we actually designed things that were new. Fashion students always say that there's nothing new to do anymore and that people have done everything you can do with fabric. But with punk rock it was an anarchical thing. We took things that didn't mean anything like the

Accoutrements, accessories and a gentlemanly guide to good dressing. Shoes, shaving-brushes, razors, clippers and a helping hand in their use from Dobbs And Partners, outfitters to the stars and other aspiring gentry.

The day I met Malcolm McLaren, he had just returned from the RCA offices where a meeting had been held after Bow Wow Wow's first LP dropped 25 places down the charts, a fact which he seemed to regard with an odd mixture of sour disappointment and face-saving resignation. In his defence, McLaren will argue that Bow Wow Wow contain far too much information to be conveniently assimilated by an audience searching for easy sensation. An unorthodox sound that doesn't fit neatly into any of the established categories, a new dance rhythm to master, a different appearance, not to mention a full political masterplan behind the lyrics, have all undoubtedly been factors in their failure to date.

"The problem there was that you had a far too sophisticated music with a far too naive singer to get people to understand quickly enough," he says. "The ideas weren't vulgar. They could not compete with Steve Strange or Spandau Ballet or any of the new dance

straps on the legs of the trousers. In shape and form and line they communicated something that was fresh and anti-establishment.

"People may not know it yet, but I *am* the establishment now, because you're so much more interesting than the establishment, you've made their rules redundant and anything goes. This is a capitalist society, and capitalism survives on ideas. They are attracted to your ideas but hopefully you're one step ahead, and you're too fast for them. You make people feel slightly redundant because you're more happening than they are."

"All I do is try, whenever I can, to pose a question," says Malcolm McLaren. "Whether it's visually with clothes or in terms of music. At the moment clothes are beginning to be more important. They haven't quite lost their credibility, as I think music has."

ROGER BURTON DESIGNED the piratical interior of World's End and he is currently working on another shop for

the Westwood-McLaren's in dark shades of primitive Indian. His own shop, Dobbs, is in the rarefied, genteel surroundings of the Gray's Mews Antique Market at the bottom of Bond Street, and in intent it could ostensibly be considered to be at the exact opposite end of the social spectrum from that of the political-primitive.

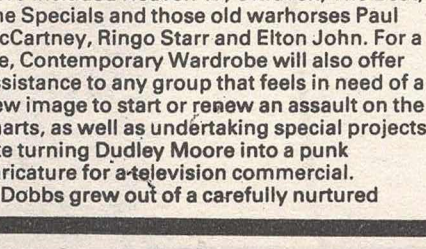
Originally intended to appeal to the tourist market whose addiction to classic English woollens results in mass forays on Marks and Spencer, Dobbs and Partners is subtitled Gentlemen's Attire and Accoutrements, and provides a service modelled on that of a traditional country gentleman's outfitters.

In the small stall with its staid window-dressing and old glass counter, you can buy subdued ties in country colours sprinkled with pheasants and retrievers, Norfolk jackets, tweed suits, studs for your dress shirt, stiffeners for a wing collar, clippers for trimming the sideboards, plus tiepins carefully fashioned in the shape of a cricketer.

Dobbs clothes are second-hand or old stock, expensive and scrupulously prepared with up to £15 being spent on the cleaning bill per garment in a process which even goes to great lengths to restore the colour, that may have faded imperceptibly apart from that hidden material underneath the lapel.

Roger, a pale, tall rather distant man with a passion for detail and quality who dresses

Model workers: shop assistant Ruth Adamson and an inanimate mannequin show off clothes at Clozo . . .



with meticulous soberness himself, will justify the prices by explaining that mass-produced chainstore clothes which cost much the same are liable to wear out very quickly, whereas his stock has already endured for 30 years and could easily last another lifetime.

"It's a bit of England, a bit of heritage," says Roger, who is actually a farmer's son. "I enjoy making an effort to look like something, rather than just slinging on a jacket. It takes a bit of conscious effort to wear the things, but we've had years and years of casual clothes. For the person like myself, who feels maybe a little foolish in pirate gear, it's an alternative. It's not particularly a fashion."

You would probably need a valet's help to dress properly in the full range of Dobbs' accoutrements, and it could be argued that they are supplying the uniform of one vanished monied class to a new elite composed mainly of rich popstars. The day Peter Anderson and I visited the shop, Midge Ure was trying on fetching sons-of-the-soil flat-caps.

In fact Dobbs originally evolved out of Roger Burton's other business. Contemporary Wardrobe supplies post-war costumes for films and television series that have so far included *Quadrophenia, The History Man* and the current production of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*. It also provides a service in dressing and styling groups for video, and previous clients have included Heaven 17, Ultravox, The Beat, The Specials and those old warhorses Paul McCartney, Ringo Starr and Elton John. For a fee, Contemporary Wardrobe will also offer assistance to any group that feels in need of a new image to start or renew an assault on the charts, as well as undertaking special projects like turning Dudley Moore into a punk caricature for a television commercial.

Dobbs grew out of a carefully nurtured network of contacts that supplied Roger with clothes, and although on the Continent and in France particularly, there has always been a taste for tweed, he decided to try and create his own market for high quality clothes that did not fit into any other current trend.

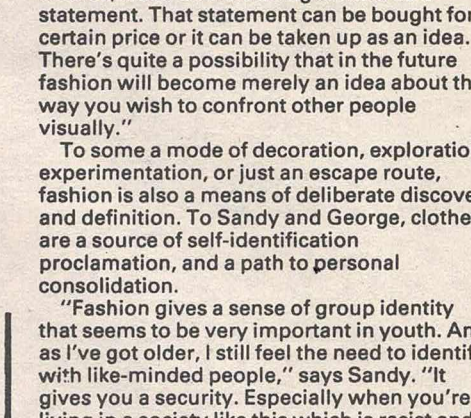
Roger himself doesn't see anything ironic in promoting the country landowner look in the depths of an economic recession.

"It doesn't take a lot of money or imagination to give yourself an uplift."

EXPORTS FROM the British fashion industry totalled around £1,000 million last year alone, but as Perry Haines has recently proved with *i-D* magazine, fashion is as much a means of communication as it is a commercial enterprise. Malcolm McLaren anticipates a time, already present in many respects, when clothes exist purely as an ideas medium that is not specifically connected to making money.

"It's the idea that counts, not the actual selling of the merchandise. It gets through by virtue of communication. It might be through someone watching a video, or through someone talking about someone else where they've liked what they were wearing. It's only at the moment that you're having to sell things

Macho leather, sexy styles and flash '50s panache are the traditional rock'n'roll inputs for the designs at Johnsons.



here there and everywhere, because that's the way the structure works.

"Fashion is not to do with needing to wear clothes, it's to do with using clothes as a statement. That statement can be bought for a certain price or it can be taken up as an idea. There's quite a possibility that in the future fashion will become merely an idea about the way you wish to confront other people visually."

To some a mode of decoration, exploration, experimentation, or just an escape route, fashion is also a means of deliberate discovery and definition. To Sandy and George, clothes are a source of self-identification proclamation, and a path to personal consolidation.

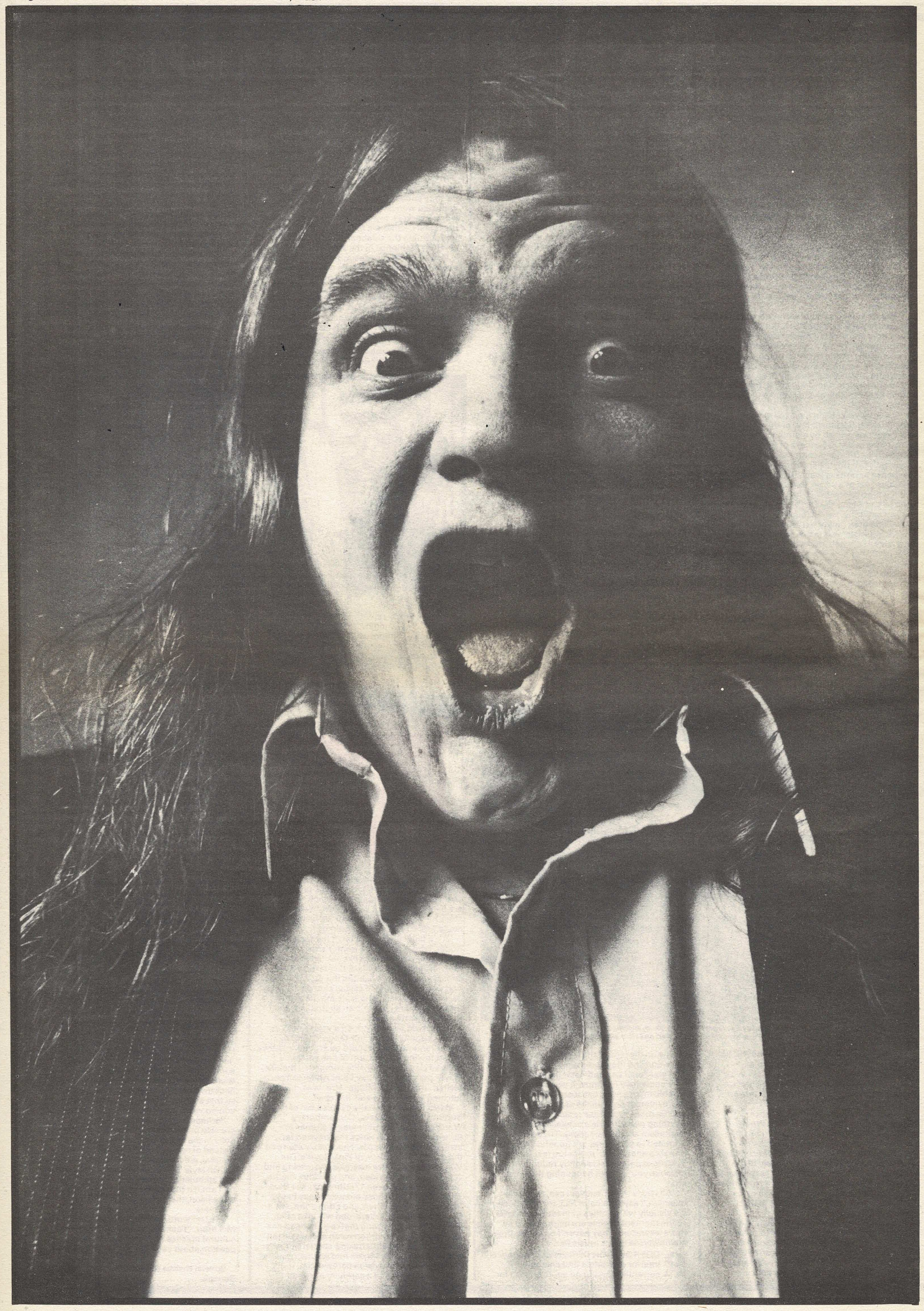
"Fashion gives a sense of group identity that seems to be very important in youth. And as I've got older, I still feel the need to identify with like-minded people," says Sandy. "It gives you a security. Especially when you're living in a society like this which is racist and right wing. When you turn on the radio, you hear absolutely extreme, ridiculous statements being made by apparently normal people. I think it's becoming more and more important to speak up if you're left wing. And fashion and clothing are very important because they enable people to make certain assumptions about you."

"I've begun to think that it's a way of hammering out what things you value and what you do not," says George. "You can't separate out and I don't want to, what I wear from what I actually feel and think. The two ride very easily together. As you wear something you define more and more accurately what you actually think. As you hack away at one, you hack away at the other, so that eventually you have something that you do value in terms of clothing and ideas."

Perhaps the present fashion manifestations are also providing just a little bit of a defiant poke in the eye of the grim, dim, early '80s, instead of conveniently acquiescing to the general, enforced eroding of expectations. British style '81 has been a small consolation and stimulation; some sort of confirmation that amidst the depression, recession and repression, there's still something to celebrate.

The last word, almost, goes to Malcolm McLaren: "Fashion is not a luxury, it's a cultural practice that can incite a certain passion about your life."

Special thanks to Alan Taylor and Dave Bonsall.



SPOILT BRAT OUT OF HELL

Big boys do cry. And sulk and stamp their little feet. PAUL MORLEY explains why the petulant antics of MEATLOAF epitomise the American rock'n'roll reality. Both are fat, neurotic monsters. Photos Anton Corbijn.

The baseball brat

*** Because Meatloaf refused to allow Anton to photograph him, we are using pix that are three years old.**

IN THE BEGINNING there was The Silence. And then there was . . . CRASH!

MEATLOAF'S real name is Simple Simon. His first memories are of falling off a high wall — CRASH! — and of having his photograph taken — FLASH!

The bump on his head and that first shocking flash have been considerable influences on the young character's life — the monster, see, is never calm, and anything outside its immediate control is snatched at and watched over with deep suspicion and free scorn.

One night in Manhattan we try and tempt the flushed beast into having his photograph taken. It has just twitched, farted and fumbled its way through a 90 minute interview with yours truly the English explorer, but it doesn't take seriously the comfortable custom of matching new photographs with interviews.

"Still photographs; they drive me up the fucking wall," the beast had confided to me. "But I'll work damned hard for these photographers. Most people having their photo taken just stand there. Not me, kid. I sweat. It's like being on stage for me."

Anton Corbijn waits patiently for Meatloaf to walk on stage. He's been waiting four days.

"There's hundreds of photographs of me," Meatloaf hisses at his publicist immediately after the interview flounders to its end around about Meatloaf's virginity.

Aides try to chain the beast, but it sees only flashing lights and startling visions. It becomes as agile as a baby monkey escaping the chains of common sense. His aides huddle together and pretend there's nothing wrong — it's all in the work's daze — while the beast spitefully unwraps a bit size tantrum. Anton and I selfishly wonder why they let this untamed beast out into the big colliding world.

Meatloaf's publicist, wife and record company representative — all shadows in the background as I subject their monster to the tortures of conversation, of concentration — all describe the beast as a "big superstar".

Big superstars are Gods amongst men — or men amongst Gods. Big Superstars, the charming American way of life forces us to have it, are protected species. English explorers and Dutch photographers are rarely allowed close. Meatloaf, the beast, the big superstar, is looked after with religious tautness. Innocence and nearness could upset the beastly system.

In many respects — respectful or otherwise — he is pampered with defensive intensity as if he alone holds our civilisation, our future, together. For his handlers, his keepers, his aides, perhaps subconsciously his followers, the smooth-cheeked beast represents Rock And Roll, America, the Heavens, the dark depths and the Holy Ghost . . . his heart beats money, his soul stamps down on curiosity and sentimentality.

America 1982! Rock And Roll forever more! You want to believe it?

THE BEAST is wrapped up in cotton wool, as cosy as Presley in his coffin, and limousined to another location. Along the way the helpless hero is coached into believing that having his photograph taken is not going to trouble his balanced divinity. For this beast, though, vigilance and willpower maintain civilisation: self-secrifice is for the devil-dogs. His extravagances, he believes, are more beneficial that 'truth'. At a publicist's office filled with carpets, paintings, toys and antiques I could sell and live off for five lifetimes, Meatloaf, a member of a protesting species, is brooding. His brooding causes a mist to descend over Manhattan. Anton unpacks his cameras. The monster snarls at the first glimpse of a Nikon.

"So let's get these damn things over with," he growls, stampeding through the office.

Anton positions the cry baby bunting in front of some artwork from the two Meatloaf albums. Meatloaf stands there like a huge lump of unwanted meatloaf: unsweating meatloaf. Anton takes some preliminary snaps, then suggests that Meatloaf act up a little. The beast shrugs his shoulder violently and pulls a spoilt face: he's wet his pants.

"This is all you're getting, take it or leave it," he grumbles.

His arms hang limply, his face stiffens and reddens. The beast is touched with fire. Photographs are for the birds, or something.

Anton asks the big superstar if he'll flex his muscles, maybe an alternative to the Meatloaf clenched fist, clenched face cliche. The beast gobs on reason.

"I'm not going for any of that American strongman shit," he spits, spraying the room with uncunning spittle.

He pulls his fingers up to his nose, to scratch its redness. Anton accidentally snaps this dreadfully off guard moment. CRASH!

"I'm not having that silly photograph printed," snarls the beast, pushing Anton out of the way and skulking out of sight.

His wife rushes off to retrieve him. His publicist, the man from the record company, the band member who'd tried to cheer him up by singing, 'There's No Business Like Show Business,' hang around helplessly. Anton and I just want to go home and leave these silly people to their games.

I wander off into a side room, find a broken acoustic guitar and strum some broken blues — smoothe the savage beast away, some hope. suddenly CRASH! the bomb has dropped/the heavens have opened/my time has come/is this the way I go?/Meatloaf has flung a chair to the floor and is surging towards me obviously to sit on me. My bones turn to rubber in anticipation

"Is it true that if this guy doesn't get his photographs then the interview won't be printed after I worked real hard and gave you the best interview I could?"

I'm speechless. The monster turns ever decreasing circles, foaming at the mouth. Eventually he draws me and Anton to his bosom and explains his situation.

"Look, this hasn't been the best of days. The management I had yesterday I haven't got today," he bleats breathlessly. "Do you understand what I'm saying? You got an interview, maybe next time we'll get the photographs done. OK . . ."

We nod silently, cautiously eyeing the beast's claws. The pitiless monster's little wife pitifully signals to us — "We all have our bad days."

The monster turns and storms out of the building dragging his wife in his wake. He disappears from view like a bat out of hell — or a big superstar out of a rich publicist's office — and returns to his perch on top of the Empire State Building.

Silence.

MEATLOAF'S REAL name is Freddie Parfitt. The fat tramp sits in the bar gulping a drink the gullible Englishman had bought him. To pay the Englishman back he just has to speak into that little tape recorder — recall a few things about his life, let go some opinions. Easy. Make it all up. Be a better story anyway.

"When did I lose my virginity? 14, 15 . . . God, I don't remember. I remember it, doing it. Did it set me up for life? Naah . . . ain't no big thing . . . means much more to girls I think. Women . . . What?

"Am I proud to be an American? . . . Shit I'm proud to be in the world . . . I don't huh let me think . . . uh I don't . . . God . . . They're gonna call me treasonous here . . . I don't think of it that way.

"Does being an American mean anything to me? Mmmm . . . no . . . I can't say it does. History, tradition, values, it doesn't mean a damn thing to me to tell you the truth.

"Hum . . . alright, America, it means all-night television . . . I think it's the generation of Vietnam . . . because that's where I was, right at that point, in the '60s, the age of going to Vietnam and all that . . . ph God . . . see, I don't feel . . . Aw, I dunno, the Star Spangled Banner is a hard melody to sing and most people can't do it. I don't think I would want to live in Russia I can tell you that. They're almost . . . I don't think they're smart, no . . . they're almost neanderthal, their bone structures and faces, they look neanderthal. I don't think they're bright people at all. They're scary, they're frightening for sure . . .

"So I'd want America over Russia? Hey, shit, if it comes to that I'll be in Nova Scotia. Are you kidding! Look. I'm happy here. I don't consider myself unpatriotic. I wouldn't cheat on my country. If everyone stands for the National Anthem then I stand as well. Shit, peope are going to call me treasonous and Charlie Daniels won't invite me down to the Volounteer Jam no more . . . but like I'm as glad to be an American as I'm glad to be alive . . . I wouldn't like to be somewhere where I couldn't do what I wanted to do, that's where I wouldn't want to be.

"Do I think we have a future? Sure! Look, people, they'll see us through, people will make us survive, all the people in the world. Even the Russians? Well I don't know about that. They're people as well? I'm not prejudiced, I said they were neanderthal, I didn't say I hated them . . . sure I'm optimistic. Look, even a neanderthal man knew to run away when he saw a club coming. Even he knew to run away from a dinosaur.

"Everybody's worried about nuclear this that and the other but I just think that what's going to happen is something'll scare us all half to death and that'll be the story . . . I do not think the world is going to blow itself up! There! If everyone thinks the world is going to blow itself up then it's damn well going to.

"I mean, it's like there's a baseball game and Reggie Jackson is at bat and you could sense it that everyone everywhere in the stadium knew that Reggie Jackson was going to hit a home run for the Yankees and the first pitch he hit a home run . . . and everyone was going Yeah, I knew he was going to hit it, y'know . . . I'm telling you, it's the power of positive thinking; and I'm telling you that enough people thought Reggie Jackson was going to hit a home run over the centre field wall and the son of a bitch did . . .

"I believe in the power of positive thinking, sure I do. Is there a religion that goes with that? I don't know . . . arm, thanks for the drink . . ."

The big bum had paid the price. He waddled back into obscurity.

MEATLOAF'S REAL name is Meatloaf. The man's publicist and the wit from CBS International are truly or dutifully amazed that I get 90 minutes of soft to hard talk out of the big superstar. Usually — they 1724flatter me — give him an hour at the most before he loses interest.

Heck, people of the free world, I talked to him like anyone I'd meet in a New York bar, whereas he usually gets interviewed by rock and roll journalists. I'll talk to anyone, even big superstars or bar bums, even flustered simple simons like Meatloaf. Some people are a lot harder to talk to than others. Some people don't want to listen. Some can't see that listening really matters.

The only time Meatloaf appears to hear anything I say to him is when I introduce something into the play that's usually left outside such a talk — like faith, death and charity. Then he'll stop abruptly.

"What?!" he'll shake his head.

I said, what could kill off rock and roll?

"Oh . . . er . . . nothing can kill it off! Guns! Bombs and Guns! That's all. It'll be there forever. Shit, are you kidding? . . ."

Do you love yourself?

"What!? Do I love myself as a person? I don't hate myself. I'm not madly in love with myself."

Are you beautiful?

"Me? Yeah! I think that I am the Nureyev of rock and roll if you want to know my opinion of myself . . . Y'know, probably Jagger is the

CONTINUES OVER

MEATMOUTH

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Nureyev of rock and roll, but you know I ain't gonna tell him that . . . "

There's a tiny laugh. A Meatloaf laugh is truly a nervous reaction.

Most of the time Meat the giant steam-stammers on, celebrating the 'timeless' glory of his craft, claiming a little too jealously that nothing upsets him, making the expected assumptions/distinctions about rock and roll and its place in his world and maybe a far corner of mine.

He lashes out bitterly — "Bitter? Nah I ain't bitter" — at all that presumes to dislike him. He fidgets with an address book, knocks the table a lot, sips Perrier water, shifts restlessly in his chair, sometimes knocks me on the elbow to emphasise a point and talks at quite a pace. His hands flutter and his eyes bulge when he thinks I'm perhaps humouring him, or misunderstanding him.

"I'm not hip" he gloats, "and I'm glad. Because I hate hip. Hip doesn't last. I was never hip. It's not my style."

To Meatloaf, hip equals The Go Go's or, for peace's sake, REO Speedwagon.

The big superstar and I are foreigners. There are some words and phrases we use that we both recognise . . . For him, though, there is no *doubt:* for me doubt doesn't just hover over the interview, it moves with no manners at all right the way through. Maybe doubt is my definition of (aah!) rock and roll: doubt transformed, contained, conquered, revolutionised. At another extreme my definition of rock and roll is 'delusions that shrink to the size of a women's glove'. For the beast the definition is . . . "Heart and soul, man."

Of course: words that come to mean nothing except what they're meanly forced to mean.

"Heart and soul, that's what rock and roll is. That's why they don't like me here . . . I'm an alive person. I don't want to be sterile and my opinion of American radio, American critics, everything to do with American music is that it's sterile."

This from a man who likes the new Foreigner LP.

"Hey, 'Juke Box Hero' is a great tune."

I'M SURPRISED, given full in the face the monster's temperament, that he agrees to talk with me. I'm pitched right in the middle of some turbulent changes in Meatloaf's attitude towards his entertainment and environment and towards the control he has over it. His confusion about, and simplification of, the wealth and worth of his music — its influence or purpose or conditions — is the estranged equivalent of much tough pop music contemplation in this country. Not even Meatloaf is immune from the complications introduced by rock and roll's age or the terrors of metaphysical acceleration: not even mass success can supply that immunity.

He gurgles with defensive panic about the purifying potential of his art and the irrelevance of 'politics' in its methodology. All his actions and decisions are irrevocably framed within the traditional, American notion of rock and roll. A rock and roll that was once lean and simple and which is now fat and neurotic. Rolling on because of it's weight and the ferocity of it's bodyguards. No doubt about it.

Meatloaf's management troubles seem due to the relatively slow sales of 'Deadringer', the follow-up to the classic 'Bat Out Of Hell' (three years in the British LP charts). For Meatloat, reality is selling millions of records and that not being enough. This is American rock and roll reality and it means that Meatloaf can take on the role of hurt, ignored artist whilst selling uncontrollable amounts of records.

Everyone knows really that 'Deadringer' will end up selling as much as 'Bat Out Of Hell' but you've got to act out the part. American rock and roll reality is defined using lots of noughts, lots of nothing. American rock and roll reality means that Meatloaf devours myths, devises myths and lets myths devour him without considering the resultant energies or effects in any provocative, presentable way.

American rock and roll is exertion, safety, religion, dread handling, absent wishes, escape. Now we're talking . . .

"I'm giving people the chance to escape. I believe that entertainment is escapism. I don't believe that politics has any goddamn business in rock and roll. I just don't think that's what it's about."

What drives you?

"Everything drives me, man. To be better. To make the records and the shows better than they've ever been. I just want to be better; it's always been inside me."

Would you like to change the world?

"No, because I don't have that need. The only way I want to change the world is in the three hours that an audience is mine."

Into what?

"Into whatever I feel like changing it into. I have that power."

To create fantasies?

"That's what it is."

As a conscious strategy?

"No, no . . . it's a gift . . . a gift from the heavens, from the gods."

What pisses you off about yourself?

"What!? Oh, I'm a perfectionist. Well, I am and I'm not. On stage the band can drop a beat or come in wrong or something but that doesn't bother me, though it drives some people crazy. The only thing I get mad about on stage is if someone is too drunk or stoned to perform. That's the only thing that will make me go absolutely *be*-serk."

Do you drink?

"No . . : and I don't do drugs . . . I drink when I perform. It's the only time I ever drink. Before I go on I have about four shots of tequila and about four litre beers and on stage I drink wine but I never get drunk."

It helps bring out the primitive in you?

"Yeah, I think that's what I do it for . . . it just lets me go. Phew! . . . I just go!"

Is it frightening?

"It doesn't frighten me at all, are you kidding? I love it. I wish I could do it everywhere. But you get intimidated, you know. I'd like to throw these crackers all over the room but you don't do that in the Gramercy Part Hotel . . . but if I was on stage or doing a film and my character felt like throwing those crackers around the room then I'll be doing it."

So this gives you a chance to re-shape reality? To throw off the shackles?

"Yeah . . . and it's a great feeling and . . . well, there you go, you hit a nail on the head . . . it gives you the listener, the audience, a feeling, if you're watching me . . . well, it lets you realise at the same time through what I do. There you have it. That's what I do. It's better than preaching politics."

Have the rules of 'entertainment' been ignored as rock and roll gets on with its big business?

"Oh yeah and it drives me crazy . . . I mean, when you see my show, it's like a three ring circus. Hey! I'm doing *Saturday Night Live* this Saturday and the first song I'm doing is Chuck Berry's 'Promised Land' and it's not on either album, but it's going to give people an idea of what I'm about. I keep adding guitars and eventually there'll be nine guitars on stage. We'll end 'Promised Land' with nine fucking guitars on the stage."

MEATLOAF IS AS much a joker inside American rock and roll reality as Jagger. Come and get me, for no good reason. Is the joke on Meatloaf? Is he a caricature?

"No I'm not. It's real."

Oh yes? Isn't Meatloaf an admission that all rock and roll is acting?

"It's an admission that when Chuck Berry and when Little Richard get up and sing *'Rip It Up'* and "Long Tall Sally, she's real sweet" . . . I see Long Tall Sally. That's acting? That's putting it across and that's what acting is . . putting what you have here (heart) across to who you're putting it across to."

Is he, through the scandal of his work, (sympathetically) taking the piss out of the rock and roll practice?

"I did that and nobody understood it. In one show at New York I got shot as Billy in 'Stagger Lee' and I flew back as an angel in 'Swing Low Sweet Chariot' and I was making total fun and they didn't understand it. You gotta understand, you're dealing with New York . . . not the comic place of the world . . . they did not understand that I was making fun of myself, of them, of everything.

"There's a lot of tongue in cheek in what I do."

Do people take their rock and roll too seriously?

"Oh God almighty yes they do . . . I mean I like Bruce Springsteen, and I know him personally but all of a sudden they made him some sort of saviour. They did it to Bob Dylan and it drove him crazy. If the guy farted everyone wondered what the heck it meant . . . Right now Bruce Springsteen is the God of the American people."

What has he actually done for those people?

"Nothing really . . . but the thing is, these people, they start to believe their own press, they start to believe that they are God and that they can do anything. That's not true, man. I don't care how big you are in this entertainment business, it's there, it's over, it comes and it goes."

Can people still be receptive to a truly uplifting power that might be inherent in rock and roll?

"Are you kidding? When you give them rock and roll you bet . . ."

On that simple unadorned release level?

"Fucking A,man . . . I'll tell you what . . . the radio people in America may stop my records being played but they can't stop the promoters from booking me into a place and from people coming to see me and they can't stop the kids going crazy over it . . ."

Do radio people in America consider Meatloaf to be dangerous?

"To their credibility. Y'see, it's dangerous to their egos, because they have said the American people only want to hear *this* and if all of a sudden the American people decide they want to hear this and that and that and this . . . that's what it is in England.

"In America the radio's dead, no one listens to it anymore. But there's going to be changes.

CONTINUES PAGE 63

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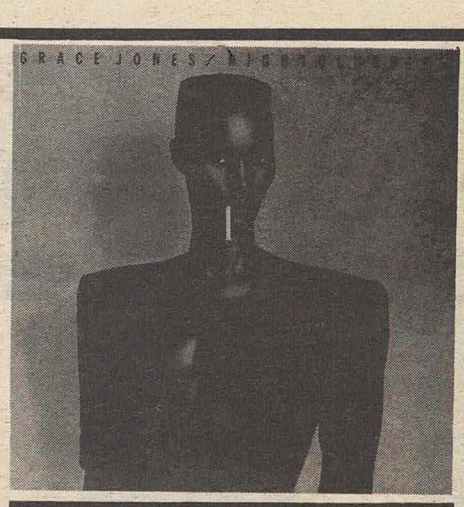
VINYL FINALS 1981

SINGLES

1 Ghost Town **The Specials (Chrysalis)**
2 Adventures On The Wheels Of Steel **Grandmaster Flash (Sugarhill)**
3 Me No Pop I **Coati Mundi (Ze)**
4 (We Don't Need This) Fascist Groove Thang **Heaven 17 (BEF)**
5 Love Action **The Human League (Virgin)**
6 Mama Used To Say **Junior Giscombe (Mercury)**
7 Tears Are Not Enough **ABC (Neutron)**
8 Pull Up To The Bumper **Grace Jones (Island)**
9 O Superman **Laurie Anderson (One Ten)**
10 Walking On Thin Ice **Yoko Ono (Geffen)**
11 Burn Rubber On Me **The Gap Band (Phonogram)**
12 Tainted Love **Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)**
13 Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag **Pigbag (Y)**
14 Rapp Payback **James Brown (RCA)**
15 Wordy Rappinghood **Tom Tom Club (Island)**
16 Let's Groove **Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)**
17 The Razor's Edge **Defunkt (Hannibal)**
18 Being With You **Smokey Robinson (Motown)**
19 Four Movements **Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)**
20 Just Can't Get Enough **Depeche Mode (Mute)**
21 Going Back To My Roots **Odyssey (RCA)**
22 Intuition **Linx (Chrysalis)**
23 Rapture **Blondie (Chrysalis)**
24 Plan B **Dexys Midnight Runners (EMI)**
25 Happy Birthday **Stevie Wonder (Motown)**
26 Chariots Of Fire **Vangelis (Polydor)**
27 Der Mussolini **DAF (Virgin)**
28 Good Year For The Roses **Elvis Costello (F-Beat)**
29 Shoot The Pump **J. Walter Negro & The Loose Jointz (Zoo York)**
30 Doors Of Your Heart **The Beat (Go-Feet)**
31 Kitchen Person **The Associates (Situation 2)**
32 Can You Feel It **The Jacksons (Epic)**
33 Favourite Shirts **Haircut 100 (Arista)**
34 Pocket Calculator **Kraftwerk (EMI)**
35 Another One Bites The Dust **General Saint & Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)**
36 Launderette **Vivien Goldman (99)**
37 Genius Of Love **Tom Tom Club (Island)**
38 Chant No.1 (We Don't Need This Pressure On) **Spandau Ballet (Reformation)**
39 Out Come The Freaks **Was (Not Was) (Ze)**
40 W.O.R.K. **Bow Wow Wow (EMI)**
41 Flowers Of Romance **Public Image Ltd (Virgin)**
42 Ceremony **New Order (Factory)**
43 Beggarman Child **Pablo Gad (Form)**
44 The Longest Day **Sound Of The Valleys (Stiff)**
45 The 'Sweetest Girl' **Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)**
46 Pretty In Pink **The Psychedelic Furs (CBS)**
47 The Art Of Parties **Japan (Virgin)**
48 Computer Love **Kraftwerk (EMI)**
49 Too Drunk To Fuck **The Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)**
50 Show Me **Dexys Midnight Runners (Mercury)**

Jerry Dammers pic: Anton Corbijn



ALBUMS

1 Nightclubbing **Grace Jones (Island)**
2 Computer World **Kraftwerk (EMI)**
3 Red **Black Uhuru (Island)**
4 Wha'ppen **The Beat (Go-Feet)**
5 Penthouse And Pavement **Heaven 17 (BEF)**
6 Dare **The Human League (Virgin)**
7 Trust **Elvis Costello (F-Beat)**
8 Alles Ist Gut **DAF (Virgin)**
9 Red Mecca **Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)**
10 Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places **Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze)**
11 Gold Und Liebe **DAF (Virgin)**
12 Mutant Disco **Various Artists (Ze)**
13 Slates **The Fall (Rough Trade)**
14 Black President **Fela Kuti (Arista)**
15 Flowers Of Romance **Public Image Ltd (Virgin)**
16 Raise! **Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)**
17 Playing With A Different Sex **Au Pairs (Human)**
18 Rock'n'Groove **Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)**
19 East Side Story **Squeeze (A&M)**
20 Almost Blue **Elvis Costello (F-Beat)**
21 Being With You **Smokey Robinson (Motown)**
22 Heaven Up Here **Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)**
23 See Jungle! See Jungle! Go Join Your Gang Yeah, City All Over! Go Ape Crazy **Bow Wow Wow (RCA)**
24 The Electric Spanking Of War Babies **Funkadelic (Warner Bros)**
25 Odyshape **The Raincoats (Rough Trade)**
26 Gang War **Prince Charles & The City Beat Band (Solid Platinum)**
27 Sings The Wailers **Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)**
28 Positive Touch **The Undertones (Ardeck)**
29 Get Down Attack **General Caine II (Groove Time)**
30 Blythe Spirit **Arthur Blythe (Columbia)**
31 Tin Drum **Japan (Virgin)**
32 7 **Madness (Stiff)**
33 Defunkt **Defunkt (Hannibal)**
34 Tattoo You **The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)**
35 Alan Vega **Alan Vega (PVC)**
36 Intuition **Linx (Chrysalis)**
37 Dreamtime **Tom Verlaine (Warner Bros)**
38 In Our Lifetime **Marvin Gaye (Motown)**
39 New Chapter **Aswad (CBS)**
40 Greatest Hits **Throbbing Gristle (Industrial)**
41 Something Special **Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)**
42 Dolmen Music **Meredith Monk (ECM)**
43 Miracles **Change (Warner Bros)**
44 Wild Gift **X (Slash)**
45 The Man With The Horn **Miles Davis (CBS)**
46 Pleasant Dreams **The Ramones (Sire)**
47 Psychedelic Jungle **The Cramps (IRS)**
48 It Must Be Magic **Teena Marie (Motown)**
49 Sleep No More **The Comsat Angels (Polydor)**
50 The Many Facets Of Roger **Roger (Warner Bros)**

Grace Jones pic: Joe Stevens

Chart compiled by Danny Baker, Chris Bohn, Lloyd Bradley, Julie Burchill, Roy Carr, Richard Cook, Anton Corbijn, Mark Cordery, Caramel Crunch, Paul Du Noyer, Andy Gill, Vivien Goldman, Richard Grabel, Tim Greenhalgh, Lynn Hanna, Barney Hoskyns, Graham Lock, Gavin Martin, Phil McNeill, X Moore, Paul Morley, Charles Shaar Murray, Tony Parsons, Ian Penman, Penny Reel, Roz Reines, Cynthia Rose, Monty Smith, Neil Spencer, Joe Stevens, Tony Stewart and Adrian Thrills.

The NME Almanac 1981

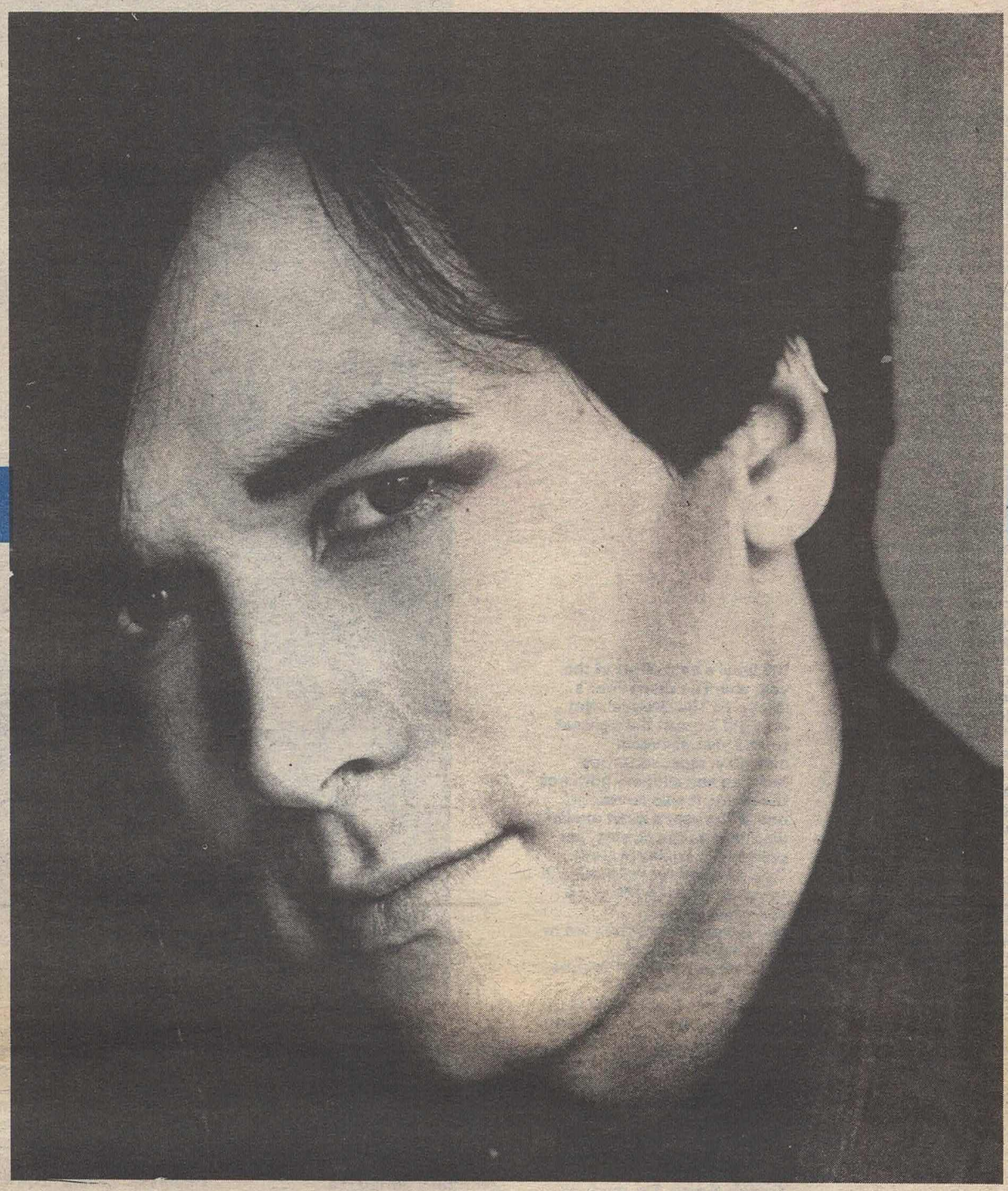
SHUDDER as yet another year flashes by before your eyes!

FLUTTER again at the antics of the new romantics, their soulboy sons and syn-pop saviours!

QUIVER with excitement/fear as Britain's youth rampage through burning streets!

QUAKE with anger at Britain's soaring unemployment figures!

ALL THIS and more barely contained in the NME '81 almanac!



Pic: Anton Corbijn

ELECTRO-POP: is it a sound (microcomputers, synths, tapes, and humans minding machines) or a sensibility (precision flashiness, discos and clubs, and leisure as dream-time)? It can be both if you're The Human League, who aren't so much a new kind of MOR (see Paul Morley's album review 17/10/81 and comparisons with Abba) as a re-statement of soul — listen to Phil Oakey's voice blowing hot and cool, cool, the sound of a dandified soul on ice — in the currency of electronics. Written off earlier this year when Martyn Ware and Ian Craig Marsh left to form BEF/Heaven 17, Oakey and Philip Adrian Wright drafted in Jo Callis and Ian Burden, Suzanne and Joanne (the most mobile marionettes in town), and staked all on romance and the year's best series of singles — 'Sound Of The Crowd', 'Love Action', 'Open Your Heart' and 'Don't You Want Me' off the 'Dare' album, a romantic essay (like Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love') written by skeptics — remember that cool.

By comparison Heaven 17 are too skeptical, even cynical: there's something a little too easy and glib about the spikeyness of the 'Penthouse And Pavement' album. They've yet to find the common touch.

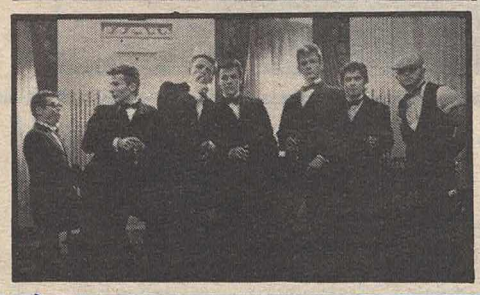
Maybe The League get a lot of their touch from producer Martin (Stranglers, Buzzcocks, Altered Images) Rushent, whose Genetic studios near Reading can't be rated enough in the electro-story. Pete Shelley's 'Homosapien' (hooks, pulsebeat, disciplined synths and wit) couldn't be anything else but pure Genetic — and a throwback to the second side of The Buzzcocks' 'A Different Kind Of Tension' with its working together of pop, punk, Can and Kraftwerk. Talk of lineages shouldn't preclude mentioning the joyful danceability of much electropop.

And nobody demonstrated this better than Depeche Mode, especially with 'I Just Can't Get Enough' a much better single than 'Dreaming Of Me' or 'New Life') and with half the cuts on their 'Speak And Spell' album. Depeche Mode are also partly the product of another producer with a human touch, Daniel 'Mute' Miller. DAF, of course, slipped through his fingers to Virgin and superstardom in Germany with the 'Alles Ist Gut' and 'Gold Und Liebe' albums. DAF's mixture of brutalism and sensuality, emotional release and spareness, makes them the dark brothers of Depeche Mode and their unassuming suburban voice, all smartness with responsibility and dreams without silliness.

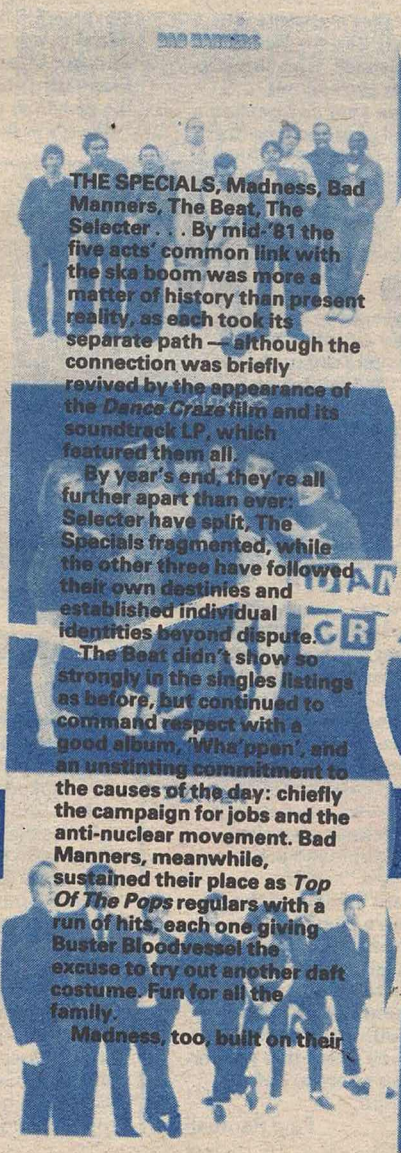
If electronics are helping to realise the most complete (and escapist?) pop dreams since the '60s as well as US Gothic nightmares a la Suicide, they can also be pushed into less interesting directions. Orchestral Manouvres can certainly claim MOR status, though paradoxically hyper ballads like 'Joan Of Arc' carry more passion and conviction than their earlier 'experimental' work. With Ultravox (the new Genesis?) electronics are annexed to rock: the 'Rage In Eden' album is structurally a piece of pomp, not in the schmaltzy muzak vein of 'Vienna' but the thoroughly orthodox rock of their current single 'The Voice'.

Appropriately in the year of computers inspiring humans (and vice versa), those who first pioneered the proposition, Kraftwerk, returned strongly with 'Computer World'.

Paul Tickell



ELVIS COSTELLO put out the worthy 'Trust' LP, confirming his growing status as Britain's most intelligent songwriter. But the real commercial dividends came after a trip to Nashville to work with C&W producer Billy Sherrill — a brave experiment which yielded the hit single 'Good Year For The Roses', from a whole album of country standards, 'Almost Blue.'



THE SPECIALS, Madness, Bad Manners, The Beat, The Selecter . . . By mid-'81 the five acts' common link with the ska boom was more a matter of history than present reality, as each took its separate path — although the connection was briefly revived by the appearance of the *Dance Craze* film and its soundtrack LP, which featured them all.

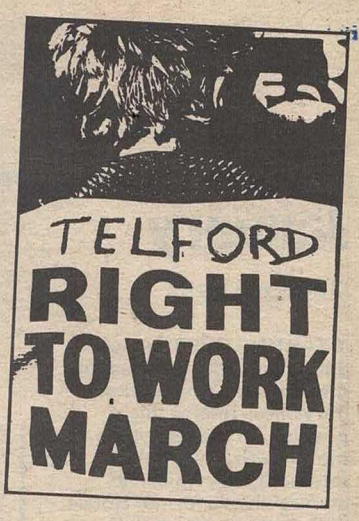
By year's end, they're all further apart than ever: Selecter have split, The Specials fragmented, while the other three have followed their own destinies and established individual identities beyond dispute.

The Beat didn't show so strongly in the singles listings as before, but continued to command respect with a good album, 'Wha'ppen', and an unstinting commitment to the causes of the day: chiefly the campaign for jobs and the anti-nuclear movement. Bad Manners, meanwhile, sustained their place as *Top Of The Pops* regulars with a run of hits, each one giving Buster Bloodvessel the excuse to try out another daft costume. Fun for all the family.

Madness, too, built on their early following to gain a broader based appeal — but not at the expense of their material. The 'Seven' LP, with its attendant chart singles, was a model of mobile wit and musical ingenuity. But The Selecter, having put out their second album 'Celebrate The Bullet', couldn't agree on the way forward. But it's likely that Pauline Black will be around as a solo artist next year.

The Specials had the strangest year of all. After months of apparent inactivity, with members absorbed in their personal projects, the group suddenly re-emerged in summer with '81's classic Number One, 'Ghost Town', whose eerie message filled the airwaves as Britain suffered its worst spate of street riots ever.

If it was the group's finest moment, it was also to prove their last. Hall, Staples and Golding broke loose to become The Fun Boy Three, sealing their new identity with the instant success of 'The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum'. Jerry Dammers, meanwhile, is planning his next move — a move that could well be one of 1982's most interesting revelations.



THESE ARE the blunt, impersonal statistics. However brutal these numbers, they obscure the individual tragedies. They are the left-over of a rotten economic equation and the stuff of shock headlines . . .

All figures quoted are government statistics.

The total number of people unemployed in October, the last month for which figures are available, was 2,989,000. The number of unemployed people aged *under 25* increased from 855,000 to 1,195,000 over the year to October, which means that well over a third of the people without jobs are under 25.

The number of *school leavers* registered as unemployed in October was 216,000. This is 54,000 fewer than in the previous month.

FORWARD

Pic: Adrian Boot

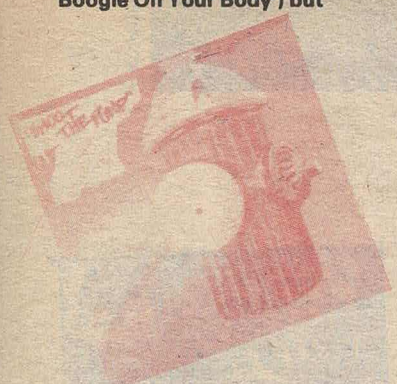
1981

IF YOU can't say it in three minutes then it probably wasn't even worth saying in the first place. But if you can rap it up and stretch it out into six, seven, eight or more minutes . . . well, these days it certainly seems to help.

1981 was the year that rap crossed over into the pop charts through Coatimundi, The Clash, Tom Tom Club, Teena Marie and Blondie. But back at the roots, in the ghetto parks and steaming sidewalks of Harlem and the South Bronx, it was the year of the New York street rappers, the deejay kings of the quick mix and the mean masters of the microphone with *"the finesse to impress all the young ladies"*.

Although rapping is more a matter of instinct and impulse than continual innovation — heart over art — the most staggering rap sounds of this year have been notable for their driving, ground-breaking originality. The most obvious is the celebrated 'Adventures Of Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel' (Sugarhill), a crazily-paved quick-mix melange of Chic, Queen, Blondie and an assortment of other Sugarhill singles that dares you to dance but makes it practically impossible to do so.

If the most conspicuous rap factory is still the Sugarhill set-up of Sylvia 'Pillow Talk' Robinson, then its major rival has to be the red and silver Enjoy label of Bobby Robinson (no relation). Among Enjoy's most eloquent sons were *NME* cover boys The Treacherous Three, 'Feel The Heartbeat', 'The Body Rock', 'Put The Boogie On Your Body') but



the label's best effort of the year was The Disco Four's 'Move To The Groove'. Not only did it boast the tightest drums, neatest vocal interplay, most sonorous bassline and slippery guitar of the genre, it also contained one of the year's most explicit warnings to the pirates that pollute the rap biz in NYC: *"It's a known fact that we can never be whacked/'Cos we self-cassette and self-8-track/We're cool, we're calm, we got lots of charm/But we keep firearms just in case of alarm!"*

Of course, it wasn't all fab and a good deal of it was very plain rapping indeed. But in the midst of all the cliche and claptrap of rap, there were still more than enough fast-talking fly-guys who refused to toe the *paaaarty* line (Mean Machine, J Walter Negro, West Street Mob, Frankie Smith, Troublefunk, Zulu Nation . . .)

By the end of 1981, both Grandmaster Flash and J Walter Negro were getting daytime airplay — on Radio One.

As the West Street Mob put it: *"Make noise! Be seen! Party people let me hear you scream!"*

Adrian Thrills

MARLEY'S DEATH overshadowed reggae during 1981. His erstwhile partner Bunny Wailer acceeded as the music's exalted name. A solid reputation resting on a series of superior solo sides since the mid '70s came to fruition for Bunny during the twelvemonth with a couple of quality albums in 'Sings The Wailers' and 'Rock 'N Groove', plus singles such as 'Riding' and 'Cool Runnings'.

It was a successful year too for Mr Wailer's associate in the Cash & Carry concern Gregory Isaacs, who came to the UK for the second successive year and packed houses all over the country. His 'More Gregory' album even penetrated the national chart. Major tours also for Burning Spear, Black Uhuru, The Twinkle Brothers, John Holt, Culture, Gladiators and currently Freddie McGregor.

The latter also came to fore during 1981 with issue finally of his long anticipated Studio One debut, 'Boby Babylon' and second set for Niney the Observer, 'Lovers Rock In A JA Style', as well as branching out his recording activities with sides for High Times, Joe Gibbs and others. Also active was Brentford Road colleague Johnny Osbourne, who made his UK debut in the spring and duly impressed, even though his recorded output was down on the previous year.

Toasts were as popular as ever during 1981, with Lone Ranger reaping most of the accolades, though some very lively outings from Ranking Joe, Errol Scorcher, Lee Van Cliff, Papa Michgan & General Smiley, Ranking Toyan, Lui Lepke, Yellow Man and others as well.

In the UK, Easy Street studio in the East End emerged for its major hitmaking productions from Carroll Thompson, Trevor Walters, Jean Adebambo etc, plus productions from Jackie Mittoo. Misty in Roots and Aswad continued to delight live audiences. And the slate single (10") is marketed.

Penny Reel

THE funk dub reggae punk cross-over of 'Metal Box', all intense fragments and percussive spaces, loomed over 1980. It may prove to be PiL's finest moment. By comparison 'Flowers Of Romance', in spite of a couple of strong cuts, is a dawdling,

IN A YEAR which, like 1980, was made up of yet more fads and self-styled movements and restless image changes, rockabilly at first looked as if it might make it out of the archive closet and into a fully fledged, marketable revival. A mean dirty version of Shakin' Stevens would've been in order. He (Tremblin' Thompson?) never appeared, though; and rockabilly has remained a minority (and waning?) sport, the preserve of a few teenagers into a pre-ted look — too cultured for oi, punk, etc, yet too cult to rock'n'roll all over the world.

In the '50s white hillbillies getting into black R&B might have been *the* pivotal (pelvic) moment of r'n'r, but the form remains stubborn, just as any attempt to shake it up remains limited, frozen before it's started. Again, it's not as if there's a great back obscure

January

Goodbye Hello

'STARTING OVER' by John and Yoko begins the year at the top of UK singles chart: the Walrus retains this position for the rest of the month with 'Imagine'. A reminder of his mischief comes when a former House of Commons caterer tells press it was Lennon and Roy Harper who inspired the spiking of Commons coffee with LSD — Harold Wilson being among the recipients . . .

Good news for Yorkshire women! Ripper nabbed necking in Sheffield backstreet . . . Tim Hardin dies December 29 and is remembered in *NME* obituary . . . Arts council cuts subsidy to London's Action Space Theatre, killing off all rock shows there. Undertones sever links with Sire. Matumbi part from EMI. Madness top *NME* 1980 singles league with points to spare and no score draws. Joe Jackson Band split.

Bruce Springsteen gets more than two million damages from US bootlegger Vickie Vinyl . . . Specials Terry Hall and Jerry Dammers

fined in Cambridge court for inciting audience violence . . . 157-year-old "sus" law scrapped. And a foretaste: 150 rioting Estonians are arrested after gig by local group Propellor . . . Slits bass player Tessa Pollock admitted to hospital following car crash . . . Yoko says thanks for condolences in a *Sunday Times* full page ad as Dirty Digger Murdoch buys up the complete *Times* group . . .

President-elect Reagan supports a Sinatra charged with Mafia links. Outgoing Jimmy falls to the ground jogging . . .

Jam sweep *NME* readers poll. Thatcher wins coveted Creep of the Year award. Labour's Gang of Four quit, announcing new party while Palace's Big Mal Allison gets axed after a mere 55 days reign . . . Further foretaste: UB40 nominate Bristol riots the event of 1980. We introduce our C81 cassette. The line continues — Julian forms the Lennon Drops . . .

♦ PLAY ON

This compares — not very favourably — with 146,000 school leavers unemployed in October 1980, which was 62,000 fewer than in September 1980. In other words, jobs for this year's school leavers are even scarcer.

For the sake of the statistics, a place on the Youth Opportunities Programme (YOP) counts as a job. There are estimated to be 260,000 people in YOPs as of September, with a further 14,000 entering the scheme each week. But less than a third of those who do are likely to move on to full employment.

Even the crustiest of Tories now perceives, from deep in his country seat, that the young unemployed are potentially a "social time-bomb". A few of these bombs have already exploded this summer. As an indication to next year's school leavers of what is to come, the government will be spending almost double the £400 million they spent this year on YOPs in an effort to defuse the situation.

Paul Rambali

THE CLASH started '81 with an *NME* cover and an awful lot of flak over their sprawling triple-album 'Sandinista'. They end the year working on a (single LP) follow-up. In between, we've had a few disappointing singles like 'Radio Clash', and a series of UK dates, including a week at the Lycaum. Whatever The Clash have done, or haven't done, they rarely fail to raise passions on either side. Sometimes, being an ordinary Joe is the hardest job of all.

February

YOUTH IN progress. A 17-year-old Nazi seig heil's Old Bailey judge when jailed "indefinitely" for the unprovoked murder of Asian man — "All this for a fucking Paki!" is his parting remark. While from Brum emerges a weenybop reggae outfit Musical Youth, average age 11, who complete their first UK tour . . . Island launch One Plus One cassettes. Kenny Rogers pays a record-busting $14.5 million for the Californian home of film producer Dino de Laurentis. Gavin Martin joins *NME* for slightly less . . .

In the studio, metal marriage between Motorhead and Girlschool produces 'St Valentine's Day Massacre'. Lewisham Odeon closes with two sell-out shows from The Who, and in New York Elvis packs Palladium three nights running . . . Marianne F in court drugs sensation — again! Fawlty Cleese remarries: *Rollerball* actress Barbara Trentham is the lucky lady — "It was mild curiosity at first sight," quoth Basil . . .

Bill Haley dies. Gen X split. *Dance Craze* with The Specials, Beat, etc is released. A New York post-punk six pack plays Rainbow and causes no new waves. Ray Charles unchains his heart at the Albert Hall. Palace announces Charles and Di engagement: It's Official! And Adam Ant thrills the heir's Aunt Margaret with London Palladium charity performance. *NME* lensman Anton "Big Dutch" Corbijn marries childhood sweetheart Yvette and retains all picture rights . . .

Curate Blackbeard Nicolaos jailed in Winchester for a two year rape rampage. In the Spanish Parliament Colonel Tejero holds 350 MPs at gunpoint in an attempted — his second — fascist coup . . . And February expires with the death of Roger Tonge alias Sandy of *Crossroads*, the Rockpile quartet, blues guitarist Mike Bloomfield and Ron Grainger, electro-futurist composer of 'Dr Who'

HEY SOULBOY!

IN 1981 a growing number of young white musicians were looking towards black funk for both inspiration and a rhythmic bedrock. Kent's cherubic Haircut 100 took funk and knitted it to pop, Sheffield's ABC combined it with personal pop theory while Perry *'i-D'* Haines simply asked 'What's Funk?'. Others, from Stimulin to Skidoo and The Higsons to Multivision, did likewise with varying success.

It certainly wasn't the *hardest* funky stuff of the year, but it never pretended to be. What counted was that it was colourful and concise where most of the year's rock was drab and dim-witted. By the end of the year, even the ethnic press — *Black Echoes, Blues And Soul* — were beginning to take notice. It maddened some but moved others . . . and sometimes that is just enough.

A.T.

even doodling affair (read Ian Penman's album review 4/4/81).

John Lydon has traditionally used his own obsessions, paranoia and even potential psychosis, and made of them a very public art. But this year he's been quiet, even marginalised.

While Lydon and Keith Levene lounged around NY, ex-PiL Jah Wobble briefly collaborated with Holgar Czukay, and — with former PiL drummer Jim Walker — put The Human Condition together. So far the band (with several gigs and a cassette) has proved to be another case of marginalisation. Has their radical vocal-less, slightly jazzy, re-moulding of rock (with Animal on sub-Levene guitar) got more than new muso appeal?

Paul Tickell

Pic: David Corio

catalogue to be re-discovered: some of that original stuff is very mild indeed.

The most serious contenders for the British rockabilly roll of honour (Meteors, Polecats, Shakin Pyramids) have more or less fizzled out. Success recently has been reserved for clean EMI act The Jets, a cross between Matchbox and Showaddywaddy. So . . . not this year, Josephine: rockabilly may still be working as a perennial influence (from The Pirates' 'Fistful Of Doubloons' album to The Cramps' 'Psychedelic Jungle') but it's unlikely to come into its own as a (resuscitated) entity in itself.

Paul Tickell

THIS WAS almost the year of the greatest Cinderella chart story ever told as Adam metamorphosised from plump punk laughing stock to rampant pop phenomenon. Adam's magpie combination of warpaint, feathers, leathers, brocade and a big, black Burundi beat put some pride back into pop. But from his early ambitions and glowing glamour, Adam was magically transformed into an icon of preposterous and monumental Tack.

Did he have his tongue in his cheek or his head in the clouds? Was all this mirror gazing arch and artful or mundanely bungled? And then there was always the guessing game of which romantic incarnation he would impersonate next. We've had pirates and Indians and highwaymen and dandies, Prince Charming, Clint Eastwood and Marlon Brando. We've had childhood sweethearts Diana Dors and Lulu. In fact we've had just about everything but an original idea and Adam's variation on a theme is beginning to get boring.

'Kings Of The Wild Frontier' was at Number One for fifteen weeks, 'Prince Charming' seems unlikely to equal it, and unless Adam's imagination is on a par with McLaren's, his great pop hopes seem doomed to disappointment.

Lynn Hanna

Critics have been prophesying that pop would take on a strong salsa influence ever since The Fania All-Stars visited GB in the mid-'70s. When salsa did hit the charts, the critics were outraged — 'Everybody Salsa' and 'Ay Ay Ay Ay Moosey' just weren't salsa, were they? But what else could Modern Romance do but apply the first law of pop (ie seize the time), straighten out those Hispanic rhythms with a big brass drum, and make them fit for conventional disco consumption? The Blue Rondo A La Turk strategy, to go much heavier on the rhythms with 'Me And Mr Sanchez', seems far less successful. If you're going to introduce that much ethnicity, you might as well listen to the real thing.

Wise bands like Linx use salsa as an occasional element in their music, rather than crazily attempt to take it over wholesale.

Paul Tickell

March

10,000 MARCH from New Cross to Hyde Park protesting police "cover up" over the Deptford fire tragedy in which 13 died. Jobs not bombs protestors shout down Thatcher's sermon at a City church. And under-15s — accused of vandalism and shoplifting — banned from Debenhams of Romford . . . Fascist elements in rock slated by Fleet Street after Bad Manners' Hammersmith show. Anti-Nazi League reiterates its commitment to RAR as prime tactic for fighting fascism, pledges support for major London rally in April . . . The Atlanta child slayer vows he'll strike again if Sinatra sings at a benefit concert for victims . . .

A whacking Royal wage rise. Huge prices rise as Budget hits smokers, drinkers and drivers. Thousands of police secretly rehearse riot tactics . . . Recording of Lennon song 'Jealous Guy' by Roxy Music at number one. Prince Charles falls from his horse Good Prospect (oh really!) twice in five days. At the beginning of his US tour, Eric Clapton collapses with punctured lung and Bruce Springsteen cancels UK tour due to fatigue. Sorry Soft Boys dissolve.

Punks and skinheads clash in West London's Acklam Hall and Ranking Joe records a tribute LP to John Lennon . . . Debbie Harry's *Union City* is released to mixed reviews. The Paragons reform with John Holt and heroic John Marshall — a Notts music teacher — sets new 230 hour record for non-stop guitar playing . . . A Danish university lecturer is appointed leader of Europe's nazis, while in his *Shout* tome Philip Norman claims Brian Epstein killed by pop mafia . . . Buzzcocks part company. Robert Plant fronts new seven-piece Honeysuckers. UK tours by Bow Wow Wow (their first), Jeff Beck (his first since 1974), Grateful Dead (their first since the American War of Independence), Rose Royce and wiry Tom Waits . . . Great Yarmouth stages a rock'n'roll hop.

Pop Group and Essential Logic personnel merge into Rip, Rig And Panic to herald the boho-wave . . . London's first street marathon is won hand in hand (aah) by an American and Norwegian; plucky Joe Strummer also finished. And to take the month out, university drop-out John Hinckley shoots Reagan in the lung and his press secretary in the head . . .

April

STRANGE BREW: *NME*'s own much-reported all-fools spoof has Ginger Baker joining PiL; while in all seriousness Comrade Benn makes dawn announcement that he is to fight Healey for Labour's deputy leadership. The split is on . . .

A jewel robber in Macon, Georgia holds himself hostage by pointing a gun at his own head and challenging police to advance . . . Former Roxy Music and Vibrators guitarist Gary Tibbs metamorphoses into an Ant. Shakin' Stevens issues his own directive from the top of the chart with an update of C&W rocker 'This Ole House'. But Heaven 17's 'Groove Thang' given cold shoulder by Beeb because of unflattering Reagan references . . .

Wings' Denny Laine and 4 Be 2s manager Jock McDonald charged with actual bodily harm following December fracas at Morton's in Berkeley Square. Rough stuff too at Borehamwood, where British Movement intellectuals stormtroop Modettes gig and trash equipment. In a Brixton blacklash the riot season opens, giving a foretaste of the summer to come, and former war reporter Lord Scarman is called in to quell the flames . . .

Dexys quit EMI. Former Who manager Kit Lambert falls down stairs and dies after an alleged nightclub beating. Erstwhile Canned Heat vocalist Bob Hite dies of heart attack in Hollywood aged 38. And it's touchdown as well for ex-heavyweight champion Joe Louis ('66), and the space shuttle. Nicholas "Topper" Headon given year's conditional discharge after admitting possession of illegal powders. "Scratch" Perry makes US stage debut at Irving Plaza alongside white reggae combo The Terrorists . . . Unfashionable Aston Villa league champions.

There's a Bank Holiday riot in Finsbury Park and 145 skins are arrested in Southend following invasion of the town by the "elite nazi corps" November 9 Society . . . Ronnie Biggs is released by Bajan authorities after England are refused an extradition order. He returns to Brazil. Ian Dury departs Stiff for Polydor. Jock Ewing of *Dallas* departs this world . . .

Labour's shadow Home Secretary Roy Hattersley beaten up at a public meeting in Swanley after anti-Nationality Act speech. He describes his attackers as looking like "respectable members of society" . . . Disco dancers Babs Spear and Bridget Pow raise £2,000 for charitable causes by dancing a world record 349 hours in Barnstaple, Devon. In Belfast, envoy of Pope pleads with Bobby Sands to end hunger strike. Elton John pays £14,000 for old Goon scripts at Christies and Peter Sutcliffe pleads guilty to 13 murders in Yorks and Lancs . . .

Pic: Stephen Wumrow

BRITISH YOUTH did not suddenly burst out yelling this summer or even last. It has been on the boil since, at least, '76, indicating its feelings in the music and fashion of punk/reggae/oi/HM and, later, in the dissipated modern cocktail styles.

The disunity of these forms is paralleled in the various and deeply-puzzling-to-the-layman nature of the riots themselves.

What had one to do with another? What was Bristol in the summer of 1980 — sparked by a police raid on a cafe — to do with Southall July 3 1981 when a visiting group of Oi Oi yobboes provoked an Asian riot?

And what was the ferocity of the initial Toxteth uprising (virtually all black) to do with High Wycombe a few days later when fashionable multi-racial boys and girls stormed the High Street after the pubs closed?

Perhaps only the desire for recognition; the urge to make true the by-now-tedious Warholism that from now on everyone will be famous for 15 minutes — a deeply attractive prospect for what has been described as the blank, forgotten, rejected generation who are in any case doomed, so they are told, to the nuclear graveyard.

Looking back through the events of the year you can spot some unexpected connections : skinheads taking on — not the usual mods or punks — but the police in both the April and May Bank holidays; John McEnroe stirring it with his pits--of-the-world Wimbledon authorities and attracting mass youth support; and, most strangely of all, pillows pelted onto the venerated Lords turf by cricket fans pissed off at an early finish to the Cornhill Test. This England, Our England?

The latter two incidents came at the very outbreak of Southall — which triggered Liverpool, Wood Green, Moss Side, by which time there were whites, browns, Cypriots, Greeks, Turks and the rest of the confection of British-kind involved. And by now we had what the Daily Mirror christened the copycat riots; orgies of 'sheer greed', random vandalism and looting, the attacks upon the old, the helpless, the fire and taxi services.

But the copycat explanation was not in itself sufficient. So now there was the added spectre of four hooded motorcyclists racing from Brixton to Toxteth to Moss Side whipping up violence against the police and co-ordinating the entranced mobs on CB sets.

There was also the poisoned hand of ultra red revolutionaries involved such as Red Fran and Red Ted for whom there was joy in anarchy, delirium in the mounting police casualties (750 in Liverpool alone after six days).

As for the perpetrators, Willie Whitelaw told an excited Commons that, first priorities being law and order, his Chief Constables could have all the plastic bullets, etc. they desired. For the rioters themselves there would be accommodation in disused army camps. Our jails were already the most crowded in Europe.

The Commons debate (July 15) struck a more intelligent, even inspiring note. And yet, in retrospect, seems like a mere lapse in the entrenched party game. Environment Minister Michael Heseltine spent an ultimately inconsequential two weeks in Liverpool (at the very moment he was forking out £10 thou on his deb daughter's coming out party) while a much-heralded-at-the-time Liberal investigation is either late in coming or passed by while I blinked.

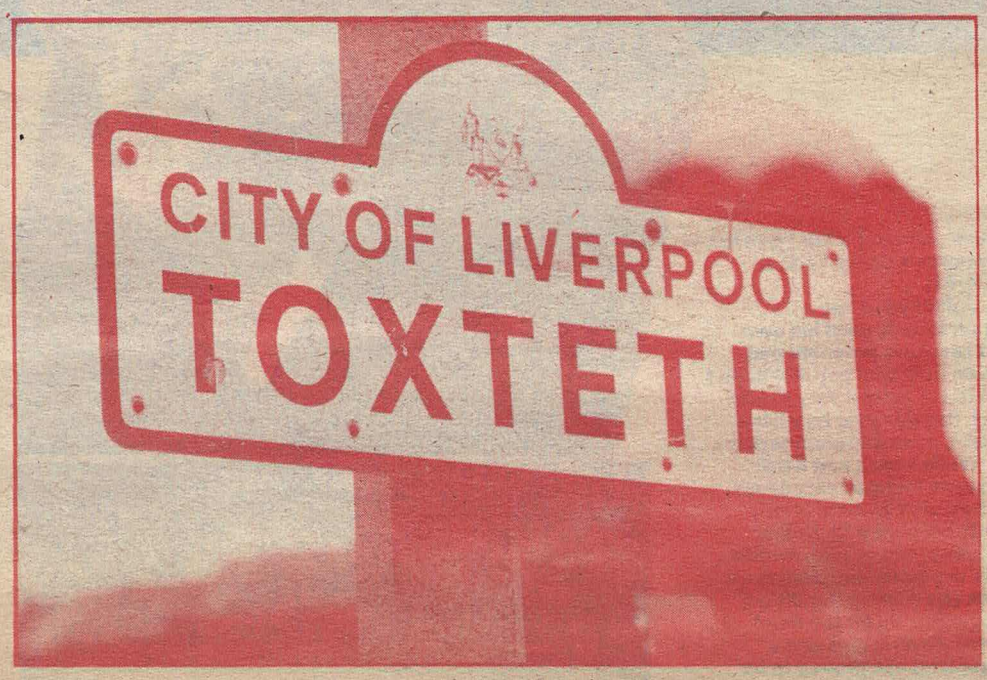
The riots died out, in so far as the daily headlines were concerned, at about the time we fell prostrate before Di and Charles. And yet it would seem that in Liverpool and Brixton there are even now almost daily skirmishes with the police as well as a rapid increase in crime and unemployment.

Scarman helped jog a few memories with the recent publication of his 168-page report, touching mostly on police reform, their answerability and means of rooting out in-force racist elements.

But in contrast to the delicious state of excitement the Commons reached at the height of the July battles, Scarman's document was received by a half empty chamber — the others, presumably, being too wrapped up in their inter-factional squabblings.

It's been said by many a pundit that only a large-scale inspired initiative can avert the continuing collapse of the social and concrete fabric of our cities. So far we've had plenty of reports and consultative documents and perhaps it's with these we're meant to prop things up in the meantime.

Andrew Tyler



JOHNNY ROTTEN sneered and spat out the Word — and the Word was Anarchy. Maybe some imitators took him too literally: wasn't it just a headline-grabbing buzzword coined by the opportunist McLaren? Or maybe, as they'd claim, a new generation of bands have stayed true to punk's *realest* ideal — standing fast at the sign of the circled 'A'. Whatever at the end of 1981, anarchy maintains its inspirational appeal, oblivious to fashion.

Crass remain the standard-bearers, still the nation's biggest underground cult, with their label nurturing newer recruits to the cause like Flux Of Pink Indians. From Stoke-on-Trent, Discharge carved out a massive following too: similar to Crass, but without the finer ideological trimmings. For them and for dozens of other young outfits, anti-war was the year's central obsession, with opposition spewed out in a torrent of horror images and breakneck three chord thrashes.

But a visit from US cousins The Dead Kennedys proved, even to the UK anarcho-punx, that anything we can do, the Yanks can do crasser.

PdN

May

NEW UNEMPLOYMENT figure of two and a half million as 500 set off on their march for jobs from Liverpool to London . . . Dave Sexton sacked by Manchester United. Denny Laine quits Wings. Conventional soulster Teddy Pendergrass opens three nights at London's Apollo — his debut UK appearance. Holly and the Italians tour the UK. Jerry Lee Lewis tours Wembley Arena.

Death of Bobby Sands: thousands march in Belfast funeral procession . . . Starsound hit top spot with 'Stars On 45' and set in motion the summer secondhand medley craze. Ian Dury waxes lyrical in Nassau with Sly and Robbie. John Otway and Wild William Barrett make up and promise never to do it again for the ninth time. UK funksters Light Of The World splinter in three: LOTW, Incognito and Beggar & Co . . .

Bruce Springsteen begins his UK tour — converts the masses. Pat Boone plays a shorter one-off at the Apollo in Victoria. Rick Wakeman — wow! — cuts his hair and Ringo Star — also wow! — marries actress Barbara Sebastian . . . The staff of *Time Out* occupy the paper's Covent Garden offices. In St Peter's Square the Pope is shot by a "fanatical right-wing Moslem". Bob Marley dies Miami, Florida, May 11. Heir presumptive Freddie McGregor pays whistle-stop business visit to the UK. Elvis Costello records in Nashville. Sir Douglas Quintet plays first London date for 15 years . . .

Ahoy there! Adam Ant holds up top spot for first time with 'Stand And Deliver'. Spurs take FA Cup after a replay! Germany and England share honours in a 1966 final replay. From a hospital bed, the Pope forgives his would-be killer . . . Club riots in New York are stirred up by PiL. Former T.Rex bassist Steve Currie killed in car crash — like the Jeepster himself — whilst holidaying in Portugal . . .

Sutcliffe jailed for at least 30 years. Young Conservatives warned of co-ordinated effort by nazi groups to infiltrate the party. Jack Warner aka *Dock Green*'s Dixon dies, 84, likewise a young keep-fit enthusiast after hitting himself with a training aid. Liverpool win European Cup for third time — the fifth successive England victory . . .

To and fro: Pauline Black from Selecter; Bow Wow Wow to RCA; Diana Ross from Motown to RCA; and the People's March for Jobs reaches Smoke at month's end for a carnival celebration in Brockwell Park . . .

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER

A TALE of two cities — in which the North-west towns get over their cult status of the year before and settle back and wonder what to come up with next. Merseyside's Big Three coasted to fresh successes: Orchestral Manoeuvres with yet more single hits, Echo And The Bunnymen with a well-received second album and The Teardrop Explodes (despite a series of line-up shake-ups) with the tremendous 'Reward'. Only Wah! — everyone's brightest hope last January — didn't come through as strongly as they should have done.

Manchester's Factory Records never quite filled the vacuum left by Joy Division. Apart from completing the group's catalogue with the 'Still' collection of extra JD tracks, they put out a disappointing debut from A Certain Ratio, and New Order continue to labour bravely in the shadow of their past. Tomorrow, though, is another year . . .

PERFORMANCE ART has always acted explicitly against the manufacture of objects; it is about the texture and meaning of the moment and there it connects logically with music. Performance art at best offers communication and revelation — rather than mere display and exaltation of personality. And *there* it runs against every tradition of rock fandom; especially the religious enshrinement of image and collection of data practised by people like us, the rock press.

If Britain's new wave of would-be performance artists who relate themselves to rock can begin to value the imaginative process itself more and the ego satisfactions of public response and public image less, then the discipline and drive of performance art can contribute much to the wider orbits of performance itself — including rock.

This year both Chris Burden (Bowie's 'Joe the Lion') and Laurie 'O Superman' Anderson visited the UK. It offered a chance to hear firsthand what two well known figures from the art world proper had to convey to those they influence in musical circles (Suicide, Bowie, Iggy, Blondie, Throbbing Gristle and the Ramones have all alluded to Burden's work; Anderson's chart success brought her influence out of the SoHo loft' set and put her into a pop spectrum).

Their visits also offered — at last — a chance to more reasonably evaluate by comparison the performance artists of the UK: both those who have been at it alone for a long while (Paul Buck, Andre Stitt, Stuart Brisley, etc) and those to whom it is one of several fashionable hats to be put on when 'appropriate' (Andrew Logan's satellites, Cabaret Futura's lesser-known performance crowd, moments like Mary Lou Green and Robert Fripp's 'Barbertronics').

Cynthia Rose

June

A NATIONAL opinion poll indicates 84% favour some form of National Service for youth — i.e. social work with participants housed in special barracks . . . Howard Devoto quits Magazine and the group cease to exist. Guitarist Stuart Adamson leaves The Skids. George Benson sells out Wembley Arena five nights on the trot . . .

Imprisoned since 1969, Charles Manson tells TV audience: "I didn't murder anyone. I love the world I live in." Marilyn Monroe's bra sold for £500 in London auction. Fifteen hundred dead in Iran earthquake. Circus contortionist fails in last ditch attempt to save six-year-old boy trapped in Italian well . . . Unemployed 17-year-old — a former air training corp marksman of the year — fires starting pistol at the Queen during Horseguards Parade . . . Yachts haul down their sails.

Marvin Gaye, Kraftwerk and a reconstituted Spirit play UK. Smokey Robinson gains first ever solo number one courtesy of 'Being With You'. Ray Lowry refloats the Titanic — Ian Penman sinks it the following week. Jim Watt loses lightweight crown. Noele Gordon loses her job as

FOLLOWING their whoosh of support in the late '70s, Britain's far right groups continued losing and losing grounds in 1981 — both in terms of membership and local election results.

That doesn't make the past year a quiet one on the racist/fascist front. A scorecard to be published in the next issue of *Searchlight* magazine will show "huge increases" in convictions for violence by right wing group members or their sympathisers. And this, says a *Searchlight* editor, "indicates how much more desperate the far right is becoming."

The anxiety can be measured in recent attempts to forge a unified flank out of deeply dividend factions — possibly a new party.

Main advocates here are the New National Front's John Tyndall; Ray Hill of the Leicester area British Movement (a new star and possibly the BM's next national leader), and Keith Thompson of the internationally-minded League of St. George.

These fraternal moves are a far cry from the position of two or three years ago when belonging to more than one far right group was an oustable offence.

The '80s mood is solidarity and support. The aim is to seek out and hold as many young ones as possible — stooping even so low as the eight and nine year olds. These future hard rankers are taken on awaydays to Stonehenge etc to admire examples of 'white heritage'. They are fed up-to-date political slogans, like 'Nazis Against The Bomb' or 'Young British And Jobless'.

Meanwhile in ragsheets such as the Young NF's *Bulldog* there are persistent, not to say ludicrous, attempts to invent the sorely-needed all-white pop culture.

This animal was supposed to have declared itself through the music of oi, but now that several oi proponents have jumped smartly out of the fascist bed, *Bulldog* — with its Rock Against Communism charts — is turning to such unlikely all-white champions as The Specials, The Clash, and The Ramones but more earnestly to the futurists.

Spandau were heralded in a recent *Bulldog* as fine examples of "musclebound, Nordic" art. No matter how much the group might blanche they will find it hard to cut themselves loose, particularly if they, and their chromium ilk, continue to flirt with the trappings.

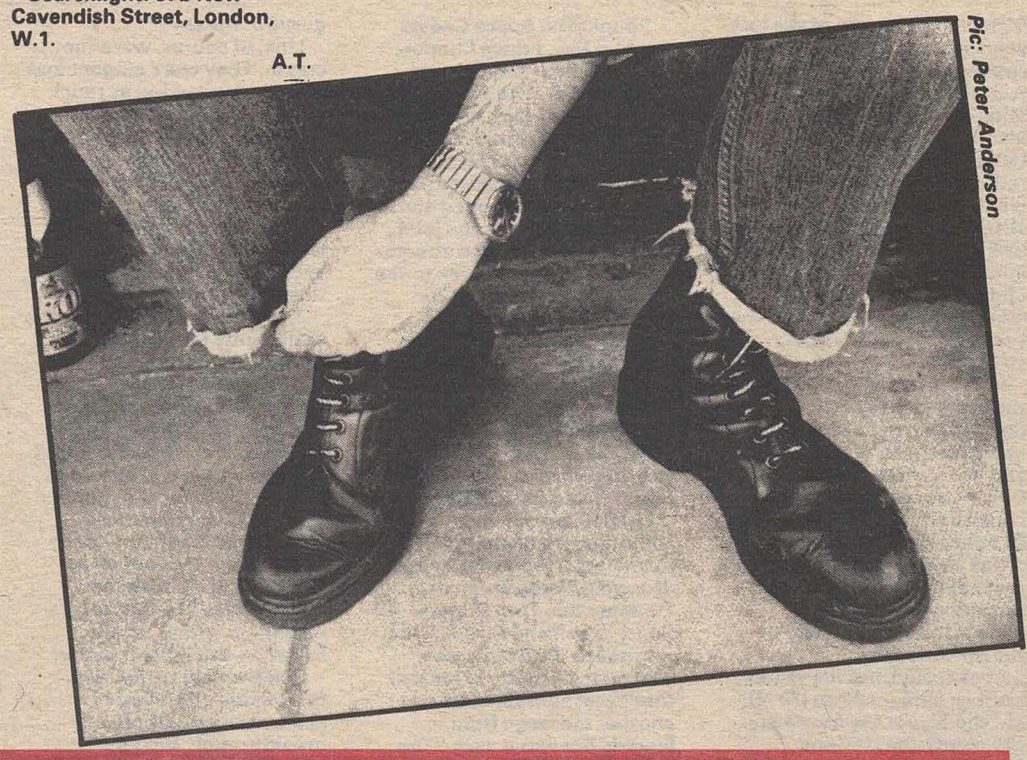
In terms of RAR opposition, the really big-scale action has mostly fallen away — although the Leeds Carnival in the summer was an exception.

Local RAR outfits that do still survive tend to use small bands in intimate surroundings in which they can proselytise in depth.

The bigger groups — The Beat, Specials, Clash etc — have discovered Unemployment and The Bomb. And that — in the age of apocalypse — is where the big benefits are.

* Searchlight: 37b New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

A.T.



Pic: Peter Anderson

Pic: Peter Anderson

Pic: Pennie Smith

THIS TIME last year Spandau were at least an interesting phenomenon — how could you fail to notice young men in knickerbockers, frilly shirts and Albanian tablecloths who made a great, if loosely defined, play of being young, upwardly mobile and modish, and who (superficial shades of The Pistols subversive media hype?) got a very reasonable record deal after a handful of gigs, and then trotted out a rather pleasant piece of pop called 'To Cut A Long Story Short'?

But 12 months and 5 hit singles on, and the band have declined as regards the amount of 'interest' which they can generate. 'The Freeze', a lumbering single, was an appropriate taster for the 'Journeys To Glory' album, where significantly the best bits were strictly instrumental. Musclebound' was even more of a lumber, though Spandau's new 'Highland clansman' pose served as a transitional phase for something more overtly hard and male and stylish — suits and fobchains and the funk of 'Chant No 1'.

However, Spandau aren't Bowie and the more they invoke change (of fashion), the more they are caught in an impossible spiral — their changes carry little meaning, the style of life meant to cling to those garments is still unspecified and hazy: hedonism without using your head isn't very sharp at all.

'Paint Me Down' has the band ending the year in some desperation. It's their least successful single chart-wise, and Tony Hadley makes a good job of pulling the funk re-hash through the dance floor and into the bargain basement where white oxen sing opera.

The 'Paint Me Down' video, with the lads stripping down to the flesh signals that we aren't living in the era after punk but in the one after that: a circle has been completed with a video logic that goes — Never mind the music (or the clothes) here's our bollocks.

Paul Tickell

"Thirty-five years too late, I finally crack the international youth market."

WHERE WERE YOU?

THE BOWIE PROFILE was lower than usual this year. It would have been even lower if it weren't for the string of singles from the previous year's 'Scary Monsters' set, plus a K-Tel 'Best Of' and the self-compiled 'ChangesTwo Bowie', with its offshoot 'Wild Is The Wind'. But he hasn't been idle. In February we'll see the Brecht play *Baal*, which he's been making for BBC. And for the rest of the year? Well, David is presently reading through a variety of film-scripts: a collaboration with director Robert Altman looks a strong possibility, and there's a bio-pic of Sinatra to consider as well.

THEY KICKED off '81 with the mundane 'Mondo Bongo', and a tour to match, then all went quiet in the Boomtown Rats' camp. That was because they were recording a new album, out next month, to be backed up by the biggest tours they've ever done, taking in Asia and South America as well as a massive UK stint. And Bob Geldof, of course, has been acting in Pink Floyd's film of *The Wall*, due for release next summer.

IT WASN'T a vintage year for THE JAM — no album, just a couple of average singles, 'Funeral Pyre' and 'Absolute Beginners' to add to the catalogue. Prospects for the new year are bright, though, with a double A-side due soon, and a new LP to follow. And Paul Weller's been developing a neat sideline in poetry, too. Look out, too, for new talent on his own Respond label.

JIMMY PURSEY has has a quiet year — which is *very unusual* — the recent silence only broken by a single he did with Peter Gabriel, 'Animals Have More Fun'. He's just followed this up with 'Naughty Boys Like Naughty Girls', and now signed to CBS France, he's got an LP coming out called 'Alien Orphan'. A nervous nation awaits the return of the Nabob Of Gob.

August

SPANDAU BALLET, 'Chant No 1' at number one. Heavy metal holocaust starring Motorhead staged at Port Vale FC. Entire staff of Elton John's Rocket Records sacked for being out to lunch — then reinstated . . .

Tony Benn accuses colleagues of destroying the party from within. Paul McCartney — worried about where his next meal's coming from — sues former Quarryman colleague to get possession of the group's first recording, 'That'll Be The Day'. Mike Oldfield sues Virgin for royalties. Millie Jackson goes country. Elvis and the Attractions play Aberdeen's C&W club. . .

Six children found starved and [illegible]d in a car having spent a month on waste ground in the centre of Liverpool. Mini Rembrandt stolen from a London gallery — for the third time . . . Manchester stages Northern Carnival Against the Missiles. Ill-starred psychedelic revival gains momentum. Max Bell leaves the *NME*. Lynn Hanna joins the *NME*. And Ovett and Coe snip microseconds from each other's racing times. . .

A London cabbie vanishes with £¼ million that was left on his back seat by Nigerian embassy man. Motorhead drummer Philthy Animal Taylor fined for cannabis possession. RCA are implicated in BPI chart hype scandal and forced to pay costs. . .

Britain's biggest reggae festival of the summer, planned for Battersea Park, cancelled following NF threats . . . 20 years for Mark Chapman. Jobless figure teeters on three million mark at 2,940 thou. Two unemployed youths commit joint suicide in Cheshire . . .

Josef K split — blame a too demanding *NME*. Phil Lynott cleared of cannabis possession at Kingston crown court. Happy Notting Hill carnival brings the month to a peaceful close. . .

July

Ghost Town

IT STARTS with a week of tantrums by John McEnroe who takes the Wimbledon singles title from B Borg. Then cricket fans pelt Lords with cushions in protest against an early evening shut down. Paisley is shot at in Belfast. Southall burns after oi oi invasion. Ferocious rioting in Toxteth, Wood Green, Moss Side, Brixton, Walthamstow, High Wycombe, even the Lake District. Whitelaw offers plastic bullet and prison camp solution; one thousand and more pundits parade their own healing remedies . . .

Back in the real world seditionary Jordan splices the knot; Basement 5 split; Iggy Pop, Black Uhuru, Randy Crawford tour and *This Is Elvis* goes on general release. A youth is seized trying to storm the House of Commons wielding a 12" knife and screaming, "I want to get Margaret Thatcher" . . . Battle breaks out around coffin of IRA hunger striker as

SAS snatch the rifle-firing honour guard.

'Ghost Town' by Specials number one and by the weekend 20 towns embroiled in "copycat" riots. Fatal stabbing at Black Uhuru Rainbow gig. Thatcher visits Toxteth and is met with toilet rolls and tomatoes. Police wreck homes in Brixton dawn raid for petrol bombs — none are found. SDP slashes Labour majority in Warrington . . . Jerry Lee Lewis undergoes extensive abdominal surgery. Fearing trouble, Capital Radio switch Jazz festival venue from Clapham Common to Knebworth — Chuck Berry, Chick Corea, Al Jarreau highlight. One hundred and fifty police hospitalised following H Block riots in Belfast. And in Liverpool, Environment minister Heseltine begins fortnight fact-finding tour . . .

Racial hatred in Britain forces a South African couple to apply for return to their homeland — where their "mixed race" love is in fact forbidden. *Sounds* sues *NME* for allegedly unflattering them . . . Balladeer Harry Chapin, 38, perishes in road accident. Country Joe Dingwalls plays McDonalds. Ian Botham whacks Aussies single-handed with an unbeaten 149. Bob Willis does okay, too. In the Old Bailey dock a 12-year-old girl is interrogated for stealing a doughnut.

Minister Heseltine still in Liverpool, where he finds "no pot of gold solution", but spends £10,000 on a coming out party for deb daughter Annabelle . . . One thousand mods battle police in the Lake District. Di leaves a polo field sobbing from excess media attention, and two days later weds HRH Chubby Chops. End of riot season. "End of recession," claims chancellor Geoffrey Howe. End of month . . .

DURING the course of the last year, soul music in the U.S.A. appeared to polarize. What was already palatable to Middle America became so insufferably bland that the talk was of 'crossing back' rather than 'crossing over' when the right note was struck with an occasional lucky single. Meanwhile in the inner cities, like George Clinton and Sly Stone said when they go together for the year's BIG ONE, funk gets stronger!

In the latter half of 1981, as the first pinches of the Reagun Regime became noticeable, the 'let's smile and boogie' bubble burst. Circumstances and corporate policies effectively destroyed Dr Funkenstein (law suits, drugs charges, witholding of the master tapes for Electric Spanking and failure to release it internationally or even promote it domestically), but his vision from an earlier album (1976) of *"the bigger the headache, the bigger the pill"* and *"children of production . . . a biological time bomb / exploding in a time zone / where almost everyone is out of time"* came to pass.

It reached substance in the form of vital new bands, often on obscure labels, rocking Babylon to its prefabricated, stress-tested foundations and established acts deciding that now was the time to choose sides.

Spunk, The Space Cadets, Captain Sky, Prince Charles, Sugarhill Records, General Caine, Shock, The Time and J. Walter Negro are a few who took on the attitude that "the only way we're going to hear it is if we do it ourselves" and went ahead and rapped about serious hip-hops or the joint, snug about war in the streets, riding two white horses to the groove and setting off fire hydrants or simply manipulated turntables in a way that no up-market d.j. with his mega-buck p.a. could understand. All this to rhythms, beats and riffs hocused up from pre-colonization Africa by a South Bronx bass guitar.

Limited appeal, in-joyment, commercial suicide, yet rekindling a fire in the bellies of people like Rick James, Twennynine, Tom Browne, Bil Scott-Heron and Chaka Khan.

In short, it's been funk's best year since the blues and that's just as well, because another message from Electric Spanking says *"The next Sir Nose will be no joke."*

Lloyd Bradley

THE WORDS OF WISDOM OF Linxman David Grant best summed up the independent spirit and soul of the better new British black soul bands: "I wouldn't want to move to America . . . who wants to wake up one morning and see a load of pyramids and cosmic gurus in the sky!?"

Linx, of course, were the cream. They were elegant and eclectic, borrowing as much from rock and pop as from their funky roots. They recorded two albums, a cache of crisp singles, put the best ever homegrown soul show on the road and at the end of it all were still realistic enough to admit that, yes, this is only the beginning.

There were others who set their sights for the heart of the dance floor rather than the head of some Hindu demigod. The original, inspirational Light Of The World split in three: one third kept the name and signed to EMI, one became Incognito and released the mellow 'Jazz-Funk' album while the others blew the roof off as Beggar And Co with the superb 'Help Me Out' before linking up with Spandau Ballet for the 'Chant' series.

Relative 'old hands' like Hi-Tension still failed to achieve any significant breakthrough, but new names emerged who just could: Imagination, Freeze, Buzz, Cayenne, Central Line, Level 42, Bunny Brown, Second Image, Hot Cuisine, record labels like Groove and R&B . . . and watch out for Junior Giscombe who might prove to be the mightiest of the lot.

Where to now? Go Ahead! And don't mention 'Britfunk'!

A.T.

Pic: David Corio

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS AFTER the despair and dissolution that came to a head with the old group splitting up and the release of 'Keep it Part 2 ('Inferiority Part 1)' Dexys came back with a new line-up and the surging power and strength of 'Plan B', the group's last single for EMI. They signed to Phonogram and replaced the *Deer Hunter* threads with a weird cross between the hazy confusion, where only the most ardent fan would even attempt to follow. Maybe when the new album comes out. . .

Big in the discos, The Simple Minds are now, it has been declared, "as fashionable as fuck". Still relatively obscure, still churning out albums — and I'm still looking for a tune.

Cuba Libre is floundering. The widely-promoted Shakin' Pyramids may well be big in Scandinavia (or is it Poland), but they've failed to cause more than a faint ripple. Likewise the resilient, stalwartly Cuban Heels. Hugely uplifting, however, is the current single 'I Tried' from James King and the Lone Wolves. Buy it.

TV21 remain nonentities (deservedly so) and you can safely ignore these: Ana Heusen, Everest The Hard Way, Albania, Saigon. . .and keep the occasional eye on these — The Wake, The Blue Nile, The Recognitions, Friends Again. . .

Altered Images — third time lucky! Clare is the golden girl — but enough has been said already.

Kirsty McNeill

The mad BPI axeman attacks home-taping.

NOT quite the year of the cats, but in 1981 jazz did begin to undergo the progressive demystification it needs to restore its standing as exciting *youthful* music rather than unplayable revivalism.

Nobody could complain about neglect by visiting giants (south of Watford, anyway). London heard brilliant performances by Ornette Coleman's Prime Time, Cecil Taylor, Leo Smith, Archie Shepp, Dollar Brand, Roscoe Mitchell and Jan Garbarek, thought it was Arthur Blythe's one-off debut that had spirits rejoicing to the echo. With the enthralling 'Blythe Spirit' ending up album of the year (CBS have just released it in this realm) the man Blythe must walk away with all individual honours, despite James Blood Ulmer — whose disappointing 'Free Lancing' was made up in part by his Venue shows — still moving on towards what must surely be an inevitable breakthrough.

In a mixed year for records, only Old And New Dreams, Cecil Taylor and WSQ match Blythe in the newest jazz, with Art Pepper's alkaline mainstream variations still fascinating and Albert Ayler's roaring Hilversum session the best discovery in years.

On the debit side, the music struggles to keep a footing over here on a miserable pub/club circuit while the elderly jazz establishment nurtures a woeful tradition rooted in bring - back - the - swing era prejudices. Jazz's best shot at a wider audience may still lie in the intelligent would-be populism of Rip Rig & Panic and Defunkt; but how many records do they sell? Let me say it again: GET UP WITH IT!

Richard Cook

WHY, Scotland gave you the Freak Show: 45 year-old Mod medallist Mary Sandeman (that's Aneka to you), the electrifying combination of B.A. Robertson and the gorgeous Maggie Bell, The Exploited on T.O.T.P., Sheena?! Oh, you mean the Scottish explosion!

Well, right away; Hats off to Jo Callis (ex-Rezillos, Boots For Dancing) for landing the job in The Human League. One minute there he was, a frightful looking pumpkin in punk crop and kilt — the next (you *shall* go to the Ball, Cinderella!) all lurex and leichner in the League.

When Autumn came, a lot of the babes in the wood got awful tired and went home. . .

The spirit of Josef K continues in Paul Haig's Rhythm Of Life Organisation (a multi-media concept). Malcolm Ross — he of the frenetic guitar — has found a new home with Orange Juice. With the personnel change, a stricter discipline. At Postcard also: firm resolves, altered attitudes — Aztec Camera perfecting a sharper edge. The Jazzateers unrushed. Restricted Code, alas, were denied sufficient encouragement and guidance — shortly before their demise they were hinting at a rare excellence on occasion.

No more Scars. . .

Positive Noise are Ross-less, but declaring independent ability, currently recording a new album: wait and see.

Ross, where are you? Roaming the globe in search of a home for 'Leisure Process' (so many concepts) — darkest Africa, or is it Acton? I rashly predict one classic Ross single in '82. The Dreamboys, also disillusioned, are no more. . .

But what on earth is Richard Jobson playing at these days? Self-improvement is all very well, but I fear his crash-course in acting and The Arts has left him just a wee bit daft.

Still intact, but starting to crack. . .

The Associates (there were a lot of high hopes here) seem to have willingly plunged themselves into the depths of

September

SCOTTISH psuedo-Nip Aneka climbs to the top spot with 'Japanese Boy'. Coventry FC's vandal-proof stand mashed up in its inaugural week. One thousand jailed as Egypt's Sadat cracks down on Moslems and, closer to home, Thatcher eliminates three "wet" cabinet ministers — banning Industry's Prior to Northern Ireland. Buddy Holly Week honoured — now an annual Macca promotion. . .

Mod catalyst Guy Stevens dies of heart attack. The Teardrops explode and 4-Skins shrink to trio. BB King includes Crusaders for Festival Hall series. Twinkle Brothers play first UK tour and the Shads undertake their biggest ever. And it's Adam and the Ants avast with 'Prince Charming' for five weeks — a 1981 record!. . .

Jobless at 2,998,789. Ian Botham cleared of beating up a sailor outside a Scunthorpe night club. Enoh Powell stirs it with repatriation or civil war warning. The Chords split. Pin up poppet Billy Idol makes solo disc debut. Grateful Dead return for a second UK tour, Dead Kennedys for a first. Major Northern Soul venue Wigan Casino closes. . .

The Crash of '81: panic selling on Hong Kong, New York, Paris, Johannesburg and London stock exchanges. Bill Shankly dies: ashes scattered over Anfield. *Time Out* back out to mix it with new-launched *Event* and *City Limits*. At Labour's Brighton conference Healey beats Benn for deputy leadership.

October

WITH ADAM'S 'Prince Charming' dominant in the charts, the real Action Man awards himself a 50% pay rise, taking the total to £40,000 tax free. Then the bad news . . . his friend and Egypt's premier Sadat is killed by troops during a military parade . . . Right to Work opens its "Anger On The Road" campaign as *NME* takes to the floor with a 'Dancin' Master' cassette, and the 3-Skins shrivel to two. TV companies ban Police video vision of Ulster as per the 'Invisible Sun' single.

In Bonn, quarter of a million march in the biggest ever anti-nuclear demo, provoked by Reagan's "war in Europe" speech. Ardent disarmers The Clash play first British dates in a year . . .

The Specials implode — the defecting trio form Fun Boy Three. Nail bomb rips through army coach near Chelsea barracks killing a woman and injuring 39 people. Those responsible "are not criminals or lunatics," says GLC leader Ken Livingstone. "They are cold, callous and brutal," states PM, who is herself roundly attacked shortly after at the fractious Blackpool Tory conference . . . *Sounds* journalists stage a work to rule in support of a 15% wage claim. In town: Grace Jones, making her debut at Drury Lane; The Gladiators, as part of a Europe tour; Junior Walker, Tom Paxton, Johnny Cash and Tangerine Dream . . .

Neil Young's *Rust Never Sleeps* premieres at prestigious Edinburgh playhouse. Tom Robinson quits Sector 27 goes solo, tours Japan and later releases a German language single for Germany . . . Israel's one eyed giant, ex Defence Minister Moshe Dayan dies. So does a 16 stone stag shot by Princess Diana.

North Sea gas and oil goes up for sale. Jobless still short of three million mark; Government accused of massaging figures. Estimated 250,000 march against the bomb in London, and similarly huge demonstrations in Paris, Rome and Madrid . . . Liberals take Croydon from Tories. Bomb expert blown up by IRA in the toilet of Oxford Street Wimpy Bar. Youth jailed — admits 150 Brixton muggings . . .

Dexy's Midnight Runners return to the concert platform with three shows at the Old Vic, the first and only ever rock concert held in the venerated venue, which closes a few weeks later. Kool & The Gang tour. Cliff Richard opens in Glasgow. Fats Domino plays a one-off at Hammersmith Palais.

physical/spiritual — boxing boots, solemn frowns, pony tails and tassled anoraks. Conceived as part of The Projected Passion Revue the group's image and stance made perfect cabaret-sense. But aligned with the more spurious aspects of their strategy (a promotional poster with a halo over Kevin Rowland's head, embarrassing picture captions in *Melody Maker* and a constant need to say the obvious — we're outside and *better* than the rest) they looked overblown and elitist.

However the three nights at London's Old Victoria Theatre which brought The Projected Passion Revue to a close left nothing but the utmost admiration and respect for Rowland's aims and motivations, though it was sad that the show wasn't performed nationwide. Their new songs are twice as good as those on 'Soul Rebels' and already the group are planning a new live performance which is in keeping with their policy of constant change should mean even more controversy, but most importantly, depth and passion in 1982.

Gavin Martin

JOE NO COMPRENDO LA MUSICA AMERICANA?

IT'S the bright one . . . but was it the right one? Michael Zilkha — courtesy of August Darnell, Coatimundi, The Coconuts, Was (Not Was), Material, Alan Vega, Cristina, Nona Hendryx and Gichi Dan — had the year's chicest record label plus one of its most surprising commercial disasters. Que Pasa?

In 1981, New York City's Ze Records refined those hallmarks of instinct, intelligence and eclectic style that had promised so much this time last year. The label gave us more fresh funk from exotic faces in the shape of staggering albums from Kid Creole and Was (Not Was). They collated two concept compilations, 'Mutant Disco', which featured Gichi Dan's awesome 'Cowboys And Gangsters' alongside the best of Darnell and the Was Bros, and a disappointingly flat Christmas LP.

They released a fusillade of superb 12" singles . . . and found themselves with only one hit to show for all their soul and sweat at the end of the day. That was 'Que Pasa / Me No Pop I', Coatimundi's luscious lesson in Spanglish rap, released way back in January.

Next year should be better. It has to be. There is the wise guy's solo album, Cristina meets Was (Not Was), some new Alan Vega stuff, Broadway, Hollywood and . . . *Top Of The Pops* and a hatful of hits? Some of us have got our fingers crossed and some money on a subtle discolation of next year's chart.

A.T.

THE POLICE spent a lot of the early part of the year touring abroad; and later Sting devoted a lot of time to acting (a TV play *Artemis '81* will be shown soon and the film *Brimstone And Treacle*, based on the banned Dennis Potter play, is in the pipeline).

Sting has very willingly conceded that Adam Ant is now Pin Up Number 1 and the heart-throb of little girls everywhere. Big girls — and boys — must still love him, though: the 'Spirits In The Material World' album automatically charted worldwide, and in GB three hit singles were taken from it in as many months.

The 'heavy' themes of the album and Sting's neo-hippy reading of philosopher biologist Arthur Koestler confirm that The Police have a permanent universal AOR spot and needn't worry about losing teenage fans. But maybe they should worry about losing some of the pop magic of 'Message In A Bottle'. Has there ever been a more *ordinary* Number 1 than 'Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic'?

Paul Tickell

IF THIS IS THE PSYCHEDELIC REVIVAL WHERE'S THE TINY PURPLE FISHES THAT RUN LAUGHING THROUGH YOUR FINGERS ?..
SUNSHINE OF YOUR LOVE
STRANGE BREW

IN TERMS of the chart / commercial success of bands like Depeche Mode on Mute, UB40 on Dep International and Toyah on Safari, 1981 was the best year yet for Britain's independent hit factories. But it was also the year that the independent dream — as epitomised by concerns such as Fried Egg, Snotty Snail and Dead Hedgehog Records And Tapes of Watford (honest!) — faded and fizzed lazily away.

The independent label revolution of the late '70s succeeded in demystifying the recording process to the extent that everyone now knows that it is *no big deal* to make a single. If only we hadn't forgotten about quality control along the way ...

A.T.

WHEN IN DOUBT, dive back into history. At the parka-tail end of the mod revival, many disenchanted novelty-seekers turned their backwards gaze towards the technicolour daze of Swinging London and pop-psychedelia.

A Kensington clothes-stall, The Regal, was doing a fine line in dandified threads that were modelled on the fabled late-'60s. A Piccadilly basement club — inevitably named the Groovy Cellar — opened to offer the Regal-ites their night-life focus. More venues followed, and soon there were the groups like Mood Six and Miles Over Matter, to fill them.

Required attitudes on the scene were a whimsical, relaxed kookiness and a meticulous respect for the trappings of the past. Long-derided words like peace and love got whispered in earnest for the first time in years. Some Scene-leaders confessed to a nostalgia for an era of optimism and giddy creativity: an escape from a grey today and an oppressive reality. Serious drug use was only ever alluded to in the coyest, most flirtatious way. And to come on cool was definitely uncool.

By year's end the New Psychedelics hadn't advanced beyond their minor cult standing, and weren't even sure what they wanted to be called anymore. Too many outsiders, they said, had ruined the friendly intimacy of the early days. Too many sneering commentators had wilfully misunderstood their aims.

Still, there's a film on the way — The Groovy Movie — and a compilation LP, which should both help settle doubts about the movement's merits, one way or the other. And the Groovy Cellar, recently closed, promises re-emergence in the expanded form of the Fantasy Attic. Cynics stand by: the trip isn't finished yet.

OI CARRIES ON, with yet more compilations and even gigs Against Racism, but it can only do so limply in the wake of the notorious events surrounding the Hamborough Tavern in Southall and in the wake of what Oi apologist Gary Bushell of *Sounds* has to say about his pet musical form.

Bushell may crow about his particular brand of socialism, but when this gets mixed up with special Cockney patriotism and romantic sentimentalisations of the 'hard' aspects of working-class existence (scrapping, drinking, puking and womanising), he sounds less like someone who wants to throw in his progressive political lot with the working-class, more like a self-aggrandising populist.

It's remarkable how much Oi (supposedly straight from the streets) has to be discussed in terms of champions, critics, and (critical) compilations. But, like bad naturalistic dialogue, Oi smacks of the synthetic: just as HM was a kind of lumpen revenge on hippies, so Oi does the same on punks. In Oi the outward going negativity of punk is turned in on itself, and it's far from rebellious: not so much a rejection of the values of Thatcherite Britain, as a passive reflection of their effect on those at the bottom of the social pile. Hence the ability of Oi merchants and The 4-Skins post-Southall to proclaim their 'innocence' and say that they're only telling it like it is — it's not their fault is it, if some of their fans are racists.

Oi lingers, especially in London parishes, with whatever credibility it might have had looking pretty shattered. The 4-Skins have been wracked by an internecine dispute over fascist flirtations — and Gary Johnson, the John Cooper Clarke of Oi, has disowned the movement.

Punk gobbed; Oi is all wind, its godfathers disappearing to the sidelines (Pursey) or sounding silly as they attempt to get sensible (Mensi).

Paul Tickell

IN THE year that the youth (and not so youth) culture sucked in the superficialities of almost every style it could drag screaming into the consumption arena; to the extent that implosion seemed the likely result — all things *Beat* escaped relatively unscathed. First it was ON and HERE, and then it wasn't, and where was IT? Oh well. There was 'Beat Week' at The Scala to be found.

A considerable few were Ripped, Rigged and Panicked, though Pigbag were the most successful in producing a muscular rush of their own spontaneous celebratory energy in praise of the sheer joy of a muscular rush ... This has less than zero to do with affected plastic sandals, berets and zoots — though John Cooper Clarke's verbal fizz could be related in some way. Watch for the documentary. If Lester Young were alive today he'd be jumpin' in his grave. It takes a long time to make a sax equal sex and more, and some scenes are more resistant than others.

Mark Cordery

November

UNDERWATER RIPPLES when Soviet nuclear sub is caught spying in Swedish waters; pop ripples as music business warns in ads in the *Guardian* and *Times* that home taping is killing music, signatories including Elton John, Gary Numan, Lady Beecham and other pop luminaries. But against this reactionary grain London group Gas launch independent video . . . Miss World crown goes to Venezuela's Pilin Leon who says: "This is mine. I plan to keep it. There will be no trouble."

Red Ken's fares fair scheme ruled illegal by appeal justices. Adam Ant's entire Christmas qackage, including wardrobe, stolen underneath the arches at Blackfriars. Three Professionals, including Paul Cook, narrowly escape death in US car accident.

George Clinton and P-Funk settle out of court to the rhythm of one million and a half, snap, hi hat. Marianne Faithfull fined for drugs *again* as The Ramones gabba gabba into town.

Reagan's 'Zero Option' given the cold war shoulder by ailing Leonid B who dismisses it as propaganda ploy . . . England one, Hungary lost but both go through to Espana. Northern Ireland secretary Jim Prior mauled and terrified at the funeral of murdered Unionist MP Robert Bradford FC. "We will make Ulster ungovernable," says Paisley. Seven skins sent down for their violent part in the riot at UK Decay May gig.

Luscious Bully Idol scores US disco hit with 'Mony Mony' EP. Spanish Bransonian apologist Al Clark squeezed out of *Event* to begin a new beguinning. Punk Not Dead dies at Woodstock Revisited. Johnny & The Hurricans rock a reveille in London and a solo first for Boney M's Marcia at Drury Lane Theatre, Shirley Williams and the SDP take Crosby from Tories Sensation! Jobless dips to 2,954,414: unions claim the figure a million short of the true total. Scarman report published advising police to clean up their act and saying racism threatens the very survival of British society.

Head of Kennedy clan Rose, aged 91, collapses while attending Mass in Florida. An already Dead Kennedy, Jello Biafra, weds Therese Soder ex of The Situations — in a graveyard . . . And the final excitement of the month sees The Pretenders playing the UK, at last, and down under an Australian militant Aborigine reggae combo called No Fixed Address playing to a packed outback.

December

From here to eternity

NATALIE WOOD is discovered drowned in the waters off Catalina Island, following a night of booze and philosophy aboard the yacht *Splendour*. Home Secretary Willie Whitelaw says he'll build a couple more jails to end the "penal dustbin" disgrace of British justice . . . Jobs Express representatives meet with Thatcher in Downing Street and describe her as "sympathetic in a very superficial way."

Joe King Carrasco of The Go Go's streaks across the stage during the group's sell out gig at NY's Palladium. The ancient Rolling Stones wheel out for their nineteenth breakdown tour of the US. Scarman report is published, calls for the rooting out of in-force racism and greater liaison between police and local community . . .

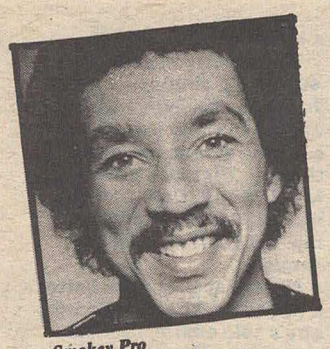
Nouveau Bermondsey yob Peter Tatchell is rejected by his local party organisation committee following outburst in Commons by Michael Foot.

Life sentence for racist Richard Barnes who celebrated his 21st birthday with attempted assault on Coventry's Asian community, leaving several people injured and a woman killed.

Lennon remembered in vigils in New York and Liverpool: Yoko snips 30 inches off her hair and spends the day meditating with Sean. 13 big leaguers (Jam, Specials, Beat, Madness, Au Pairs, etc) join together on anti-nuclear benefit album 'Life In The Eurpoean Theatre'. Saxon embark on their Denim & Leather yule tour . . . Photos of a "second gunman" lead to conspiracy theory re the Pope's shooting, while in the primate's birthplace martial law is declared against a frozen and hungry Polish populace and Solidarity leaders arrested.

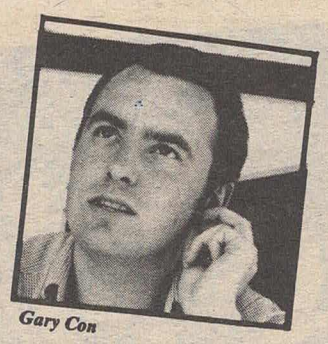
And the best news of 1981 must surely be that the big toe of Rod Stewart is going to be alright. For Yuletide we wish you what you wish yourself — in the words of the old Yiddisher saying — and for the New Year something a little less turbulent than the past 12 months.

THE LONG GOODBYE


Smokey Pro

Shirley Con

Ernie Pro


Gary Con

Ken Pro

NEIL SPENCER

PROS. The rise and rise of CND/END. Alexei Sayle, Rik Mayall, Pamela Stephenson and the rest putting the stuffing and humour back into home-grown comedy. British and 'foreign' films like *Time Bandits, Gregory's Girl, Kagemusha, Lou Lou* showing up most of Hollywood for the macho, bloodthirsty, unfeeling claptrap it is (honourable exception, *An American Werewolf In London).* Rap music. Renewed interest shown in music outside the narrow corridor of 'Rock' — reggae, Latin, Boogie and Swing, Brecht & Weill, African, etc. The relentless activity of the nation's fanzines and small presses. Dread Broadcasting Corporation. BBC World Service. *Plays For Today.* The Tate's Stanley Spencer exhibition (no relation). The endurance and integrity of Weller, Strummer, Townshend, Lydon, Dury, their mistakes and their unfashionability. Joe Bowie's trombone, Bruce Smith's drums, Bob Dylan's harmonica. Ken MacDonald's suits, Prince's mac, Ray Lowry's cartoons, Serge Clerc's drawings. Bob Marley's legacy. Seething Wells' poetry. Ian Botham's sixers. Gaz's rocking blues. *NME's Dancin' Master.* All the musicians, poets and anarchocreatives out there who should have got a write-up in *NME* and in short, anyone who brandished a bit of humanity in the face of the clamp-down.
CONS. Thatcher and Reagan, their lackeys, and their plans for the rest of us. The growth of militarism and an armed, authoritarian police force in this country. Neo-Nazis and their activities. The 4 Skins / Business / Last Resort gig at the Hamborough Tavern, Southall. Escalating hard drug use. Glue. More violence at gigs, often involving blades eg. the murder at the Rainbow Black Uhuru. The Signatories to the BPIs' pro-tape levy advertisement — a crusade by the privileged and greedy. Steve Strange's camel, Gary Numan's shoes.
45s. Yoko's 'Thin Ice', JB's 'Rapp Payback', Stevie's 'Master Blaster', Rip Rig's 'Go Go Go'.
33s: Individual tracks off most of the main chart's entries. Otherwise mainly compilations of black American music — the glorious tradition of such fabulous artists as Victoria Spivey, Billie Holiday, King Pleasure, Howling Wolf, Solomon Burke and countless others.
'82: A better *NME.*

IAN PENMAN

PROS: Grace Jones & James White for a New York birthday — my best 'Night out' ever; Jacksons — Madison Sq Garden; Defunkt — Embassy; ABC — Legends; Madness — Nassau; madness — Nassau; memories — Peppermint Park; August, Addy, Franchelli — everywhere; Heaven 17 — Scotland; Glenn O Brien's *Beat* column in *Interview;* Johnny Carson on ITV; Brian Hayes on LBC; day trip to Coronation St; De Niro & Duvall in *True Confessions;* going out in *Heaven* — like a light; video; One Price Records in Camberwell; cheap fares — while they last; Rob and Neil valuable thrills; dispersal of self; tequila binges; the discreet support of fellow travellers; the genius of desire; ellipticity; 'Ecstasy'; sleeve notes.
CONS. Modern Romance; SDP — a predictably modern romance; literalism & Conservation — closer together than they think; the legitimacy and legibility of most pop writing; media-ocrity — as in Norman, Harty, Parkinson and most TV & movie criticism; the over-determination of 'style' — as in suits becoming more formal than casual.
45s. Bow Wow Wow, David Sanborn, Material, 23 Skidoo, Blackbyrds, Heaven 17, Kim Wilde, some Human Leagues, Arthur Adams, Kleer didn't get into my 'official' chart and should have; what did should be pretty obvious — a great year for singles; David Byrne and Olivia Newton John for their videos on *TOTP* and Grace Jones video for 'Libertango' which *should* have appeared.
33s. As above: Kraftwerk, Lydia Lunch & Eight Eyed Spy, Human League, Devo; Suicide's beautiful twins on the Ze Xmas LP; Riuichi Sakamoto's 'E-3A' on his 'B-2 Unit' LP; A Certain Ratio for a magnificent Peel session, not that duff LP; and just for the record, my 'official' Top Five — Kid Creole, Grace Jones, Was (Not Was), Roger (a soul quick), Meredith Monk (a beautiful mouth). And special mentions for Rickie Lee Jones and Japan.
'82: Superstars who could or should be — William Hurt, Jessica Lange, Christopher Lloyd, Lydia Lunch, Suicide, Kevin Turvey and me; and my friend August has a song called 'No Fish Today' which makes inflation and depression that bit easier to swallow . . . not wallow in.

ANDY GILL

PROS. The rediscovery of Sun Ra; Steve Reich at the Queen Elizabeth Hall; my own copy of *Citizen Kane; Taxi's* Reverend Jim; *Stalker, The Stunt Man, Sitting Ducks, Raging Bull, Altered States, Escape From New York;* Red Ken's transport subsidies; *Private Schulz, Bilko.*
CONS. Any number of Red Heringes, White Elephants and Blue Roudos; cultural spinelessness in general; not visiting friends in Sheffield enough; not having enough time to read as much as I should; the continuing replacement of persons with personalities; Denning's "ruling" on Red Ken's transport subsidies. *The French Lieutenant's Woman.*
45s. Several each from the Comsats, Associates, Kraftwerk, Devo, DAF, Simple Minds; others from The Fall, JB, Grandmaster Flash, Thomas Leer, Pigbag, Rip Rig, Tamlins, Past Seven Days, Chrome and Alan Vega. Oh, and 'Love Action', of course.
33s. About 40 old Sun Ra albums; two from Fela Kuti; Cabs, Comsats, Kraftwerk, two from Alan Vega, Edikanfo, Tuxedomoon, Yello and Birthday Party.
'82. More Sun Ra albums; a new book from Thomas Pynchon (it's about time); Pinski Zoo; Splish Splash.

ADRIAN THRILLS

PROS. Dancing, laughing, drinking, loving, the greatest musical watershed since punk, the soul resurgence — funk and flair, the real new pop, ABC, Gary Kemp, Blue Rondo, Le Beat Route, rap, Steve Dagger, Island Records, Sly and Robbie, Marc Almond, The Projected Passion Revue, Defunkt, The Clash in New York, *i-D,* Coatimundi's solo show, sex, ecstasy, fresh fruit, baggy trousers, Carlsberg 68, Axiom, *The Face,* breakfast in America, lunch with Steve Perryman, dinner with Darnell, supper with Springsteen, Dave Grant complimenting my bow-tie, LBC, 12" singles, tie-pins, buttons and bows, soulboys, Botham, Ovett, Coe, Burkinshaw, The Cup Final, the Madness film, Morley on the Peel show, London, Sheffield, passion, hedonists.
CONS. Pretending this year never happened, 'political' pedants, rock social workers, the decline of the independents, The Specials split, James Chance at The Venue, 'futurists', Funkapolitan, Prince, *Platinum Logic,* PiL, The Jam, Bauhaus, McLaren, *OGWT,* Zoo, clip-on braces, Greenwood's England, killjoys, Southall, Manchester, California, Japan, the obvious, pessimists.
45s. 'Chant', 'Que Pasa', 'Tainted Love', 'Tears Are Not Enough', 'Ghost Town', 'Wheels Of Steel', 'Intuition', 'Shoot The Pump', 'Love Thing', 'Can You Feel It', 'Mama Used To Say', 'Show Me', 'Reward', and, of course, 'Ossie's Dream'.
33s. An Island selection, the Linx collection and a Madness confection.
'82. More upheavals, new faces, new places, the death of rock 'n' roll, the Spandau album, The Clash split, Kid Creole on *TOTP,* Jerry Dammers, Spurs' new stand, League Champions, West Germany winning the World Cup, keeping the 'k' in fun, religion, realists.

BARNEY HOSKYNS

PROS. The Birthday Party, the records listed below.
CONS. Nightclubs, videos, zoot suits, the usual rubbish masquerading as authentic music. Above all the New Funk: General Cain's 'Jungle Music' shows up just about everything released under this banner for the posturing, pusillanimous crap it obviously is.
45s. 'Don't Stop The Music' — Yarborough + Peoples (Mercury) (one of a great double for the Gaps' Lonnie Simmons), 'Release The Bats' — The Birthday Party (4AD), 'Walking On Thin Ice' — Yoko Ono (Geffen), 'Bustin' Out' — Material (Ze), 'On The Beat' — B, B, + Q Band (RCA) (whose Italian producers Petrus and Malavesi, also responsible for the excellent Change LP, are keeping the spirit of Chic alive — since Nile 'n' Nard have lost it), 'Body Music' — Strikers (Epic), 'Hit 'n' Run Lover' — Carol Jiani (Champagne), (the best of several gay masterpieces released this year), 'Dans Le Blizzard' — Warum Joe (New Rose EP) (hardcore punk with a drum machine).
33s. 'I Know You I Live You' off Chaka Khan's 'Watcha Gonna Do For Me' would have been the best soul single of the year. The Flesh Eaters' 'A Minute To Pray, A Second To Die' finishes with seven minutes of pure genius entitled 'Divine Horseman'. Otherwise: 'Slates' — the Fall (Rough Trade 10"), 'Alan Vega' — Alan Vega (PVC), 'Accelerate With The Mercurian!' — Arcadian Research Authority (ARA) 'Scientist Dub Landing' (Starlight).
'82. Back to '69, hard drugs, long hair. another 'Street Fighting Man'.

LYNN HANNA

PROS. Applied electronics; fresh food for thought from foreign places; the renewed equation of music with movement; dance-floor philosophising; nightclubbing and cocktails; sound and video vision; being spoilt for choice; spirited sophisticates. Oh, and Errol.
CONS. Grim perpetrators of Latin pillage; oversized suits; those with a taste for sartorial excess, dull elitism and an exaggerated idea of their own importance. PLUS the self-righteous Campaign for Simple Solutions. Not to mention monetarism and cruise missiles.
45s. (In no particular order) Heaven 17 'Fascist Groove Thang'; Bow Wow Wow 'W.O.R.K.'; D.A.F. 'Der Mussolini'; Linx 'Intuition'; Blondie 'Rapture'; ABC 'Tears Are Not Enough'; The Associates 'Kitchen Person'; The Human League 'Love Action'; Soft Cell 'Tainted Love'; Thomas Leer '4 Movements'; Coati Mundi 'Me No Pop I'; Grace Jones 'Pull Up To The Bumper'; Defunkt 'The Razor's Edge'; Simple Minds 'The American'; Burundi Black 'Burundi Black'; Tom Tom Club 'Wordy Rappinghood'; The Jacksons 'Can You Feel It'; Pig Bag 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag'; Pete Shelley 'Homosapien'; Medium Medium 'Hungry, So Angry'; Depeche Mode 'Dreaming Of Me'.
33s (Again, no particular order) DAF 'Gold Und Liebe'; DAF 'Alles Ist Gut'; Cabaret Voltaire 'Red Mecca'; Grace Jones 'Nightclubbing'; Heaven 17 'Penthouse And Pavement'; Kid Creole And The Coconuts 'Fresh Fruit In Foreign Places'; Gang Of Four 'Solid Gold'; Bow Wow Wow 'See Jungle' Kraftwerk 'Computer World'; The Human League 'Dare'; Ze's 'Mutant Disco' compilation.
'82. The wider adoption of the maxim that tears are not enough (hopefully).

PHIL McNEILL

PROS. Kevin Rowland, for watching the only great band of the '80s walk out on him, and promptly putting together another one *just as good.* Kirk Brandon, Lesley Woods, Jello Biafra, Pete Burns and Cal Morris, for spitting a little snottiness into the gutless '81 cocktail.
CONS. Where do you start? The year of Spandau Ballet, trailing hordes of preening, passionless, chinless 'style' merchants and musical leeches behind them — Blue Rondo, Duran Duran, ABC, Modern Romance, Zzze Records, Depeche Mode ... an endless litany, curtailed for the benefit of those prone to nausea. Journalistically, the year of Robert Elms, shining the light of complacency up a blind alley for — among too many others — an embarrassing number of *NME* writers to blunder after. Also: the attempted expl-Oi-tation of the riots (started, don't forget, by racist Oi fans) — though with all the little Errols running off like the SDP to get away from horrid politics, you can't blame Bushell for trying to muscle in.
45s. 'Burn Rubber On Me', 'Let's Groove', 'Going Back To My Roots', 'Being With You', 'Dancing On The Floor', 'It's A Love Thing', 'The Razor's Edge', 'Mama Used To Say — another good year for funk-funk. 'Legion', 'Plan B', 'Tainted Love', 'Nothing / Armour', 'I'm Falling', 'Dancing With Joy', 'The Passion Of Lovers', 'Is That Love' — a good year for the mavericks too. And thank God for 'Ghost Town'.
33s. As last year, when 'Searching For The Young Soul Rebels' towered over all others, one LP refused to leave the turntable: 'East Side Story' by Squeeze, cementing Difford & Tilbrook's songwriting pre-eminence. Also ran: 'Trust', 'Playing With A Different Sex', 'Raise!', 'Prince Charming'.
'82. Dexys' second great LP, ToH's first. Hit singles for Ze and Oi — I'll take The Business rather than Kid Creole as the lesser of two cons. Rock to get worse before it gets better.

PAUL MORLEY

PROS. Tension, Cabaret Futura, *Top Of The Pops,* Richard Mulligan *(Soap),* Perry Haines, fun, argument, my barber, Pernod, Heaven, Peter Cook (for his Special), Dudley Moore (for his Arthur), Karen, Ken Livingstone, Kenneth Williams, Robin Williams, Oakey, Fry, Sylvian, Video (esp. Factory and Monty / Danny Baker), being right a lot / being loved, Clare, Stan Tracey, one night in Liverpool with Jim Kerr, Tony Stewart, Southern Comfort, Anthony Blanche, Beat Route, Joanne and Susanne, Turkish Delight, Diana Doors, singles, B Hayes, J Carson, R Harty, D Potter.
CONS. Music papers, Zandra Rhodes, *OGWT,* Weller, Straight Music, Futurama etc, literalists, being wrong a lot / being hated, the Emmanuels, cheerless elitism, 'political' simplifications and generalisations, my skin, creationists, 'psychedelia', Alan Horne, Mathew Kelly, 'salsa'.
45s. 'Tears Are Not Enough', 'Art Of Parties', 'Love Action', all singles by Heaven 17, Bow Wow Wow, Associates, Dollar, A Certain Ratio, Simple Minds, Depeche Mode, Siouxsie And The Banshees plus 'Happy Birthday', 'Intuition', 'Ghost Town', 'Favourite Shirts', 'Sweetest Girl', 'Love Games', 'Show Me', 'Good Year For The Roses', 'Last Words', 'Candy Skin', 'Chequered Love' and, of course, 'Don't You Want Me' and obviously 'What's Funk' and too many others.
33s. All long players released by The Human League, DAF, Heaven 17, Japan, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Throbbing Gristle, Simple Minds, Cabaret Voltaire, Fire Engines, Clock DVA, A Certain Ratio, Elvis Costello.
'82. Factory Records, Anthony Fawcett's new music book, Leisure Process International, Clock DVA, Clare, Paul Haig, Billy Mackenzie, *World According To Garp,* George's Culture Club, Amanda Lear, Trevor Francis, Manchester, European musics, lots of people falling out, nervous breakdowns GALORE, even less tolerance even more speed, the League girls singing lead, 24 hour sex, P Orridge, *Pennies From Heaven.*

MONTY SMITH

PROS. Keith Peacock, who's proved in five short months that there's nothing like an old pro. Other old pros: Billy Wilder, Mel Brooks and Woody Allen (46!). Writers: Danny Baker, Ian Penman, Brian Case, David Lacey, Pauline Lael, Dilys Powell. British films: *Chariots Of Fire, The Long Good Friday, Time Bandits* and *Gregory's Girl.* American films: *Southern Comfort, Prince Of The City, Escape From New York* and *True Confessions.* Ken Russell and Charles Darwin. *The Likely Lads* repeats and G F Newman's Billy. The sandwiches in The Sun And 13 Cantons and the hospitality in The Napier Arms. Three points for a win.
CONS. The SDP — as big a con as *all* the others. Deaths: Pike Bishop and Natalie Wood. Writers: Fleet St and some *NME* hacks. *The French Lieutenant's Woman.* Any film with subtitles (except *The Tin Drum).* Solidarity — huh! Swindon Town FC. Three points for a win (can't make up my mind).
45s. 'Chariots Of Fire' — very affecting after a win on Saturday. Also, OMD's 'Souvenir'; never listened to the words but the melody's pretty.
33s. 'Juke Box Dury' — some of the best songs from the only pop group in the world with any *nous.* Otherwise only classical stuff, some late (Copland and Barber, Shostakovitch and Prokofiev), mostly early (Telemann, Vivaldi, J.S. Bach, Handel, Sammartini).
'82. Spain, so long as it in no way resembles the crap served up in Italy in '80.

PAUL DU NOYER

PROS. Plenty, but private.
CONS. — Ervatives, and all the obvious. Intolerance and the gratuitous spite that lists like this inspire.
45s. 'Love Action', 'Ghost Town', 'Me No Pop I', 'Reward', 'Good Year For The Roses', 'Fascist Groove Thang', 'Jealous Guy', 'Rapture', 'Candyskin'.
33s. Beat and Bunnies and Elvis C ... But mostly the old ones: Chartbusters, Randy Newman, Hank Williams, Beatles, Bo Diddley, Sinatra, Free, Nick Drake and Robert Johnson.
'82. 1983, with any luck.

NICK KENT

PROS: Bruce Springsteen's inspirational performances in Britain during summer '81. The release of 'Trust', Elvis Costello's most sure-footed and courageous collection of songs to date. 'Being With You' making No. 1, thus beautifully highlighting Smokey Robinson's 20 years as singer songwriter *non pareil,* and re-establishing the tradition of 'Great Summer Single'. The rediscovery (how ever spuriously 'trendified') of John Fogerty, James Brown and Hank Williams. The return to active service of Tom Verlaine & Miles Davis. Squeeze finally receiving due success and credibility via 'East Side Story'. 'Waiting On A Friend' as Rolling Stones' most uplifting and humane twilight anthem, especially Sonny Rollins' playing.
CONS. The continuing downward spiral demise of the *New Musical Express* as a relevant perceptive journal. General absence of 'passion' and 'reach' in rock music circa '81. Omnipotence of style over content, specious cliches, half-baked posturing, haphazard sloganeering and empty gestures. Preponderance of imperceptive, feckless arch-hack mentality in rock writing, cloth-eared A & R men, semi-literate editors, the crass stupidity of major record label mentality vs. the hypocritical smugness of the "rough trade"/"factory" alternative (sic). The inescapable fact that music has become virtually crippled by "business considerations", mass ignorance re. music's potential for moral rearmament.

DANNY BAKER

CONS. 1981 saw a final and complete disillusionment for me with all electrical razors. Braun, Boots, Remington, Gillette, Philips — all completely hopeless. Also a sinister rise in the estimation of BIC disposables. (Perhaps due to their advertisements by the son of Edward Woodward?) All disposables require the most thorough testing; that is a dull, but unaviodable, fact of life.
PROS. Optimism for Gillette "Slalem" one-shave contour blades. So far, so good.
'82. Difficult one. Perhaps a sudden return to traditional "Cold steel and badger", though the increased availability of Erasmic Super-Foam may stave off this invasion till '83. Also I hope to see the introduction of Balsam's Fantastic New Super-Heavy Super-Rich 'Rise' foam. A creamy lather that is sweeping America East-coast and should be here for a series of gigs in March. Finally, I suspect a growth — yes, growth — in the ominous Clean-Chins for Christ sect in this country. Beware of them, they're trying to convince the world that 'Jesus Shaves'.

What were the fundamental things that applied in 1981? The NME Gang of 25 list their highs, their lows, their neatest noises, and their thoughts for '82

CYNTHIA ROSE

PROS. *City Limits* launched successfully; anti-nukes movement finally makes a dent in people's consciousness; Ken Livingstone's reduced fares; Scala Cinema re-opens; good year for art (Edward Hopper, Joseph Cornell, Conrad Atkinson, Laurie Anderson, Chris Burden); fanzine renaissance; Bruce Springsteen's run at Wembley, Ramones' midnight madness concert at Venue, King Crimson at Venue; *Lou Grant* and *Going Out:* England Reaches World Cup finals; good cartoons (BIFF, RAW, Steve Bell); good year for film *(True Confessions, Over the Edge, Melvin & Howard, Rosie the Riveter).*
CONS. Rolling Stones still employed while three million others out of work; *Event* and *Time Out* dispute separates goats from wolves; Clash coin it in America while Britain riots; Pretenders bitch on and on about heavy burdens of success; *Out of the Blue* (Dennis Hopper's pretentious 'punk' film); Au Pairs; Bob Marley's death; Bill Shankly's death; Royal Wedding; 'Romanticism' reduced; rampant xenophobia in UK; toy synthesiser bands; astronaut haircuts and bowling alley ensembles becoming "fashionable".
'82. God help us all, especially if we're black, yellow, red, American, etc, etc.

TONY STEWART

PROS. Kevin Turvey, Tenpole Tudor, Diana Dors . . . good times. And Adam Ant's videos. And when this lot — and of course the hammy glammy Human League — appear on *Tiswas*, pop takes on a FUN-damental meaning and unselfconscious appeal that should always be there. Pop, video and TV can be a devastating cocktail. But there was also political clarity: and how well Dave Wakeling spoke in 'Down At The Fallout Shelter At Midnight' in last week's *NME*. Unite against the Tories, Ban The Bomb! Then there was Anton and Peter for pix; the *NME* writing Six (and seven, eight, nine . . .). Bigwig, Pauline and the *Sidcup Times*. And those films: *Violent Streets, Escape From New York, Southern Comfort, The Long Good Friday.*
CONS. Living in Ted Heath's not-so-bloody-safe-seat. The right-wing dailies and *News Of The World* — an absolute national disgrace; the *Sunday Times* getting snotty and one less reader. American nukes and (most) American music — which one is potentially worse I'm not sure. Oi — the racism they've stirred up. *Sounds* is fit for one thing; it's a pity the ink smudges on your arse.
45s. There are favourites, but why pin down the fickleness and ephemerality of fast moving music? OK, this minute — 'Don't You Want Me'.
LPs. DAF — there were two.

RAY LOWRY

PROS. Not too many records made it past the armed guards here at the 'Sunset Home for Aged Alcoholics' but I did get one or two, and I was able to hear plenty of zappy new sounds on my Elvis Presley, solid state, 'THE MEMORIAL OF RADIO' memorial, plastic radio, above the noise of smashing glass, popping champagne corks and police sirens. Everything I've heard by The Fall this year has been fine by me. I'm not quite on their wavelength, don't quite grasp what Mark Smith's getting at sometimes; but whatever it is, they're getting better at it — as evidenced by 'Lie Dream etc./Fantastic Life'. Leave the capital. Everything I've heard by Simple Minds lately has been overwhelming! They sound GREAT. Somebody bribe me with their album, yeah! Pete Wylie and WAH!, continue to be the Liverpool group I'm most interested in (cries of "Kiss of death! Sell your WAH! shares!"). Jass Babies, Elery Bop and Black (?) are from the same port. Model patients were allowed to watch the start of the new *Whistle Test* series. Altered Images were delightful and The Sound impressed as strong and true and probably good men. We all shuffled back to our beds snapping our arthritic fingers to Human League chart smasheroonies. Aren't they making neat stuff, these days?
CONS. Bores of the year were cockney prats in Zoot suits selling their 'lifestyle' instead of their 'labour' (Robert Elms! Really!) and *Brideshead* clones. Snooker player of the century — Higgins, as always.
'82. Summer riots, a Royal 'event' and the restructuring of the Labour party towards a socialist alternative based on (whisper it, who dares) Marxist perspectives. But can you dance to it?

CHRIS BOHN

PROS. Riots. German cakes. The continuing Polish spirit of resistance. Liberating Japanese technology. The continuing re-emergence of William Burroughs. James Truman's letters from America. The BBC's *From Our Own Correspondent*. Malaria.
CONS. Right to work marches. Pork. Patriarchal policies of interference from all directions. The dansette aesthetic. Angry Young Men autobiographies. Missives from America. New BBC comedy. The common cold (but it still works!).
45s. The recorded works of Depeche Mode, Kraftwerk's 'Pocket Calculator', Magazine's 'About The Weather', Die Krupps' 'Wahre Arbeit Wahrer Lohn', DAF's 'Der Mussolini', Malaria's 'Do You Like My New Dog?', The Human League's Daring Greatest Hits, New Orders' 'In A Lonely Place' / 'Ceremony', Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love', Heaven 17's 'I'm Your Money', Fire Engines' 'Candyskin', Bow Wow Wow's 'W.O.R.K.', ABC's 'Tears Are Not Enough', Thomas Leer's 'Four Movements', Die Lemminge's 'Lorelei.
33s. DAF's 'Alles Ist Gut', Cabaret Voltaire's 'Red Mecca', Boyd 'Non' Rice's improved pressing of 'Pagan Muzak', Throbbing Gristle's 'Greatest Hits' (for those tender moments)' Frieder Butzmann's 'Vertrauensmann Des Volkes', Heaven 17's 'Penthouse And Pavement', three songs of Positive Noise's 'Heart Of Darkness', 'The Lounge Lizards', James Chance 'Live In New York' (cassette).
'82. The final ditching of the work ethic — some things just aren't worth producing, thus the job can't really be worth doing, especially if a robot can do it. Not every alternative is passe. Try shared labour and selective consumption. From my position of comfort this is, of course, very easy to say ...

GRAHAM LOCK

PROS. CND's revival; feminism; The Raincoats, Arthur Blythe and Sisterhood Of Spit live; discovering Sun Ra; *Soap, Bilko, The Imitation Game* and *United Kingdom* on TV; Wajda's *Man Of Iron* and Connie Field's *Rosie The Riveter;* Andrea Dworkin's *Pornography: Men Possessing Women* (The Women's Press); Ken Livingstone and left-wing councils; Poison Girls for their persistence and politics; David Widgery's 'Last Exits' in *ZG* ('81, No. 1) for exemplary criticism; visiting Amsterdam.
CONS. The deaths of the hunger strikers; nail bombs; Ian Paisley; racist violence; unemployment and the cuts; US foreign policy, especially re El Salvador and nukes in Europe; the SDP; the Labour leadership for betraying socialism yet again; the Moral Majority and similar psychos; Richard Branson's non-*Event* and Rupert Murdoch for disservices to journalism; the Little Miss Redsocks ads and their ilk; too much bad white funk.
INBETWEENIES. The riots were the year's most important event, but I don't know if they were desirable or simply necessary. The greatest relief of 1981 was the capture of the Yorkshire Ripper, though this was tempered by a disturbing trial which raised, but never resolved a lot of awkward questions about the connections between male sexuality and violence against women.
45s. Best: Laurie Anderson's 'O Superman'. Rest: 'Inconvenience', 'Body Talk', 'Being With You', 'On The Beat', 'Genius Of Love', 'Burn Rubber On Me', 'Don't Let It Pass You By', 'Stereotyping' EP (Jam Today), 'Dirty Washing' EP (Vivien Goldman), 'Funeral Pyre', 'Ghost Town', 'It's A Love Thing', 'Fascist Groove Thang', 'Love Action'.
33s. Best: The Raincoats' 'Odyshape'. Rest: Au Pairs, Elvis Costello ('Trust'), Arthur Blythe, David Thomas, The Beat, Milcho Leviev Quartet, Phantom Band, Kleeer, Dolly Parton, Old And New Dreams, Bunny Wailer ('Rock 'n' Groove').
'82. Peace, socialism, and lots of sunshine. The Petticoats/Amy And The Angels, Pinski Zoo, Research.

RICHARD GRABEL

PROS. Crossover. On black-owned, black-programmed WBLS (New York's most popular radio station) you could hear 'The Magnificient Seven', 'Rapture', 'Genius Of Love', 'Tainted Love' and 'Numbers/Computer World' right up there next to 'Heartbeat', 'Pull Up To The Bumper' and 'Super Freak'. A sense of boundaries — stylistic, cultural, racial, sexual — being crossed. More mix-up and shake up, a wild variety in music from hardcore punk to sophisicated pop. Lots of live acts. To name just a few, Bongos, Konk, Eddie Palmieri, Nitecaps, Blasters, Jacksons, Glenn Branca, Black Uhuru, Was (Not Was), Pigbag, REM, Grace Jones, DNA, Bow Wow Wow, Individuals, Au Pairs, X, Gregory Isaacs, Lakeside, ESG, Elvis Costello.
CONS. Two of my favourite clubs closed. Going out to the rest of them became more predictable, I can ususally list in advance half the records the DJ will play. Get out of that herd mentality! White "rock" radio didn't get a bit better. The Bongos for example recorded a fine LP back in February and still can't get it released. Too much timidity and chocked-up caution rule the industry.
45s. Pulling out a top twenty for the poll out of the nearly one hundred singles I loved this year was a ridiculously arbitrary act. I loved dancing in clubs to 'Chant No 1', 'Just Can't Get Enough' and 'Tears Are Not Enough' but at home it seems I played: Brother D — 'How We Gonna Make The Black Nation Rise', Taana Gardner — Heartbeat', Funky 4 — 'That's The Joint', New Order — 'Ceremony', Rita Marley — ' One Draw', Tom Tom Club — 'Genius Of Love', Au Pairs — 'It's Obvious', Gap Band — 'Burn Rubber On Me', Was (Not Was) — 'Out Come The Freaks', Blood Sisters — 'I'd Rather Go Blind', Frankie Smith — 'Double Dutch Bus'.
33s. The top: X — 'Wild Gift', Fela Kuti — 'Black President', Cramps — 'Psychedelic Jungle', the re-released Congos — 'Heart Of The Congos', Rick James — 'Street Songs', Black Uhuru — 'Red', 'Eight Eyed Spy', Human Switchboard — 'Who's Landing In My Hanger' (inconsistent but sometimes great) and Professor Longhair — 'Mardi Gras In New Orleans'. But there were lots more.
'82. *"More more more/ How do you like it / How do you like your love."*

X. MOORE

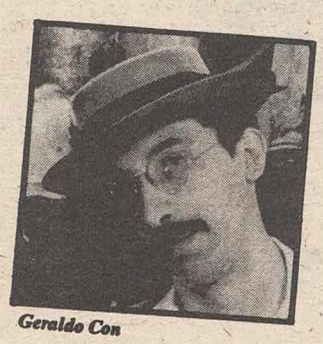
PROS. Joe Strummer still smiling, Laurence Scott workers still fighting.
CONS. Crass still missing the point, Terry Duffy still wrecking the joint.
45s. 'Let's Groove', 'Nazi Punks Fuck Off' and 'Another One Bites The Dust' — all of 'em.
33s. Rough Trade and Greensleeves — most of 'em.
'82. Red Ken in nick, SDP in vogue, & S Wells and Cliff on form.

GAVIN MARTIN

PROS. Northern Ireland qualifying for the World Cup. My family, parents and nephews. Going anywhere with friends. Getting letters. Watching *The Deer Hunter, Southern Comfort, Black Stuff* and Trevor Howard as Jonathan Swift. Old Pros — Wonder, Smokey, Marvin and JB. Laurel and Hardy shorts on BBC2. Dexys at the Old Vic. Pinball. Dave Allen for £2. Danny Baker and Julie Burchill on anything (esp. The Jacksons and El Salvador). Paul Foot for showing up his more famous relative and nearly all his peers. Samuel Beckett and Flan O'Brien. Cups of tea and plates of spaghetti. Working with Peter Anderson. Staying up all night talking, arguing, reminiscing and laughing.
CONS. The cocktails versus grenades debate. The SDP. Violence. Sectarianism. Lousy apocalyptic rock bores. Robert Elms' sleeve notes on 'Journey To Glory'. Whacko religious and mystical sects. Robbery. Eviction. Bombing. PIRA and The Third Force. Labour's cheap wimps. Dumb patriots (rock rebels, politicians, fashion and media edjuts). Worrying. Jean Rook, Jilly Cooper and their ilk. Money to kill rather than to help. Socialist snobbery and narrow-mindedness. Stupid lists like this. Going to gigs or ligs without the companionship to fight the bore and boredom.
45s Lots of love and treasure this year

● *continues over*

Bunny Pro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Tina Pro

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The pros and cons of Lesley and Kevin.

● *from previous page*

— anything by The Jacksons, Dexys, Stevie Wonder 'Masterblaster' and 'Happy Birthday' have just got to be two of the most ecstatic and inspiring records of all time). Then there were The Undertones, The Isleys 'Inside You', Kleeer and the best number one of the year 'Being With You' by Smokey Robinson. I also went crazy when Stan sold me JB's 'Sex Machine (Parts 1&2)' for 50p. And listened to Aretha's 'Angel', Elvis' 'Heartbreak Hotel', The O'Jays 'Love Train' and lots of other old gems.

33s. I found myself enjoying music more than I ever have, but few of the records that gave me enjoyment were released this year bar Stevie Wonder 'Hotter Than July'. Otherwise I couldn't stop going back to — Marvin Gaye 'What's Going On'. Roxy Music 'Stranded' and 'For Your Pleasure'. Stevie Wonder 'Fulfillingness' (esp for 'Heaven' and 'Smile Please'). Tim Buckley 'Greeting From LA' ('Sweet Surrender' and 'Make It Right'). Any Stax or Motown compilations. 'Otis Blue'. James Brown '30 Golden Hits'. Love 'Forever Changes' and Dexys 'Soul Rebels' (esp 'Burn It Down').

'82. National exposure for Brian Hayes. Good sex. Sunshine. Honesty and humour. ICTU as one of the few hopes for (Northern) Ireland. Tons of shit and wastes of money for 'youth culture'. Dexy' second LP giving a kick in the teeth to the cynics.

VIVIEN GOLDMAN

It's rape & pillage, sound colonisation/That's what rules the taste of the nation/A desperate search for musics unplumbed/You ain't heard the pigmies yet but/soon come!/ Haircut 100's my name of the year/They know that in Britain what counts is the hair/We've sucked reggae dry, we're tasting rap/We're hoping salsa can fill the gap/We've got the funk so we ain't funk/We hope — but children, what we gonna do, what we gonna do/When we've vampired every music through?

LLOYD BRADLEY

CONS. As huge became necessity for all but the monumental artists, clack music took another step towards a complete lack of identity. The spiral of likely success>promotion>success>more promotion>more success made it appear that the only people still working were EWF, R. Crawford, D. Ross aod the like. The revolution in reggae music, threatened at the end of 1980 by Mickey Dread, Aswad, Bovell and advances made in New York, never really happened. Instead, we got nearly every Brit reggae band imitating a by now stagnant JA scene and lover's rock. Most of the interesting stuff got overlooked.

PROS. On the plus side were the band who in rejecting this overall baldness, turned out some of the best funk since the pre-disco years of '73-'75. The gap left by the demise of P.Funk cleared the way for a lot of young, developing bands to be heard, instead of overlooked as imitators. Aswad got a CBS deal, and were able to continue what they started with 'Warrior Charge', so perhaps the shake-up in reggae will still happen as the newer UK sound systems, who operate (technically) very diffesently from their JA counterparts, demand more varied material.

45s. A disappointing year for 45s, as the medium of the 12" single has become much abused. Overpriced and often running no longer than a 7". Unfortunately though, it is the only way to buy reggae music.

33s. On the whole, albums improved as more and more funk bands 'also Aswad and Clappers) thought more about 40 minutes of music with a centric theme rather than just a bunch of songs.

'82. If things continue like they have done in the tail end of this year, it should be the best year ooga-booga music has ever had . . . but I said much the same thing 12 months ago, and it's still standing on the verge!

ROY CARR

PROS. *'NME* Dancin' Master'; my little lad; ecstasy, passion and still no pain; post-Clinton funk; Sugarhill; *Sgt Bilko* reruns; nailing the Yorkshire Ripper; Springsteen at Wembley; Tito Puente at The Venue; pirate radio; CND; Mole Jazz Record Shop; *Cool Cats*; Danny Baker's humour; TEAC four track cassette decks; SFX; Lloyd Bradley; clubland.

CONS. 'Home Taping Is Wiping Out Music' campaign; The Royal Wedding; the illusion of racial equality under Thatcher; Stars On 45s syndrome; New Romantics; spy scandals; the price of imported records and the price of drinks in most London nite-spots; the majority of group managers; the bottom half of the Top 75 singles chart; the ragged end of the rag trade's attempt to annexe soul boy funk/chic in the same way as it transformed punk into *haute couture;* the abysmal state of record pressings; five years for battering babies to death against ten years for a bank heist; the attention given to soft.core Brit-Funk in def-erence to upful hard-core US Funk Rock; attempts to rewrite rock history.

45s. 'Ghost Town' (Specials), 'Rapp Payback' (James Brown), 'Shoot The Pump' (J Walter Negro/Loose Jointz), 'Wheels Of Steel' (Grandmaster Flash), 'Que Pasa/Me No Pop I' (Coati Mundi), 'Can You Feel It' (Jacksons), 'Razor's Edge' (Defunkt), 'Fascist Groove Thang' (Heaven 17), 'Electric Spanking Of War Babies' (Funkadelic), 'Square Biz' (Teena Marie), 'Being With You' (Smokey Robinson), 'Burn Rubber On Me' (Gap Band), 'Mama Used To Say' (Junior Giscombe).

33s. 'The Man With The Horn' (Miles Davis), 'Gang War' (Prince Charles), 'Mutant Disco' (Ze), 'The Electric Spanking Of War Babies' (Funkadelic), 'Tattoo You' (Rolling Stones), 'Nightclubbing' (Grace Jones), 'Raise' (EW&F), 'Get Down Attack' (General Caine II), 'Orquesta La Solucion', 'Trust' (Elvis Costello).

'82. Satellite telecasts; video, video, video; piracy; mass insanity; bebop; a British-based urban terrorist group; bankruptcy – financial/artistic/spiritual; do-it-yourself religions; UFOs; Japan — the group and the nation; Sly Stone; wholesale breaking up of post '76 groups (The Police, Boomtown Rats etc); wimps; chaos; South America; crooners; big bands; even more nostalgia.

PENNY REEL

PROS. The riots; London Transport subsidy; fruit; reading fiction; tea; Johnny Osbourne, John Lennon, Elvis Presley, Lightnin' Hopkins, Osvaldo Ardiles, Julie Burchill and Val Wilmer — music writer of the year.

CONS. England — a fascist toilet; the police force; television; pork eaters; advertisements; landlords; guns; fashion; *Event;* skinheads; social democrats; Island Records, and its Ze connection in particular; Bill Grundy, Princess Diana, Horace Cutler and Sundays.

45s. Most everything by Johnny Osbourne, especially 'Kiss Somebody' (Cha Cha); 'Unity' (Studio 1) and 'Purify Your Heart' (Black Joy); most everything by Freddie McGregor, especially 'When I'm Ready' (Studio 1); 'Natural Collie' (High Times) and 'Once A Man (Heavy Duty). Also outstanding: Barrington Levy's '21 Girl Salute' (Jah Guidance) and 'Crucifixion' (Greensleeves); Cecil Brown, 'Hands Of The Wicked' (Thrillseekers); Pablo Gad, 'Beggarman's Child' (Form) and Tommy Isaacs, 'Was It True?' (Astor).

33s. The two Freddie McGregor LPs, 'Boby Babylon' (Studio 1) and 'Lovers Rock JA Style' (Live & Love); Bunny Wailer, 'Sings The Wailers' (Solomonic); Willie Williams, 'Armagideon Time' (Studio 1) and The Paragons, 'Return Of' (Live & Love).

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

PROS. Aswad, Bovell and League (musicwise), the discernment and taste of everybody who bought *David Bowie: An Illustrated Record,* the friendship and support of everybody around me (you know who you are). In terms of my personal life, 1981 has been the most creative and exciting year I've ever had.

CONS. The most vicious, self-serving government that Britain has had in my lifetime, the rise of inhumanity and irresponsibility, and popular culture's attempt to ignore our circumstances rather than change them. CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THERE IS NOT ENOUGH PASSION IN THIS MUSIC, nor is there enough courage and enough humanity. Everybody's doing just what they're told to — aren't you? (Plus, of course, Tony DeFries. Thanks a *lot,* Tone.)

45s. 'Ghost Town', 'Love Action', 'Groove Thang', 'Out Came The Freaks', 'Wordy Rappinghood'.

33s. Bunny Wailer's 'Rock'n'Groove' (Solomonic), League's 'Dare' (Virgin), Aswad's 'New Chapter', Bovell's 'Brain Damage' (Mercury).

'82. More fire, please!

TOP 20 JAZZ LPs

1 **Arthur Blythe** 'Blythe Spirit' (CBS)
2 **Old And New Dreams** 'Playing' (ECM)
3 **Milcho Leviev Quartet** 'True Blues' (Mole Jazz)
4 **Albert Ayler** 'The Hilversum Sessions' (Osmosis)
5 **Cecil Taylor** 'It Is In The Brewing Luminous' (hatHut)
6 **David Murray Octet** 'Ming' (Black Saint)
7 **Oliver Lake Quintet** 'Prophet' (Black Saint)
8 **World Saxophone Quartet** 'WSQ' (Black Saint)
8 **Lester Young** 'In Washington DC, 1956 Vol 2' (Pablo)
10 **Lester Young** 'In Washington DC, 1956 Vol 3' (Pablo)
11 **Billie Holiday** 'Immortal Sessions' (Storyville)
12 **Steve Lacy** 'Capers' (hat Hut)
13 **John Coltrane** 'Bye Bye Blackbird' (Pablo)
13 **Jimmy Lyons / Sunny Murray** 'Jump Up / What To Do About' (hat Hut)
15 **Jack De Johnette's New Directions** 'Tin Can Alley' (ECM)
16 **Tubby Hayes** 'Mexican Green' (Mole Jazz)
16 **Roscoe Mitchell** 'More Cutouts' (CECMA)
18 **Chico Freeman** 'The Outside Within' (India Navigation)
19 **Max Roach / Archie Shepp** 'The Long March' (hat Hut)
20 **Cecil Taylor** 'Fly Fly Fly Fly' (MPS)

Compiled from charts by Richard Cook and Graham Lock

TOP 10 REGGAE SINGLES

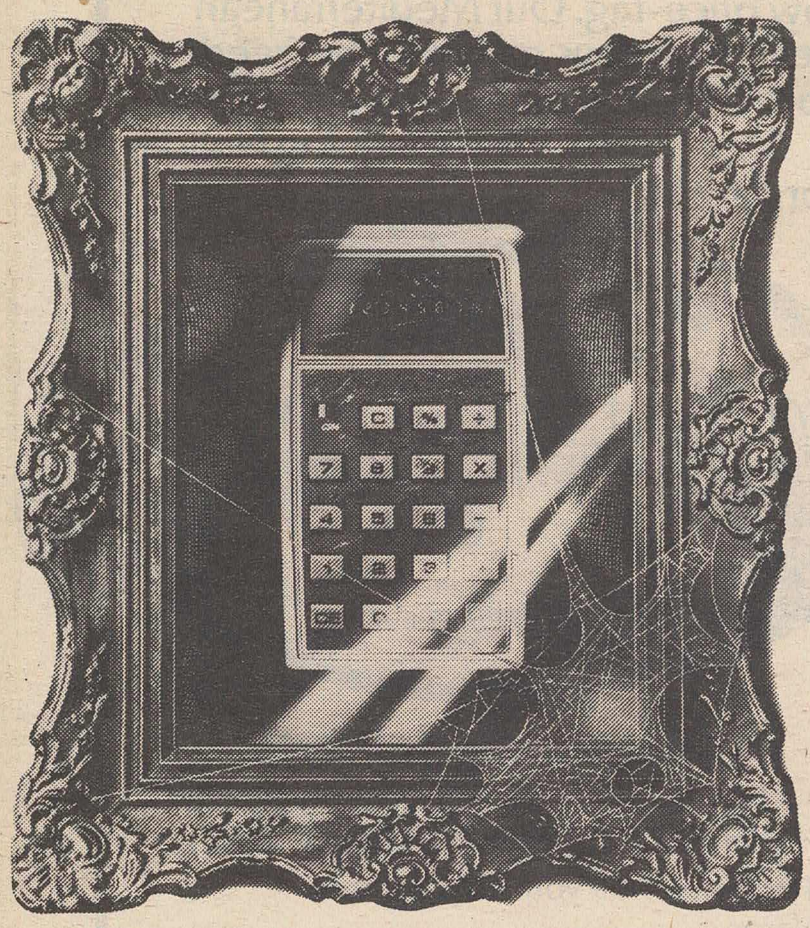
1 **Freddie McGregor** 'When I'm Ready' (Studio One)
2 **Barrington Levy** 'Crucifixion' (Greensleeves)
3 **Cecil Brown** 'Hands Of The Wicked' (Thrillseekers)
4 **Pablo Gad** 'Beggarman's Child' (Form)
5 **Tommy Isaacs** 'Was It True' (Astor)
6 **Johnny Osbourne** 'Kiss Somebody' (Cha Cha)
7 **Barrington Levy** '21 Girls Salute' (Jah Guidance)
8 **The Mighty Diamonds** 'Pass The Kouchie' (Music Works)
9 **Mikey Jarrett** 'Sadat' (Jah Life)
10 **Lacksley Castell** 'Mr Government Man' (JB)

TOP 10 REGGAE LPs

1 **Freddie McGregor** 'Boby Babylon' (Studio One)
2 **Bunny Wailer** 'Sings The Wailers' (Solomonic)
3 **Freddie McGregor** 'Lovers Rock JA Style' (Live & Love)
4 **Willie Williams** 'Armagideon Time' (Studio One)
5 **The Paragons** 'Return Of' (Live & Love)
6 **Various Artists** 'Wiser Dread' (Nighthawk)
7 **Jimmy Cliff** 'Give The People What They Want' (WEA)
8 **Wailing Souls** 'Wailing' (Jah Guidance)
9 **Misty In Roots** 'Wise And Foolish' (People Unite)
10 **Doctor Alimantado** 'Sons Of Thunder' (Greensleeves)

Charts compiled by Penny Reel

Your current calculator deserves a peaceful retirement.



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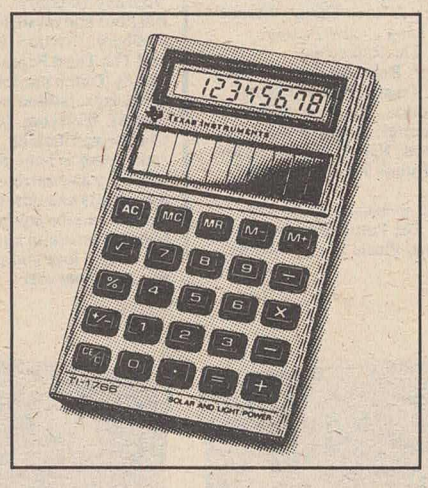

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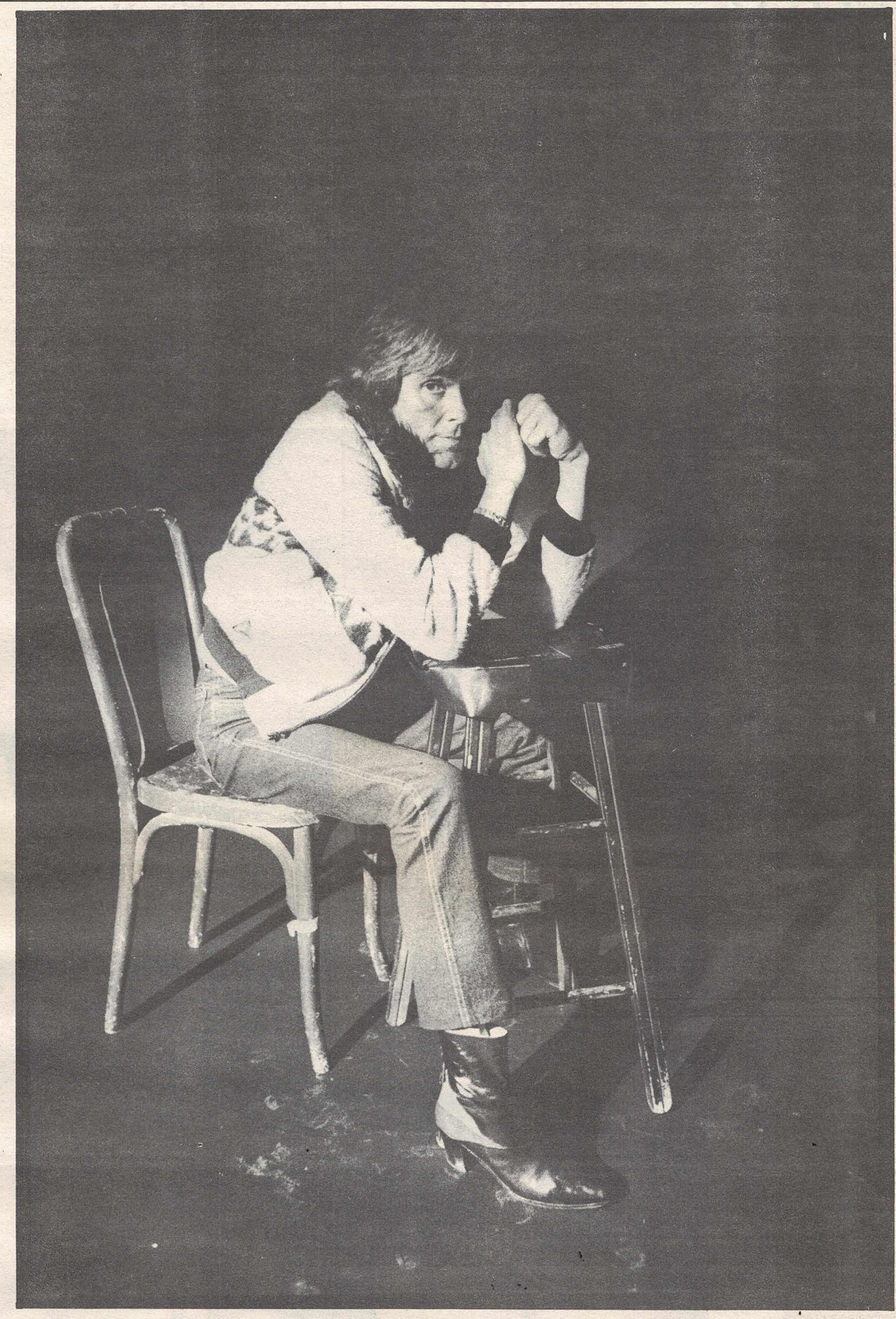


Billy today

P·H·O·T·O·G·R·A·P·H P·E·N·N·I·E S·M·I·T·H

INA recent *Sunday Times* article Ian Dury insisted there had only ever been two great British rock'n'roll singers — Billy Fury and Johnny Rotten.

But perhaps the seeds of Rotten The Sex Pistol were inspired by manager Malcolm McLaren's visits in the late '50s to Billy Fury's wild, moody performances. For as far as McLaren was concerned Fury was the only true rock 'n' roller Britain has ever produced — and he's probably right. In fact, McLaren had been such an ardent Billy Fury fan that in the late '60s, whilst at Croydon Art School, he had attempted to make a film about this first great British rocker.

By this time, however, Billy Fury was a very sick man, and had disappeared into a Howard Hughes-like reclusiveness that only added to his mystique: somehow it seemed a fitting extension of an almost neurotically sensitive persona that onstage was transformed into such a smouldering, lascivious alter-ego that in 1960 attempts were made by Britain's Watch Committees to have Billy Fury banned from the nation's stages.

He remembers receiving McLaren's letter, though he doesn't say whether he replied to it. But the film was never made.

However, a song included in early Pistols rehearsals was Fury's 'Do You Really Love Me Too', and Steve Jones is said to have specialised in appropriately tempestuous, shoulder-shrugging Fury impersonations during warm-ups.

During the peak of the rockabilly boom a couple of years ago, bootleg copies of Fury's classic first LP, 1959's entirely self-composed ten-inch 'The Sound Of Fury', were changing hands for £20. Fury was the only British artist the authenticity-obsessed British rockabilly fans would countenance. "Maybe it was just because I'd disappeared off the scene," is how the quite excessively self-effacing Billy Fury today dismisses such a high regard.

OVER

At what exact point did the name-change to Billy Fury happen?

"It was a few days after I'd started on that first tour, supporting Marty Wilde.

"Larry Parnes, who'd already started managing me, rang me up and said, 'You're in the Daily Mirror.' So I went and got a copy, and inside there was a picture of me, and underneath it said 'Billy Fury'!

"Thanks!"

Billy circa 1959

F·U·R·Y

CONTINUED

BILLY FURY sits in an office at Polydor Records. The company have just released 'Be Mine Tonight', his first new release in almost a decade and a half, and a record the odd existence of which he never really explains. Whether he's too concerned about its success or not, he doesn't display. But you'd be far better off getting hold of a copy of 'The Sound Of Fury', which Decca re-released earlier this year in its original ten inch form.

His native Scouse accent lending a laconic air to everything he says, the current fringe and forward fall of his once greased-back blond hair and his high, angled cheek-bones give Billy an uncanny resemblance to actor Anthony Booth in his days as a *Till Death Us Do Part* star.

Forty years old last April 17, Billy wears a row of tight gold chains around a neck which, like his face and hands, is leathery from a permanent sun-tan. Though at first one suspects him of making daily use of a sun lamp, his descriptions of his outdoor life and frequent holidays in Florida make one realise his skin colour probably has natural origins.

"One thing about me," he offers in a speaking voice so ghostly soft it sometimes sinks into a near-whisper, "is that I'm a *terrible* loner. I think I was born with three brick walls built around me. No — *four* brick walls: I knocked the back one out. It's only in the past few years that I've been able to break the rest of those walls down at all.

"This has all got to do with shyness and paranoia and being vague. And being super-critical of myself.

"But all the shyness I had I could throw away when I was onstage in thirty minutes of exhibitionism. It was a way of letting the cap off. People sometimes used to think I was a real moody sod. But I was just *shy*."

Much of Billy Fury's lack of confidence with his fellows stemmed from the lengthy periods of time he spent in hospital as a child and a teenager: he lost the habit of readily accepting the company of his contemporaries. Ill with rheumatic fever, a not uncommon cause of death amongst children until very recently, Billy was constantly being hospitalised for periods of up to eight weeks.

One result of this was that, unlike the fatuous, self-adoring early death wish of many musical figures, Billy Fury actually *expected* to die young.

"You see, I found out that I was very ill when I was thirteen or fourteen. I overheard the doctor tell my mother that I would never pass a medical test. In fact, he was talking about National Service, but I thought he meant I was going to die soon. After all, when I was a youngster, if you had rheumatic fever you did very often die from it — there weren't any operations for it in those days.

"But when I got on the road and started singing I felt very healthy — strong and fit. I knew, though, that something was coming. Which it eventually did. I became very, very ill.

"So all along I was thinking, 'Twenty-one and that'll be it — you'll be dead lucky if you get there.' So I lived what I thought was pretty recklessly.

"I really did feel there was always a limit on my life."

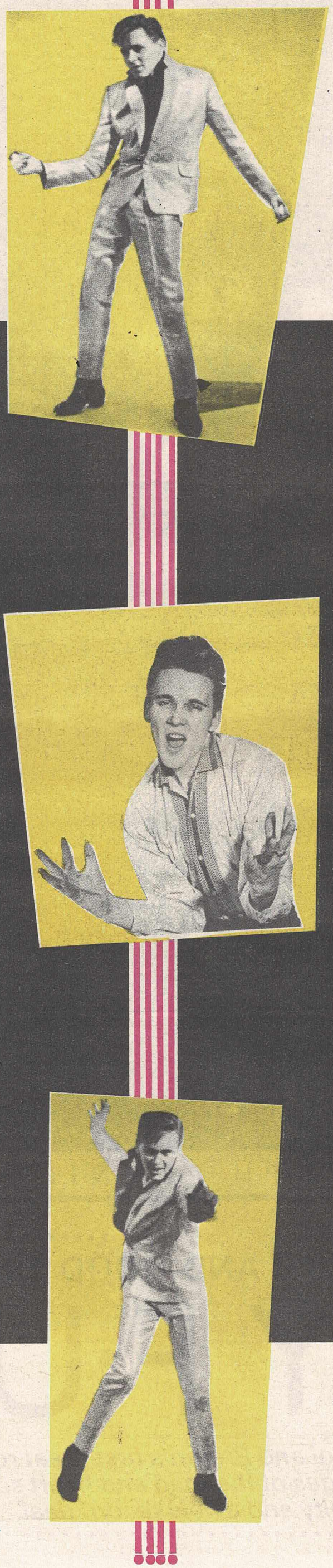
It was a damaged heart, one of rheumatic fever's most severe side-effects, that led to Billy Fury's vanishing from public life. It coincided with the disappearance of nearly a decade of record success. But that was not the reason for this retirement: "The first time I was badly ill was around 1967. One of the valves in my heart had closed up and the blood wasn't getting through. The only way for the blood to come out was through my mouth — that was one of the very bad symptoms I had. So I had to quit.

"They hadn't done a great deal of heart surgery by then, so I was trying to hold off for as long as I could. I managed to wait until 1970 before I had an operation.

"By then I'd dropped out of the music thing completely. I'd become really *bored* with it all. I was spending a lot of time down on my farm in Sussex. I was alright for a couple of years, and then I began to get ill again. In 1975 I had a second operation on the same valve to replace it.

"Just recently I've been told that if I want I can go on until I'm sixty or so. But I'm not sure about that. These days they tell me there's nothing really wrong with me, and that I've just got a *plumbing* fault," he laughs at the medical euphemism.

"I don't feel so bad."



BEFORE HIS second operation, Billy Fury had moved from Sussex to the mountains of mid-Wales: "I'd begun to dislike the environment in the English counties — everything was so tidy, all the hedgerows were being ripped out. I decided to move to somewhere really, really wild where there were still birds."

For a time he tried sheep-farming. But the hard work during lambing and shearing-time, and during the winter, proved too demanding for his weak health: "So I just have a few sheep now, because I really enjoy having them. And I started breaking horses.

"Also, I'm in touch with a few RSPCA centres — I always have been. They take care of household pets, but I look after any wild animals that come their way — foxes, badgers, stoats, weasels, any birds at all. I've always enjoyed looking after them and bringing them up."

In fact, Billy Fury always has been a rather remarkable person — he has a long history of being a hunt saboteur, for example. Unlike many rock stars, however, such good deeds are not rooted in guilt over his great fortune: his love of wild life and nature has been with him since he was a child: "My interest in animals started when I was a kid. I used to hang out with a lot of other kids, and we'd go out into the countryside and collect birds' eggs. But after the rheumatic fever I no longer had confidence at school or with my friends. But I carried on going out to the country every weekend and to the parks in the evening. I stopped collecting birds' eggs, and I started studying their habits, and their environment — their food requirements, etc.

"You know, when I was a kid all the hedgerows and waste land were full of wild flowers. Now you just don't see them because everything's sprayed with DDT — especially in the more accessible places, like the Home Counties, where the councils, who have more money, have been merrily spraying away.

"Suddenly the buzzard, the sparrow-hawk, the peregrine falcon all were gone. Small mammals and insects feed on the plants. They pick up the poison and then a bird eats them, and *it* goes down with it. And then a fox or a badger eats the dead bird, and *it* goes down with it.

"And there you go — the

'I was born with three brick walls around me. No — four brick walls. I knocked the back one out.'

never-ending chain.

ONE OF his established publicity myths was that Billy Fury had been a merchant seaman.

But the truth behind such a butch image was that in the mid-'50s, as plain Ronald Wycherley, he worked on the tugboats on the Mersey in his home town of Liverpool.

Mind you, thoroughly in keeping with Prime Minister Harold McMillan's announcement a couple of years later that we'd never had it so good, he was earning incredible money. For the twenty-four hours on, twenty-four hours off shifts that Billy worked, he used to earn around £200 a week — an absolute fortune.

No wonder by the time he was seventeen he had a wardrobe full of Teddy Boy drape jackets. Those were the days when an off-the-peg suit would set you back about seven pounds, eight at the most. So you can just imagine what your tame tailor would make you up for fourteen or fifteen quid.

"It was fantastic being a Ted. It was a new identity. We had our own music.

"Definitely we'd been waiting for something to happen, though I don't think we realised *what* we wanted, because there *wasn't* anything else.

"There were a *few* American things, and then Bill Haley appeared when I was about sixteen. But I didn't really rate him very much, to tell you the truth.

"I preferred people like Presley and Gene Vincent and Jerry Lee. Presley I think I liked the most. Eddie Cochran, Fats Domino — there were a few really good ones.

"And (laughs) the adults said 'What a *racket!* Turn it off!' They couldn't understand why all of a sudden we'd become new people."

The glib greyness of late '50s Britain was irrevocably tossed aside when rock 'n' roll arrived. And a new force, The Teenager, announced it was not prepared to play the game and become Junior Grown-Up.

"First of all, I got all my trousers taken in to thirteen inch drainies. I used to wear a lot of bomber jackets at first. Then I thought I'd really like a nice drape jacket. But there was nobody selling the off-the-peg. So I got a little tailor figured out who could do anything.

"We'd just go round and tell him what we wanted. Finger-tip length. Or just under finger-tip. The lapels had only got to be so wide (mimes an inch wide with a thumb and forefinger). Did I want slant pockets? And the suddenly I had loads of jackets hanging up.

"I had loads of money. I was living with my parents. All I had to do with it was buy clothes, and buy records, and go to dances on a Saturday night. Maybe a few bottles of Bristol Cream on a Saturday.

"There wasn't really all that much to do in those days. We were street corner kids. We were too young to go to the pubs properly. And we made a point of not going to places like the Locarno ballrooms, because they had these terrible, old-fashioned, forty-piece bands on, with people doing waltzes and fox-trots.

"So it was down to the local hop, with just a few records playing."

The Problem Of The Teddy-Boy, who'd been turned into a juvenile delinquent by rock'n'roll, was of particular concern to the nation's constabulary: "We just *hated* authority. If there was nowhere to go and we stood on a street corner, a copper would come up and tell us to move along. So you'd go down the road and then come back to the corner. And then he'd probably come back again, and give you a whack with his stick.

"It was pretty rough. If a few Teds got together at a dance, the police would have to stick their nose in — they'd never seen these kind of gatherings before, unless it was for some kind of a gang-fight.

"We were all very rebellious, the same as a lot of people are today — though maybe for slightly different reasons.

"I know that I just wasn't happy with my lot. Whatever I wanted to do, someone would always seem to get in the way, particularly people in uniforms. It started with the teacher in the classroom, and carried on from there.

"And though I missed much of my schooling, because I was always in hospital, I still hated school, and longed for the day when I could leave. And then the day came, and we all thought we'd be free. But you had to find a job, and then you had the boss. And it was authority again.

"But nowadays it obviously looks pretty bleak. There were plenty of jobs then — you could get offered ten jobs in a day. It was pretty good world-wide.

"But there doesn't seem much left nowadays."

For the person who was to become Billy Fury, it was rock'n'roll that offered the only means of escape, as it did for much of Britain's youth.

One day, he and some of his mates went along to see a film that had just opened in Liverpool, *The Girl Can't Help It*: "Eddie Cochran came on to do '20 Flight Rock'. Some of the guys in this gang I was with said, 'Hey, Billy, you look a bit like Eddie.' And I was chuffed, you know.

"So I got a guitar and tried to play it, though I couldn't quite get it together. But I started writing songs anyway. 'Maybe Tomorrow' — that was one of the very early ones.

"Anyway, I sent them off to try and get a publishing deal. It ended up with Dick Rowe at Decca getting an earful. He said, 'Come down and do a recording test,' which was what you did in those days. So I did. And I was offered a deal by Decca. I was dead lucky — the first record was a chart hit. It got to about nineteen, I think — 'Maybe Tomorrow'."

Before this, however, when he'd already been offered the deal but hadn't yet signed, Rowe got in touch with him in Liverpool to say that a rock'n'roll package tour was working the north. It was under the tutelage of the shrewd, bespectacled Larry Parnes, then undisputed king of British rock'n'roll managers. Studs from the Parnes stable of male British rock'n'roll singers were identifiable by the near-camp, sexually suggestive surnames with which Parnes re-christened them — Tommy *Steele*, Marty *Wilde*, Vince *Eager*, Duffy *Power*, Billy *Fury* ...

Malcolm McLaren was also a great admirer of Parnes. Indeed, McLaren's initial attempt to form a stable of punk bands was modelled closely on the Parnes original. "I don't know Larry Parnes," he says, "but I must respect him ... *for sure! Very* clever, what he did. In fact, he *was* British rock'n'roll for the first six or seven years."

"Anyway," recalls Billy, "when the show reached the Birkenhead Essoldo, I went over to see it with some of the guys I hung around with. There was no one around the stage-door at all, so I just walked in, and up to the dressing-room of Marty Wilde, who at the time was the top British rock'n'roll singer.

"I told Marty about my deal with Decca, and I sang some of my songs to him in the dressing-room. He was very, very nice to me, I remember. At the time I was *very* apprehensive about the whole thing.

"But one of the guys in the dressing-room was Parnes. He said to me, 'If I tell you you're onstage in eight minutes, have you got the guts to go on?' Of course, I didn't have the nerve to do it at all, but I knew I couldn't tell him that. So I just said, 'Oh yeah. *Sure!*' "

PARNES WAS having a good day in Birkenhead. He'd already tried out and taken on for the rest of the tour a new compere, who had the name of Jimmy Tarbuck. Now he remembers the onstage debut of the person who within a matter of days was to become Billy Fury: "Billy was standing in the wings, waiting to go on. The band struck up and played a few bars. But I could see that Billy was about to change his mind — he was always a very *nervous* boy. But I was standing right behind him, and I knew there was only one thing to do. So I gave Billy a big push in the small of the back, and that was it — he was onstage. And that was the start of Billy Fury's stage career."

How much of this entertaining tale is down to the vagueness of time re-writing history, and how much Larry Parnes wishes to boost the importance of his role in the career of Billy Fury, is not clear. But according to Billy there was never any question of a band striking up — it was an *acoustic* set he played!

"I just went on and sang a few songs with my guitar, and it went down okay. And then I was asked if I'd like to carry on with the rest of the rock'n'roll tour.

"So it was a matter of going home that night to my parents, and saying, 'Well, I'm leaving tomorrow.' They said, 'Where you going!' I said, 'I'm going round the world.' (laughs) Though I wasn't really.

"And that was it. It was all so quick it almost wasn't true. I did a few nights on the road. Then there was a break, and I came down to London and did my first recording session with Decca. So I didn't have any schlepping around to do.

"In the end I did nearly ten years with Larry Parnes," Billy Fury remembers, as though speaking of a jail sentence. "In fact, he was an excellent manager for the time. Very, *very* capable. He really did work hard.

"All this, of course, was before the theatres closed down. There was a theatre in every town in those days, let alone in every city. We used to play them all.

"As for money," he adds," I got everything I should've got. I paid a big percentage, but I knew what I was getting."

Even before the big hits started coming (in 1960 with his cover of Goffin and King's 'Halfway To Paradise'), Billy Fury claims that financially he was doing pretty well: "Because there wasn't a helluva lot of us about. We kicked it off. We were following people like Dickie Valentine and Ronnie Carroll. We were the first bunch of young guys who were able to sing.

"Before rock'n'roll," he continues, "I'd been into Country and Western music, because I couldn't get anything out of the popular music of the time. Actually, in Liverpool everybody used to play Country and Western — Hank Williams or whatever. Anything with some real lyrics about a bit of trouble or a bit of heartbreak.

Of his English rock'n'roll contemporaries, Billy Fury had particular regard for Johnny Kidd And The Pirates: "I thought Johnny was *great*. Especially 'Shakin' All Over' — I still think that's terrific. I thought his band was excellent. I even worked with them for a short while. *Great.*

"I never did really rate Tommy Steele's version of rock'n'roll. I just didn't think it came over. Cliff was a good rock'n'roller, but it wasn't quite right for me. Actually, I always thought Marty was one of the best rock'n'rollers.

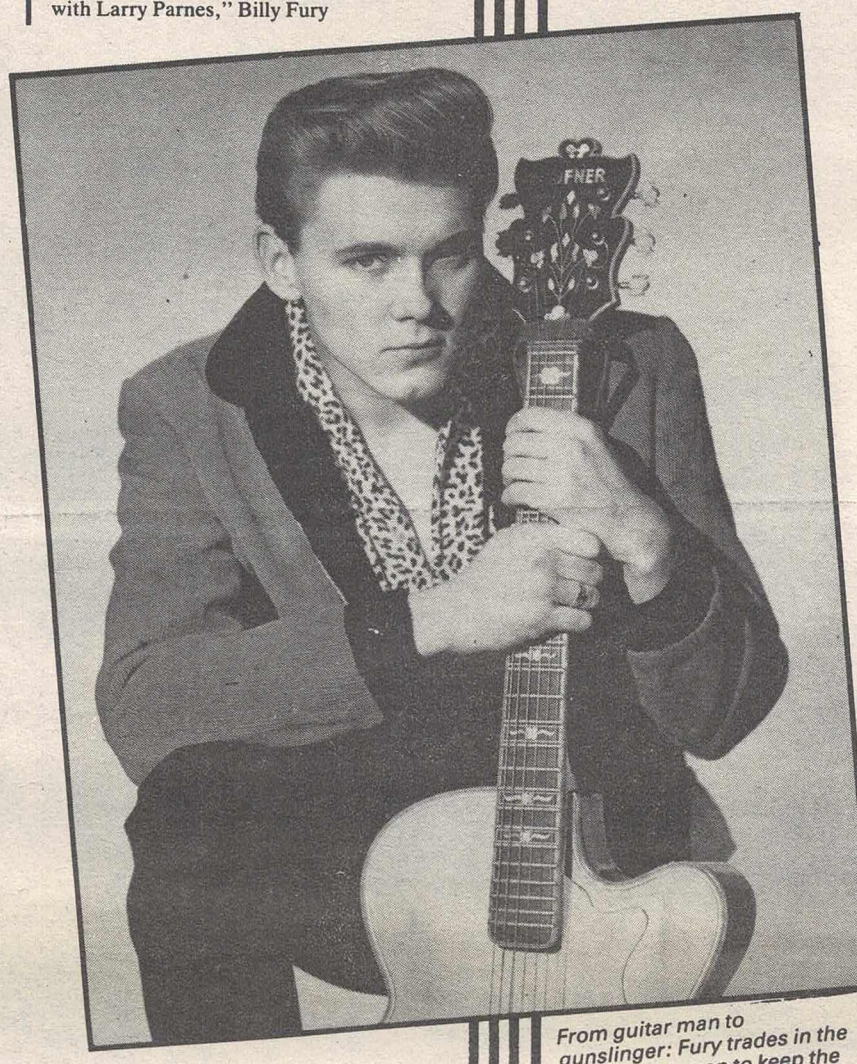
"Cliff went into ballads as well, didn't he?"

Really, it is a large bone of contention for Billy that all his biggest hits were written by other songwriters. This contrasts with 'The Sound Of Fury' on which all ten songs were written by himself — some were credited to one "Wilbur Wilberforce", however: "I thought it looked a bit boring to see all the songs composed by the same name."

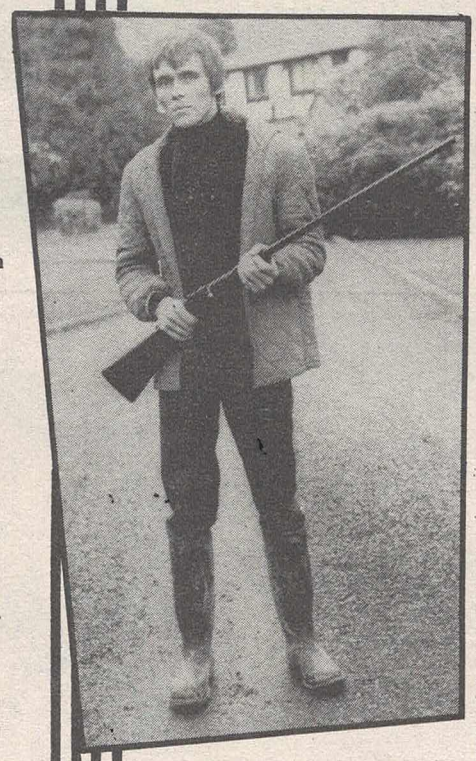
Obviously there was no "Artistic Control" clause written into Billy Fury's contract with Decca: "The record company had me down as what they called a 'balladeer', though I much preferred rock'n'roll and rockabilly. But they used to come to me with the material already chosen. And I'd kick up about it. So they'd produce three songs, but they'd all be in exactly the same vein.

"That's why when I was on the road I only used to throw in a couple of ballads — the current ones. The rest of it was all rockabilly and rock'n'roll stuff: Jerry Lee Lewis's 'Down The Line', and a couple of lesser known Presley ones — 'Milk Cow Blues' and 'Play House'. That sort of thing.

"There were so many people on those shows, mind you, that you didn't get much time. Everything was compressed into thirty minutes. But from beginning to end it was a real Rock'n'Roll show, with the current ballad stuck in the middle. And 'Thank you very much. Goodnight.' (laughs) Didn't like talking much in those days either.



From guitar man to gunslinger: Fury trades in the axe for a weapon to keep the poaches at the bay — picture taken on his farm at the end of the '60s.



LIVERPOOL HAD always struck Billy as a rough, tough place, with rough, tough people: "I never really got into the humour of the Liverpool people. I was too serious, always worrying about my life and what I was going to do with it. I appreciate the humour now. But at the time I was really waiting to get out."

When he was still living there, he remembers that The Cavern was some kind of skiffle place.

Perhaps fittingly, as he was a Scouser himself, Billy Fury wasn't swept aside by the arrival of The Beatles and beat groups. But certainly many of his contemporaries — Marty Wilde, for one — were removed from large-scale record success in one of those recurring patterns in British music of which Punk's dismissal of the Old Farts was only the most extreme recent example.

"When The Beatles came along," says Billy, "I thought it was quite a raw sound at first. I though it was a very weak sound as well.

"But I thought the tunes were absolutely *amazing*. More than exceptionally good. And as you know they changed the music industry altogether, from solo singers to bands. Which in turn changed the music scene worldwide.

"It was a good change. And it brought all the other bands in as well."

And at least into the mid-'60s, the new stock rock'n'roll form of the group was presented to the public in the same package tour format as the solo artists who had paved the way for them.

"The atmosphere on the road," Billy recalls, "was just a bunch of young guys having a really good time. It was great. Yoy really thought freedom had arrived.

"But it ended up with you not being able to go anywhere. If you went out the stage door you'd get ripped to bits. I was always genuinely frightened that I might get badly crushed by fans when I was leaving the theatre. You couldn't go anywhere. You couldn't go out for a meal. If you wanted to go for a walk, you had to go at 3 in the morning.

"It got to the point where I used to move into my dressing-room at about four in the afternoon, and remain there until about one the next morning, when I'd go back to the hotel. Then you'd move on the next day to the next town, and repeat the process again.

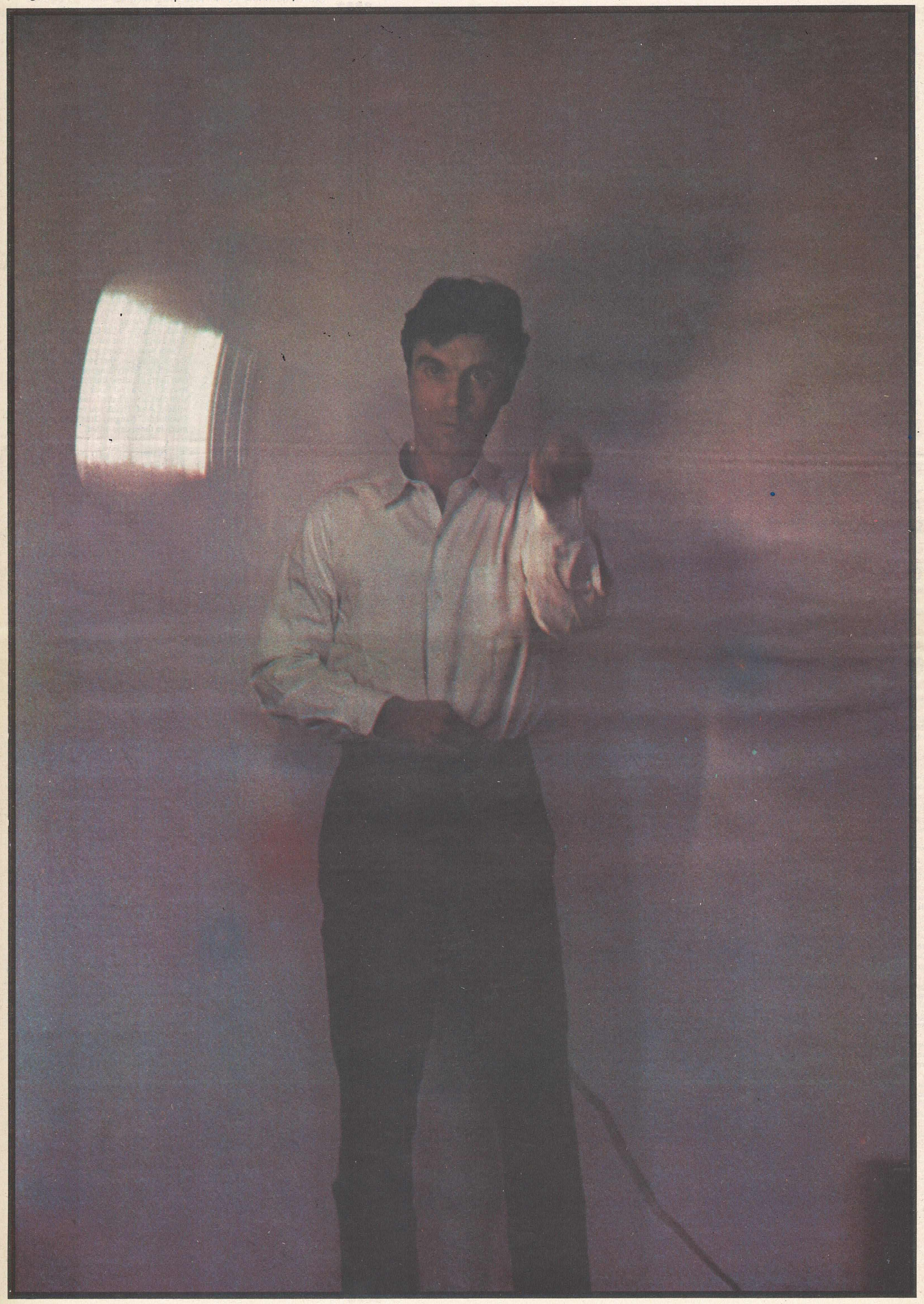
"And in the end by trying to gain your freedom you'd lost it."

BILLY FURY has no plans whatsoever for any live gigs. He even seems vague as to whether he intends to make any further records for Polydor.

For the meantime, he's far more concerned with the lengthy process that has become the breaking of a thoroughbred race-horse on his farm in mid-Wales.

It is the first time Billy Fury's ever involved himself with such a fine specimen of animal. His eyes glow with warm passion as he speaks of the horse: "I'm going to take my time over breaking him. Take as long as is necessary. You can do it more quickly if you're prepared to be a bit brutal. But then you run the risk of breaking its spirit as well. And that's the last thing you want to do."

> *"Nearly all of my recorded material I just can't stand. If I hear it anywhere I'll walk the other way."*



BYRNE IN HELL

A Talking Head discusses art and religion and Bali and ballet with the very cultural IAN PENMEN

Remaining in light: ANTON CORBIJN

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1981, 2.00 pm: Anton Corbijn and I arrive at David Byrne's spacious East Village loft after a considerable but not unpleasurable wait occasioned by impenetrable record company mismanagement. It's the Sunday after Thanksgiving — the date originally set for our interview — which Byrne had spent with his "folks in Baltimore".

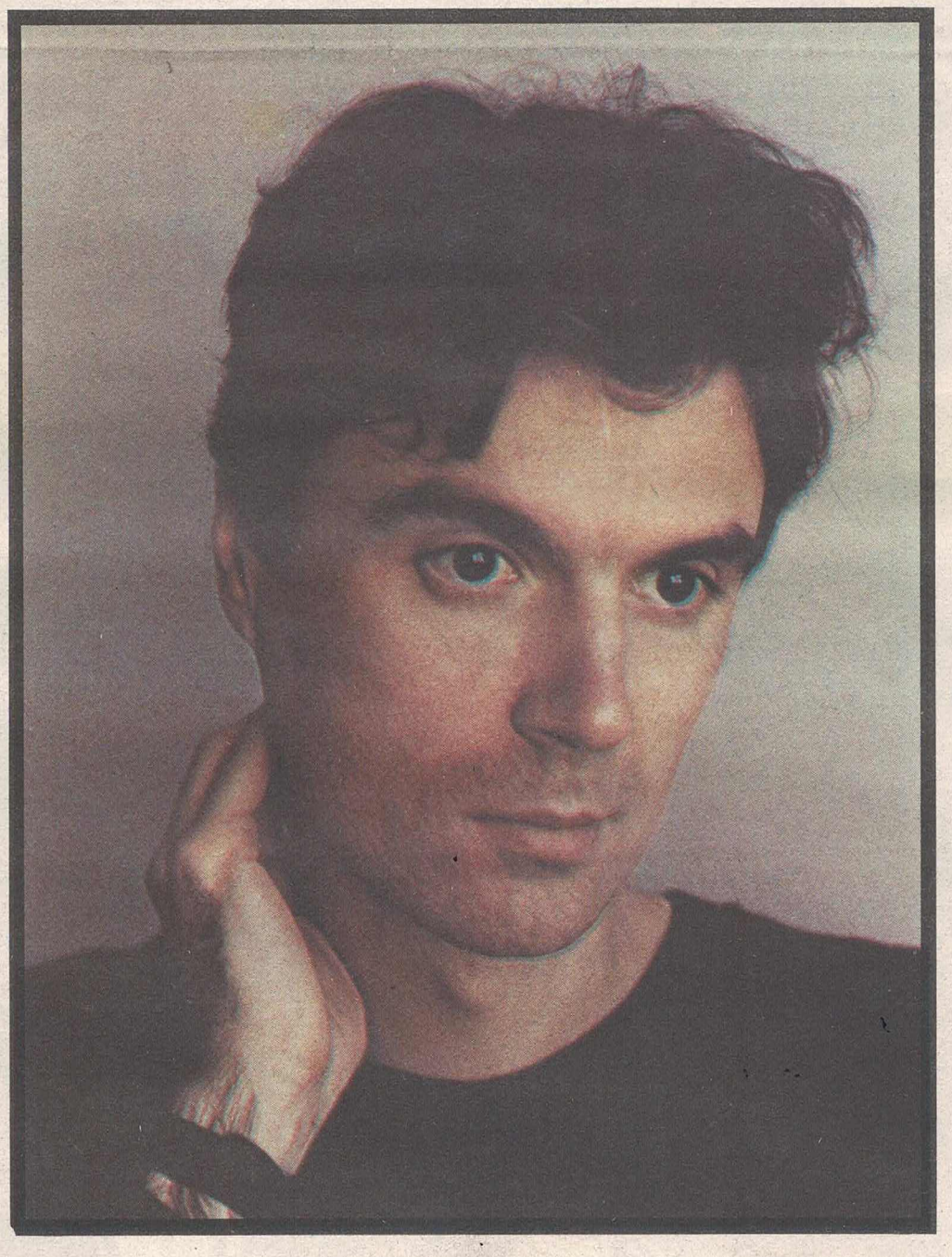
The past 18 months have seen Talking Heads' 'Remain In Light', their World Tour, the Byrne-Eno 'My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts' collaboration, and now Byrne's own 'soundtrack' for the Twyla Tharp dance company's *Catherine Wheel* production. A Talking Heads double live retrospective is ready, the possible choices for its artwork spread out on something resembling a gym mat covering one half of the floor in Byrne's loft. Talking Heads are, it seems, poised on the course of recording another studio LP together (but without Brian Eno's assistance, one source in New York later advises me).

David Byrne loves ideas, life systematized, the thrill of academic connection. He loves music, dance, the quarks of intuition. He dreams of making popular a music where the hypnotism of age-old attractions mingles with the magnetic discourse of his 'intellectual' eclecticism. He can appreciate the *other* world of something such as Gamelan (the ritual and music of Bali's religious orchestras), or the sweet modern siren of Chart soul, smart enough to realise that imitation isn't always the most faithful form of flattery. But David Byrne is perhaps sometimes too dazzled by the 'purity' of foreign bodies to know when his appreciation has overstayed its wisdom. At such times — times frequently aggravated by the helper's hands of another, obvious, culprit — David Byrne is an easy target. (David Byrne has the same initials as David Bowie).

But why should we be surprised if our popular "artists" occasionally take a wrong turning, or exceed, or under-achieve? These things should occur. Do we still pretend a belief in perfect codes, in unchained personality?

After all, the yearning for possession of knowledge is an essentially Romantic passion.

David Byrne laughs to himself.



WE'D FINISHED touring Japan and I'd gone off to Bali. I stopped in Los Angeles on the way back to New York and — I think this was in March — saw Twyla's company. I had recently done a couple of videos that had vaguely to do with putting dancing to music . . .

That includes the 'Once In A Lifetime' video?

Yeah. And so I think that was on my mind — how dance should work with music, how *ideally* they should evolve together. I'd only been back in New York about a week and Twyla approached me about doing the music for a long piece that she was thinking of doing. I was thinking of either taking a long time to write some songs or working on something of my own anyway . . . and thought, well, this looks like a perfect opportunity to try out some of these ideas, *and* have a clear cut project for them, put them to some use. So I just went ahead and did it! It took a *long* time. It's the longest I've ever worked on any piece of music.

Is there any basic narrative or unifying concept behind it? Or did it just evolve haphazardly?

I didn't want to get involved in a narrative. I always think that music works best if it's a little bit vague; if it doesn't deal too directly with what you're dealing with, if it does that in a roundabout way. I talked to Twyla about that, we had lots of talks about how music and visual things should work together . . .

According to some people there are some sort of plot lines in the dance piece, but it's pretty vague. There are a lot of people who are agonizing and bumping up against one another, everything is fairly tortured and agonised *(smiles)* until the end and then everyone sort of leaps about in a really ecstatic way . . .

So the concerns and problems were primarily aesthetic?

Yeah. I had the piece divided up into a lot of sections — where one group of dancers would come out and others disappear; I was timing all that, figuring out how long this part lasted, how many fast sections were there and how many slow sections were there, all that sort of thing. Gradually all the sections got filled in until there were a few holes left and I had to do a few pieces really to order to fit a specific part of the dance.

In terms of how you approached making music . . . you didn't have to depart from your previous working methods too much?

No, I stuck to the same working methods that we'd all been using in the last year or two, although I think the results are a little bit different. Which is not surprising, I guess.

One particular device you use and have used before is the over-laying of various voices and sounds onto your own basic tracks. These tortured preachers and sinners and so on — is it simply a question of aesthetic finders keepers on your part, or is it meant to have a diescreet cutting edge in these Moral Majority times?

It sort of fits both ways. It makes a comment in a literal way; the fact that their voices are impassioned means that it works very well with music that has some sort of energy to it. If you just took a straight narrative — somebody telling a story or something — and stuck it on top of an energetic or rhythmic piece of music it'd seem out of place in a way.

What comes first when you approach a song — subject, or rhythm, or just simply language itself?

Most of the time the words come last, although they may not be written last, they may be written simultaneously but separately — I just collect a lot of lyrics. I think usually I'll start with a rhythm or a texture in mind; sometimes a rhythm is a way of achieving a kind of texture . . . a lot of times I'll go after that instead of going after a specific melody. Which, to me, that's what music's been about in the last 30 years or so and it's more about that now than it ever was before. More about rhythm and texture and less about the topline melody . . .

Songs in the past before records and sophisticated recording were so common . . . you wouldn't be surprised to see someone trying to play 'She's A Bad Mamajama' or something on the piano. It just seems that the songs aren't about that anymore.

Do you write dispassionately — selecting words, sentences, scraps — or do you get lost in language?

I'm impassioned about it . . . but at the same time I have to organise it, because undirected passion has no affect at all, it's just someone yelling into the wind. Unless it's organised it's really ineffectual. So I have to take passionate outbursts or words and phrases that I think will be highly charged or I can sing in a highly emotional way and organise them, be dispassionate when I organise the song.

So would you say that you realise emotion indiscriminately, rather than in the traditional rock 'n' roll manner, where anger or passion or whatever is directed at one specific object?

Yeah . . . I think traditional rock'n'roll is one sort of romanticism that is *valid,* but it's not one that I find particularly interesting or that I think I'm very good at. I think there's a lot of other possibilities, so I guess I sort of ignore that one a little bit.

I've been trying to get a wider range of emotions in the stuff I've been doing and in Talking Heads' material, and I think I've succeeded a little bit — not always as much as I'd like to but a little bit.

I've just gone back and listened to a lot of our older stuff recently, since we've been mixing some old live tapes as well as newer ones, and I can really hear that I really did sound like someone . . .a really beserk person! *(Giggles).* And now I think at times I would go a little bit too far the other way, try to sound a little bit too dispassionate or too controlled. So I guess I should try to strike some sort of balance between the two.

When the first person appears in your songs, what's that a way of confronting or avoiding?

You mean when I say "I"?

Yes.

I think really it's just a device, although it's very effective. You imagine the singer believes what they're saying, and it then helps you imagine yourself in that person's position. If songs were all sung in the third person it'd be a difficult task . . . it would make everybody seem like they were describing something that was very much outside them.

YOU ONCE spoke — quite rightly I think — of "most rock'n'roll" as "a sort of personal explosion". Do you see your work in terms of a dispersal, a spreading out of energy . . . not in terms of identities but of forces, there not being one clear cut "I" but many?

Yeah, I think so. I think I do tend to do that but I think that can be really confusing for people as well. I think it's much easier if a band or a singer or whatever has one identity, they seem to have one character or one personality. If they start displaying too many facets of their character it can be confusing. I think I tend to do that. Can't help it, I guess. *(Laughs).*

I think it's realistic. People do have lots of facets to their character, they're not just one dimensional things.

I was thinking about the relationship between that and what can be found in places such as African or Balinese music, which attempt to reach a plateau and maintain that . . . rather than rock music, which tends to go for peaks.

Ah, I see what you mean. Yeah, recently I have been working somewhat along those lines, but nowhere near as much as the musics from those cultures do. I'm still stuck with the four, five minute song — I still find that a comfort, I still find that a comfortable thing to work with. Whereas people in those cultures will go on playing for hours at a stretch, the same groove, on, but lots of variety and breaks in it; it'll evolve from one thing to another and go through a series of movements but it's essentially the same piece that lasts for *hours.* And I'm not used to that, you know.

I grew up with a three minute song . . . and I've worked my way up to six minutes or seven minutes, but that's about as far as I've got so far. But I suppose in the context of a pop song it is fairly different than a rock or a standard pop song.

Did you enjoy your stay in Bali?

Yeah, it was real nice. There's a lot of tourists in one end of the island, sort of *hippies,* but then the rest of the island is very much as it's always been. So I learnt to ride a motor bike, went off every day into the hills to see what was going on. Just about every day some village or other would be having a religious festival or a performance, so it wasn't very hard to just stumble on whatever was going on.

Has your introduction to such cultures affected not only your music but your attitudes towards day-to-day living?

I find it has almost no effect whatsoever on the music that we're doing. It has effects on my attitude towards the way that music can work in society, the way it can be performed and the attitudes toward performance. But I have no inclination at all to try to do an imitation of Gamelan.

So how has it altered those attitudes?

It just made me think about it, but I'm not sure how to put those things into action. One thing it immediately made me think about was that it's OK to dress up and it's OK for girls to wear make-up . . . I guess in the '60s we were all made to feel that make-up and getting dressed up for an occasion was sort of being untrue to yourself or something like that. And I think it's a little ritual and it's very important

CONTINUES

BYRNE

CONTINUED

and it shouldn't be ignored.

I think at some period we were lead to believe that all these things like rituals were for primitive people and that us with our science could get rid of all that, and ignore it. What winds up happening is we just end up inventing new ones that substitute for the old ones — like rock concerts, for example.

ON 'REMAIN IN Light' you seemed to be pushing away from the hypothetical three or four minute pop songs we were taking about earlier. Will that continue, what will be the next ...?

I had a talk with Chris and Tina a couple of weeks ago ... and whether or not we'll do it I don't know, but we were talking about going back to a more traditional song form, working within that idiom and yet still using all the things we've learned after we broke away from that.

Which means that it might be shorter songs; I don't know how it'll work out, we haven't started rehearsing yet.

Do you see yourself in any particular tradition? In a lot of your earlier songs the language is pure enough for them to be regarded as folk song — taking things which are normally regarded as quite humdrum and poeticising them, getting quite passionate about them ...

Yeah, I'm not sure exactly ... that's a good question. I'm not sure what kind of tradition we belong to; we've sort of stuck ourselves in pop music and we're in that business and yet we and a lot of other bands in the last five years or so, I'm sure none of us really feel like we're continuing a tradition of that music. We probably all feel like we snuck in here, snuck into the business and we haven't been found out yet.

Of course the other thing you bring to it is your Art background — that's another discipline, another aspect that wasn't there before in the Pop tradition ...

Uh huh. But even if it wasn't that, I think it's the fact that none of us were skilled musicians, we hadn't played around for ten years and then all of a sudden had a hit. I think that's true for a lot of bands.

What sort of function do things like the 'Once In A Lifetime' video serve?

I wanted to make something that worked on its own, wasn't just a promo thing, didn't rely on the fact that it was a pop group or that you knew the song. Because it's always been thought that anything that's shorter than a half hour is just a promotional device for something else, a glorified ad for the record or the group ... having very little value on its own, so the TV stations and the clubs all get these things for free. They're helping you to sell your records — why should we pay you to show a three minute ad?

I think they're quite right about that, but some things might hold up on their own. But I'm not sure how that could be worked out, there might have to be a different category ... something like the way ASCAP and BMI and the performing rights societies work, so the TV stations and clubs pay a small fee every time they air something, the same way a radio station pays a small fee every time they play a record.

Who was the character in the ill-fitting suit in the 'Once In A Lifetime' video?

It was meant to be a rural preacher. I had looked at a lot of films and read a bit about rural preachers and speaking in tongues and that sort of thing — the general phenomenon of religious ecstasy. So a lot of the movements were taken from that — I just thought, take some of these movements and abstract them, choreograph them, make it into a sort of spastic dance.

How do you view America's current shift back to mass religion, and simultaneously back to the South and Southern values? It seems to be a religion very much against ecstasy ...

It goes back even further, it goes back to the very strict Protestants and Calvinists that came over from Britain to this country. These people were outcasts; even in Europe they were thought of as being too freaky. These people had the opinion that the Middle Ages were mankind's heyday *(giggles)* ... they wanted to return to that.

Did you yourself have a religious upbringing?

No, not very much at all. I mean, I went to Sunday School for a little while but it was no way near what some of these people have.

What sort of upbringing *did* you have? Pretty liberal, or ...

Yeah, pretty liberal.

Did you always tend towards the Arts?

No, I vacilated between the Arts and Science. I still have a lot of interest in scientific academic kind of things. But Art School seemed like a lot more fun, as it must do to a lot of people who choose that route. I guess a lot of people just go to Art School because they can't bear the thought of regular school. Not that they particularly want to make Art a career ...

What did you do there?

Every few months I'd switch to another area, photos to video to conceptual art ... I was just wandering around I guess, so I never did get a degree.

No degree?

No, I didn't feel like that was the point — a degree from Art School, unless it was in a trade. A degree in Fine Arts wouldn't be of any use anyway.

"Art" should be of use in its society?

I think good art is of use in society, even Fine Arts — I don't mean just designing cups and saucers. I think in some sense it takes the place of religion for a lot of people — it provides that function, it it works.

Going back to the big religious awakening in the United States, I would guess that it's just because people here are a little bit lost ... like they've been tossed out in a boat without any oars. Everyone needs some sort of structure to base life and their decisions and their morality on, whether it be a really strict religion like the Moral Majority folks, or some sort of cult like Hari Krishna or whatever ...

What provides that for you? You seem very preoccupied with systems, with what might loosely be termed Systems Art ...

Yeah, I think that since I work in the 'creative' world or whatever, music ... that becomes my religion. I have to make it up as I go along, but believing intensely in the power of music. I'm probably really naive in that, but that's what keeps me going.

How do the systems you're involved in compare to what people would see — rightly or wrongly — as other 'systems' music, whether it be Kraftwerk or John Cage ... or indeed, it could probably be extended to something like Motown.

Yeah, but it's not very explicit in something like Motown, it's very well hidden — which I think is as it should be. You should be aware that there's an order and a structure there, but that shouldn't be in the forefront I don't think; they're just a foundation of what finally occurs. The Motown people did some amazing things sometimes. They'd use the same basic tracks for a few different songs *(giggles)* ... and they'd make hits out of all of them!

Do I detect a tinge of envy there?

Yeah! It's just one of those feelings you constantly run across; that, well, people have done it before you, you can't top that!

IS NEW YORK your ideal place of residence?

I guess I like New York for now ... but it seems like this country's making all the wrong decisions about everything. I don't know how long I'll be able to live in a country that does that! It seems like if they persist in that, pretty soon all these ridiculous things they're doing are gonna catch up with them.

New York's just a little bit part of the country but it can't help but be affected. In fact, New York will be one of the most affected. The Federal Government doesn't much like New York! *(Laughs)* I just heard the other day that Los Angeles gets as much back in funds as they pay in taxes, whereas New York gets about half as much back as they pay in taxes. That doesn't seem fair to me!

Have you read anything you liked recently?

I've been reading a lot of mythology books, generally it's been books where the writer's been attempting to relate it to people's behaviour today. I read some other books vaguely in the area of socio-biology, where they claim that a lot more of people's behaviour is genetically determined than was thought before. And that seems plausible to me, up to a point. If someone takes that idea too far it becomes ridiculous, like saying your genes determine what you feel like eating every day. But then on the other hand they've managed to describe how in a roundabout way genes can determine the kind of social institutions people tend to form ... which also relates back to mythology.

It seems like the same kind of myths seem to recur in every culture throughout history, over and over again — at least, ones that are fairly similar. It seems like if certain kinds of myths that people live by are discounted — for instance, religion — it's like cutting people's foundations away from them and they start floundering around searching for some other kind of foundation that they use to guide their living; EST or psychoanalysis or whatever. Maybe not so much now, but it was real popular in this country.

How come, do you think, psychoanalysis and people going to shrinks never caught on in Britain the way it did here? It was just so popular here! I didn't know about it till I went to college and met a lot of people with backgrounds different from my own. And I was suprised that parents had sent their kids to psychologists when they were in high school, when they were teenagers. Jesus, it's ...

I think maybe in Britain there's still at least a residual feeling of community, that community is stressed and cherished more than the individual.

Yeah, there's a real emphasis on the individual here. Fix yourself, be strong, go out and kill a bear!

And the search to find out who *you* are, who you *really* are, which doesn't really drive a lot of people in Britain. The community thing surfaced this summer in the riots ... whereas even America's Moral Majority shift back to family and community values is dominated by big personalities like Reagan and Falwell.

I just read a real long article on Falwell. Someone asked him *Where do you stand politically?* and his answer was *Politically, I'm to the Right of wherever you are. (!)*

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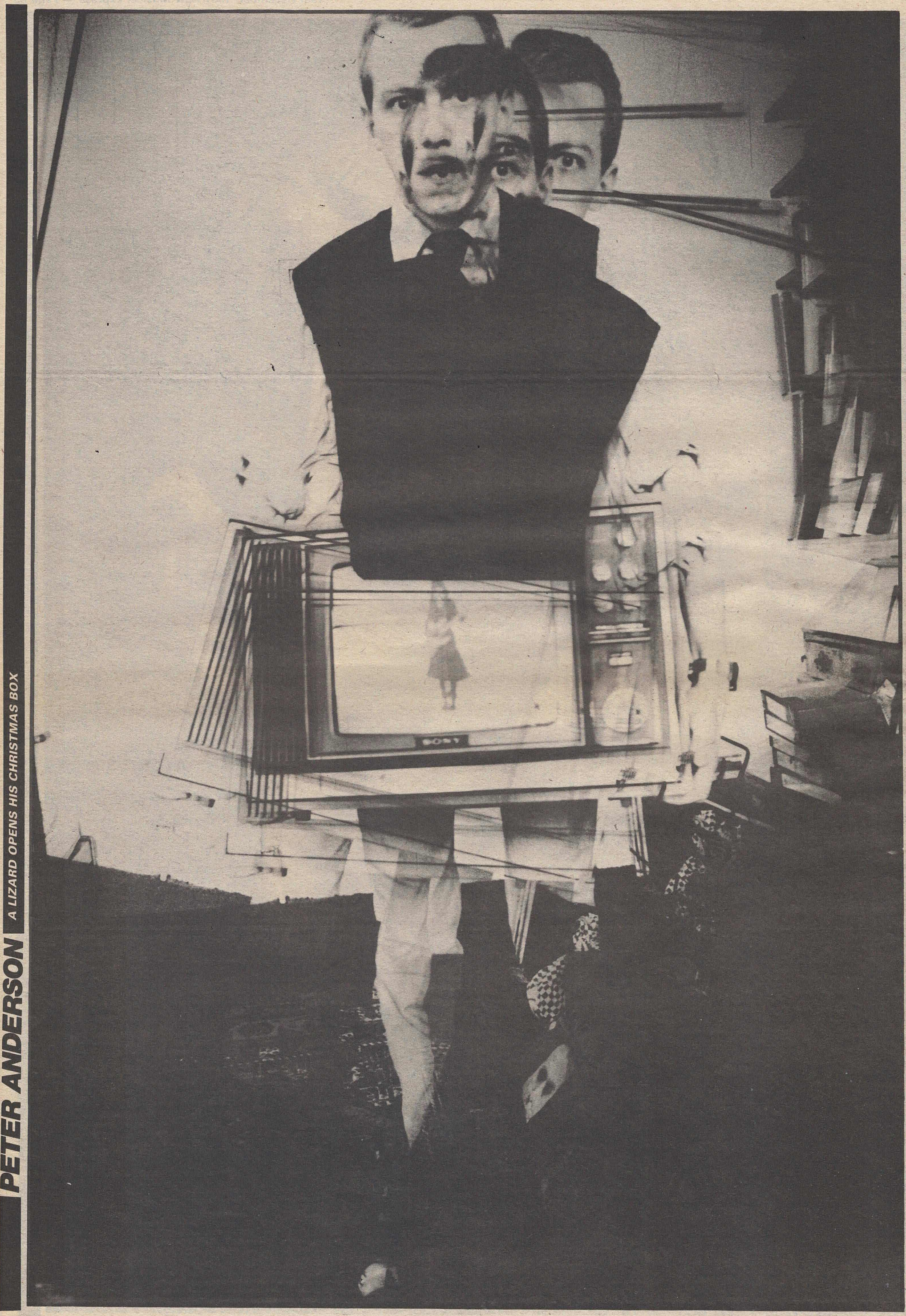

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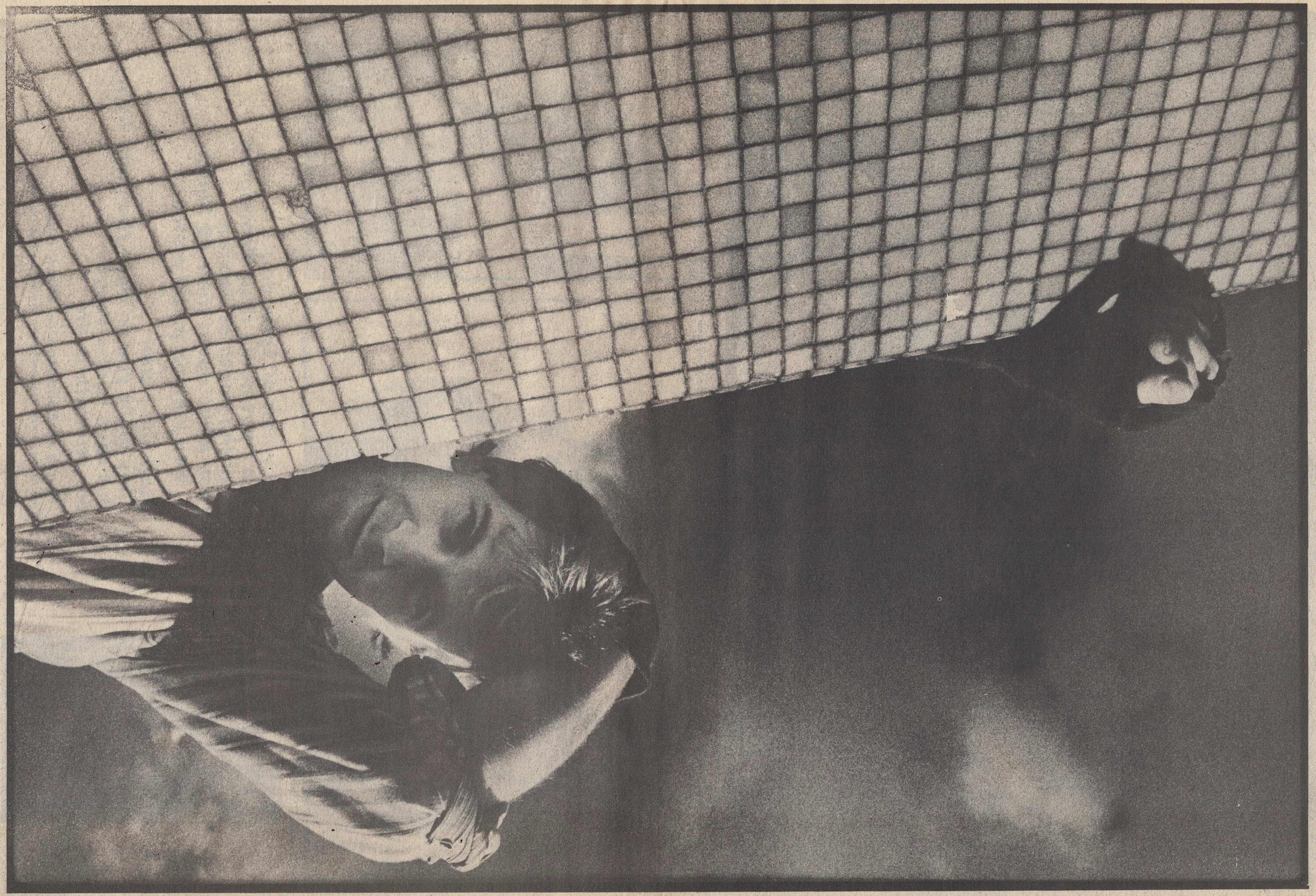

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But save your strength
For strength is life

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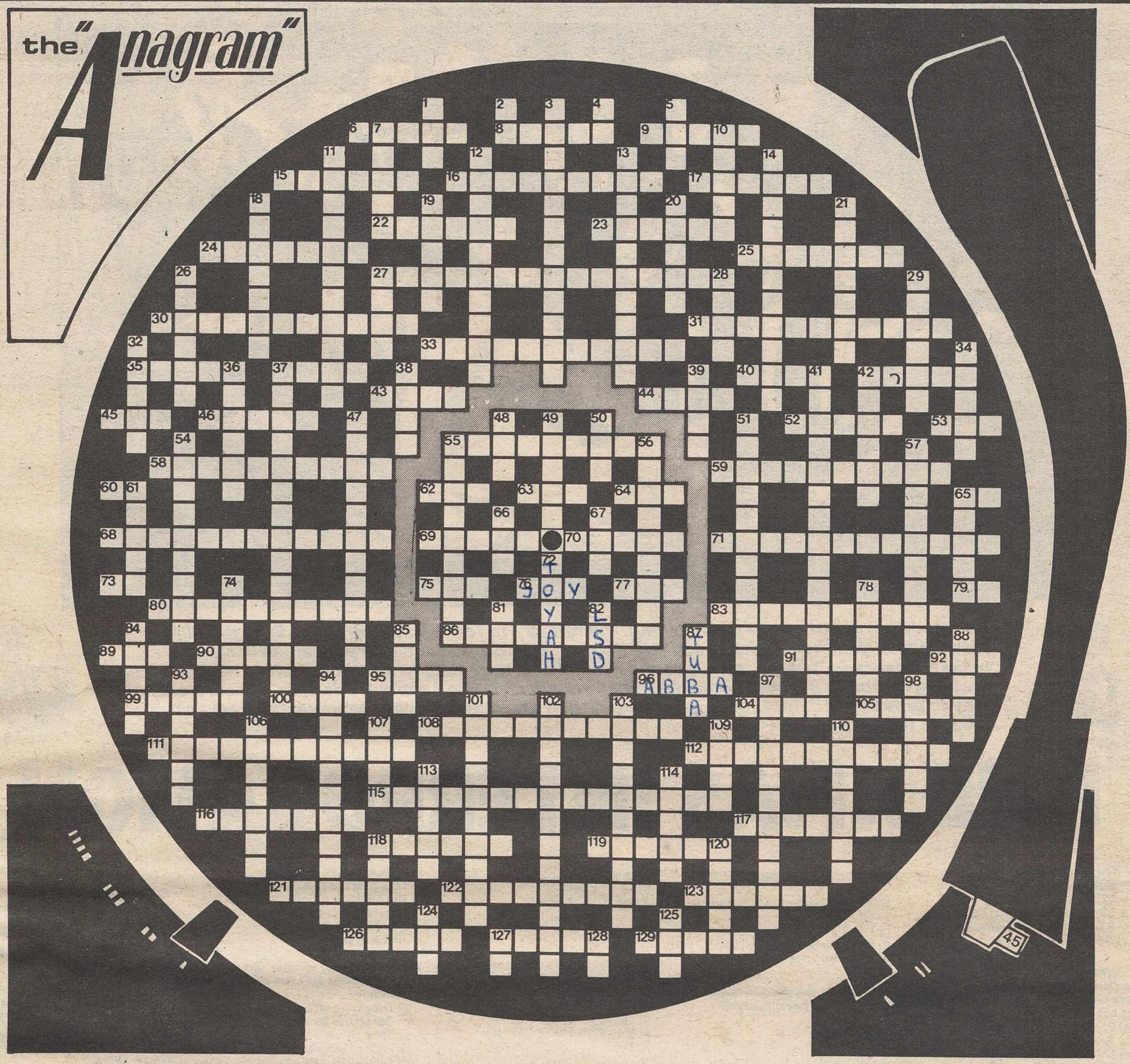
Christmas with the Special Touch

the "Anagram"



NME Long-Playing Xmas X-word

Across

6 Percussive item found in the kitchen (5)
8 Soft band get nothing for a stringed instrument (5)
9 Right about conversation concerning an order of singles (5)
15 Club with pearly gates? (6)
16 Geological movement or musical fads (4,5)
17 Man behind the lone groover (6)
22 Large quantities of equipment (6)
23 Happenings, like capital publications? (6)
24 Label for the animal set (3,4)
25 Grateful that they are finished? (3,4)
27 Hawn plays a personal chap in this movie (7,8)
30 Group that squandered their early days (6,5)
31 New aroma can't conceal this year's model? (3,8)
35 Inclined to be expensive (5)
37 Edward's revivalists (4)
40 Do they still fly B-52's (1.1.1.1)
42 Incomplete bits of a musical composition, perhaps (5)
43 Silent label. . . . (4)
44 . . . .and one depicted herein! (4)
45 Something to cool the ardour of a follower? (3)
46 Peter's ecological hue (5)
52 To receive with an ovation (5)
53 You and I and a record company (3)
55 Still-life picture featuring Richard Burgess (9)
58 Shouldn't have much difficulty with this group's name (3,7)
59 Where to hear 25 performing? (2,1,7)
60 Irrational front (2)
62 Recording empire in demise (3)
63 Instrument for storage? (3)
64 Single agent of the law publishes *NME* (3)
65 Evening wear for a jockey? (2)
68 10, North of South, period — message reveals band's name (7,5)
69 Word of a popular song (5)
70 *NME* socialite finding the right role? (5)
71 Rockabilly vagrants (3,5,4)
73 Delerium tremens (2)
75 Fast, black label. . . . (3)
76 . . .and a happy one before division (3)
77 Refreshments for around ten hundred required by this Swindon band (3)
79 Sexual deviation found in Marxism (2)
80 It's obvious, blockhead! (3,3,4)
83 Band's bookings coincide? (5,5)
86 Practised and hears the editor again? (9)
89 Partial comeback of a budding studio technique (3)
90 Returned parts needed by a performing guitarist (5)
91 Fear of Jamaica (5)
92 Fashionable joint maybe (3)
95 Television XXI (Four)
96 Either way they are a considerable Scandinavian export (4)
99 Vinyl — it's transparently obvious! (5)
100 Spotted at the scene (4)
104 Company men about the end of the letter (4)
105 The month for wine? (5)
108 Associate editor with French origins, perhaps (4,2,5)
111 Creativity needed to produce body talk? (11)
112 He makes himself useful about the house in Brideshead (6,5)
115 High Technology comes at angles? (3,6,6)
116 London venue confusing a queer graduate (7)
117 Cover variety (7)
118 Travolta's dirty film (6)
119 Boot is misleading the woodwind player (6)
121 Dressing on Kwesi-Johnson (6)
122 Swipe a group of Jamaicans? (5,4)
123 Guitar found around the hearth (6)
126 European country where hopes are pinned for 1982? (5)
127 First performance, but the editor returns (5)
129 German lad a German label (5)

Down

1 and 124 Hot tip about a successful single (3,3)
1 and 127 Powerfully ambiguous Australian band (2/2)
3 Vertiginous satanic stalwarts of metal (5,7)
4 and 128 *Top of the Pops*, in short (1.1.1.1)
5 and 125 Band stuck in the Traffic (3,3)
7 Push the papers to manufacture a record (5)
10 Woodwind instrument found in ponds (5)
11 American gads about in America, including confusing Byron (4,2,5)
12 Horticultural London venue (4,6)
13 Paul Cook associate (5,5)
14 Cynthia got up to write for this (7,4)
18 Record making slow progress, but keeping its head above water (7)
19 Bowie's soul a goliath-slayer? (5)
20 *Melody Maker's* rival, by the sound of it (5)
21 Traditional stomping ground of Sting, Summers and Copeland? (3,4)
26 Degrees of sun-glasses (6)
27 Doldrums for the orchestra (4)
28 Edmund's festive greeting (4)
29 Venue for monastic types in High-Wycombe (6)
32 No mark for a film award (5)
34 She gets us a seat in the cinema (5)
36 Station flying the Jolly Roger? (6)
37 Rodents prospering despite the recession! (3,8,4)
38 Kate's growth (4)
39 Band finding connections with funk? (4)
41 Haircut 100s single most coveted garments (9,6)
42 Gentle sound of rain heard on Radio 1? (6)
47 F.N. girls Leon arranged for this performer (4,7)
48 First man's worker (3)
49 Reggae band like a bundle of notes (5)
50 Fad for a German band making a come-back (3)
51 Buzzcock with solo output (4,7)
54 48? — I overtook one to see this band (8)
55 Defective organ in Motorhead? (6,3)
56 Punk band take advantage of editor (9)
57 Difficult hints like these? (4,5)
61 Label with a loud rythmn (5)
65 Bookings from North Africa? (5)
66 Band with limited street credibility? (1.1.1)
67 Ultravocalist endures without finishes (3)
72 Wilcox on Safari (5)
74 Dancing bug (6)
78 Japanese instrument manufacturing company (6)
81 Retiring (3)
82 Lysergic acid di-ethyl amide (3)
84 Judy's mate needed in the rythmn section (5)
85 Band devoid of identity (4)
87 Brass instrument with a root's sound? (4)
88 Clutters the arrangement with snatches of guitar (4)
93 Writer for the *NME* confused about a pot (6)
94 The only answer is Keith Levine (5,6)
97 Deem he coped with putting together this band? (7,4)
98 Attempt in the end to be fashionable (6)
101 Play for coppers at the open-air festival (4-2-4)
102 Venues for bands on the circuit to success? (4,3,5)
103 66 — Rotten's barred, by the sound of it (6,4)
106 Film about a metal skin? (3,4)
107 Facial expression you need pot for (4)
109 Hardy lass in film (4)
110 Loud record label (7)
113 Get hat back out of a rate rebate (5)
114 Little pill of Dexedrine (for dealers after dark?) (5)
118 Our G.P. forms a band (5)
120 *NME* feature sounds like leg-pullers (5)

Compiled by WILLIAM WOODHEAD

Pic A

You're sitting at home on Xmas evening, the turkey a la Turk and Cointreau d' Errol mingling pleasantly in your belly, when suddenly the door bursts open and four policemen in clown make-up dance in. "Ay, ay, ay, we're the Fun Police," they sing, to a Latin American rhythm, "and we have reason to believe you haven't been enjoying yourself enough this year." There's only one way to prove your innocence — you dye your hair green, put on your baggiest trousers and prepare to face the . . .

NME XMAS INTERROGATION

1. Name the agitators responsible for the following:
a) White Riot
b) There's A Riot Going On
c) Riot In Cell Block Number Nine
d) Never Been In A Riot

2. Who said: "I want to see them knocking on doors, pulling up trees and saying 'I want to wear this hat in Spain'."?
a) Coatimundi
b) Julio Iglesias
c) The Forestry Commission
d) Carlos Santana
e) Ron Greenwood

3. In which film *didn't* Bing Crosby sing 'White Christmas'?
a) Holiday Inn
b) White Christmas
c) Blue Skies
d) Going My Way

4. Which slogan was not originated by Perry Haines?
a) Get Drunk On The Funk
b) Dance Don't Riot
c) Surf On The Crest Of Every Wave
d) Too Much Cheesecake Too Soon

5. Linx bassie Sketch's real name is:
a) Pete Sketchley
b) Pete Barrett
c) Pete Martin
d) Gavin Martin
e) Dave Grant
f) Preliminary Drawing

6. Gary Glitter this year staged a comeback by appearing at:
a) Robert Fossett's Circus
b) Gerry Cottle's Circus
c) Billy Smart's Circus
d) Billy Butlin's Holiday Camps
e) Heaven

7. Island's 'Mutant Disco' sampler was subtitled:
a) A Subtle Discolation Of The Norm
b) A Subtle Dislocation Of The Norm
c) A Subtle Defunktion Of The Norm
d) Never Mind Ze Bollocks

8. Which one of these singles was *not* produced by the ubiquitous Tony Visconti?
a) Dexys Midnight Runners' 'Plan B'
b) The Boomtown Rats' 'I Don't Like Mondays'
c) T-Rex's 'Telegram Sam'
d) Roxy Music's 'Pyjamarama'
e) David Bowie's 'Life On Mars'

9. What was the name of Shakin' Stevens former backing band?
a) Sun Ra
b) Sunbeam
c) Sunsets
d) Sunshine
e) Sunny Boy

10. Who said, "I've always felt close to religion because it's a form of show business!"?
a) John Lydon
b) Julian Cope
c) Ian Paisley
d) Cliff Richard
e) Liberace
f) Sting

11. Which of the following was *not* brought up a Catholic?
a) Bruce Springsteen
b) Jim Carroll
c) Eddie van Halen
d) Deborah Harry
e) Pope John Paul

12. Which celebrated modern jazz tenor saxist is featured on the current Rolling Stones LP 'Tattoo You'?
a) Sonny Rollins
b) Wayne Shorter
c) Wilton Felder
d) Grover Washington

13. Which one of the following is *not* a genuine band?
a) XTC
b) DNA
c) NRBQ
d) DAF
e) OBE
f) ELO

14. Novelist Joseph Heller co-wrote the script for which film?
a) Slaughterhouse 5
b) Catch 22
c) Sex And The Single Girl
d) M*A*S*H

15. The Numbers Racket. Supply the missing digits:
a) ..... Below Zero
b) Level .....
c) ..... Skidoo
d) TV .....
e) ..... Special
f) Sector .....

16. Eye-eye! Who sang about:
a) Bette Davis' Eyes
b) Lyin' Eyes
c) Gary Gilmour's Eyes
d) Ebony Eyes
e) Man With The Child In His Eyes

17. Sheffield's radical dance faction ABC once traded under which name?
a) Vice Squad
b) Vice Versa
c) Vice Creams
d) Station To Station
e) Fry's Turkish Delights

18. Four members of Spandau Ballet were once in which band?
a) The Angel Boys
b) The Pleasers
c) The Makers
d) The Soul Boys
e) The Glitter Band

19. Which guitarist plays an axe first owned by one of The Ventures?
a) Pete Farndon
b) Rick Nielson
c) Hank Marvin
d) Vini Reilly
e) Johnny Ramone

20. Animal Crackers: Who recorded these?
a) Funky Chicken
b) Disco Duck
c) Brontosaurus
d) Chestnut Mare
e) Fly Robin Fly
f) I Go Ape
g) The Lion Sleeps Tonight
h) Blackbird
i) Champion The Wonder Horse

21. Who once sang *"And I don't believe you really like Frank Sinatra"*?
a) Tony Hadley
b) Tony Bennett
c) Vic Godard
d) Kevin Rowland
e) Dean Martin

22. What have the following songs all got in common?
Rock Around The Clock
Take It Or Leave It
The Kids Are Alright
The Harder They Come
Ode To Billie Joe
Just A Gigolo

23. What do Phil Spector, Little Richard and Jesus Christ all have in common?
a) They were all born on December 25
b) They all have 12 bodyguards
c) They all recorded a gospel LP
d) They all come from one-parent families

24. Who . . .
a) Only came to dance?
b) Were dancing in the street?
c) Danced themselves dizzy?
d) Were dancing the night away?
e) Danced the kung fu?

25. Subway Sect played an autumn residency in which of these London clubs?
a) Le Beat Route
b) The Marquee
c) Club Left
d) Club Foot
e) White's

26. Supply the names of the missing partners:
a) Sam & .....
b) Yarborough & .....
c) ..... & Herb
d) ..... & Creme
e) Millican & .....

27. Sonny Barger was the technical adviser on which film?
a) Gimme Shelter
b) Hell's Angels On Wheels
c) The Strawberry Statement
d) The Wild Angels

28. Name the lead singers billed with the following groups:
a) The Illuminations
b) The Tearjerkers
c) The Limelighters
d) The Teenagers
e) The Furious Five
f) The Rubber Band

29. Blue Rondo A La Turk take their name from whose hit single?
a) August Darnell
b) Spandau Ballet
c) Edmundo Ros
d) Dave Brubeck
e) Kinky Friedman

30. Who claimed to be:
a) Tired Of Being Alone?
b) Tired Of Toein' The Line?
c) Tired Of Waiting For You?

31. Who once said, "I tend to sit in a corner and merge with the walls"?
a) David Byrne
b) Wendy O. Williams
c) Gary Numan
d) Jimmy Pursey
e) Lee Harvey Oswald
f) Gary Glitter

32. Who is Marvin Lee Aday?
a) Marvin Hagler
b) Bruce Lee
c) Meatloaf
d) Tenpole Tudor
e) Marvin Gaye

33. Soft Cell's 'Tainted Love' was originally recorded by?
a) David Jones
b) Grace Jones
c) Gloria Jones
d) Jack Jones

34. What Do Chrissie Hynde, Peggy Lee and Cher all have in common?
a) Their real christian name is Helga
b) They've all recorded versions of Ray Davies' 'I Go To Sleep'
c) They've all worked as swimming pool lifeguards
d) They've all recorded songs with the word 'Bang' in the title

35. Heart to Heart: Who suffered from these complaints?
a) Heart Of Gold
b) Heart Of Glass
c) Heart On My Sleeve
d) Heart Full Of Soul

36. Tangerine Dream wrote the score for which film?
a) Violent Streets
b) Sorcerer
c) The Wages Of Fear
d) Thief

37. Laurie Anderson's 'O Superman' lyrics contain:
a) An acrostic of the address of her original record company, One-Ten
b) A passage from a letter she wrote to her mother in 1979
c) The motto of the American

Pic B

Pic C

Pic F

Pic G

postal service
d) A parody of a Pan-Am advertisement

38. Heaven 17 are one of the branches of which parent company?
a) ABC
b) C&A
c) ELO
d) BEF
e) ESG

39. Dexys Midnight Runners slapped their cover version on the flip of 'Geno' but who originally spent their time 'Breaking Down The Walls Of Heartache'?
a) Johnny Johnson And The Bandwagon
b) Jimmy Ruffin
c) Angelic Upstarts
d) The Tremeloes
e) The Maytals

40. Whose Papa (a) had a 'Brand New Bag'?
a) James Brown
b) James Chance
c) Jimmy James
d) The Bagwhan
e) Pigbag
and (b) was 'A Rolling Stone'?
a) Bob Dylan
b) Marvin Gaye
c) Bianca Jagger
d) The Temptations
e) Stirling Moss

41. What reggae producers are known via the following labels?
a) Treasure Isle
b) Studio 1
c) Techniques
d) Crystal

42. Which artists made the following requests:
a) Stand By Me
b) Save The Last Dance For Me
c) You Better Move On
d) Be My Baby
e) Get On The Good Foot

43. Who originally sang 'Singin' In The Rain' and in what film?
a) Malcolm McDowell
b) Jimmy Durante
c) Gene Kelly
d) Cliff Edwards

44. Joe Jackson's 'Jumpin' Jive' project was named after a song recorded by whom?
a) Louis Jordan
b) Cab Colloway
c) BeBop DeLuxe
d) Glenn Miller
e) Bullmoose Jackson

45. Who had jobs:
a) Working In A Coalmine?
b) (Down At The) Car Wash?
c) Working On A Building Of Love?

46. How many of the following once worked for the *NME*?
a) Chrissie Hynde
b) Bob Geldof
c) Benny Green
d) Judy Nylon
e)Poison Girl Vi Subversa
f) George Tremlett
g) Michael Winner
h) Keith Fordyce

PICTURE QUIZ

A. Name the five individuals in the front row, the two on either end of the back row and the two groups who make up the rest of the back row.

B. Who is this? What is his real name? Where does he claim to come from?

C. Name the actress, the film, and the character she plays in it

D. Can you identify the band and the two guitarists and name the projects they are now involved in?

E. Again, name the band, the lead guitarist and his current project.

F. G. and H. Who are they?

Pic D

Pic H

Pic E

All answers on page 65.

SPOILT BRAT

FROM PAGE 28

Radio will beat itself. I don't have to worry about them. I mean, I laugh. It doesn't make any difference to me."

Yeah?

"Sure . . ."

But don't you want to do something to change the situation?

"Yeah . . . well, I can't stand it, I can't stand those people who run the radio business. It's sickening. Sickening. They're power mad. I'm dealing with Hitler."

Conditioning that is surely political.

"Yeah . . . in that sense. But I'm not going to write songs about it . . . I'm not going to bring it to attention through my entertainment. It's a separate world. In other words I'm not going to scream to the audience go call your radio station and tell them to play my records. I'm not going to do that. That's hitting below the belt. That's not playing fair to me."

They play unfairly.

"I don't care. What goes around comes around. What you put into the lives of others comes back into your own. I believe that."

MEATLOAF'S REAL name is Humpty Dumpty. HD the artless, paced-out, swelling beast spinning through the clutching, cluttered, wrecked space of American rock and roll reality. He smashes into the troublesome cosmic obstacles that must accompany the egos who sing rock and roll songs for the trained expectant youth of the world. CRASH. He breaks down, he breaks up. The simple man is not involved in a simple world.

All the King's Men, all their horses, all his fans, all his critics, all the politicians and all the beggar-men can't put Humpty together again. But his family can.

I go to America with my head pricking and crackling with the pop of Japan, ABC, Human League (prickling and cracking me as much as, oh, Rauschenberg, Tom Lehrer, Steve Lacey and Dennis Potter). I come back with my head loaded with the rolling rocks of Tom Petty, Bruce Springsteen, Foreigner, Styx and Meatloaf.

The bubbly pop tickles noses, colours tongues, shifts values and values shift: the rolling rocks literally demolish or dictate people's lives. Rock and roll American reality has reached hysteria. All it's faced with is the CRASH! It is an iceberg, a black hole, impossibly vast so as to block people's views. American rock and roll reality — now we're talking — is a fuck of a mind control. But who is to say that the release, the individual 'stimulation', of Meatloaf or Styx or The Rolling Stones exemplifies the problem, the tragedy, of entertainment much more than the value, the gift, of entertainment/pleasure?

American rock and roll reality is just one exaggeration of all the problems we face.

Perhaps the problem with it is the lack of exchange, the hopeless expectations, the huge collection of separate blocks of hugeness . . . Of course there are other places to look. As far as it goes — and who can explain *that* — American rock and roll reality doesn't crack open the world or spur people on: it smooths over the cracks and drops people in it. Right down there at the bottom, American rock and roll reality is MONEY. And it is a reality that can reduce a strong beast like Meatloaf into a quivering messy mass.

Does money mean much to him?

"No, it really doesn't. I was screaming down the phone yesterday — *I don't give a shit about the money!*

"What means to me is that I have two kids. That means to me. Those kids. One's six, the other's ten months old. If it's money we're talking about, if I have to deal with money, I can give those kids what they should have and put them in the world in the right place and give them what they must have. If they have to make it on their own, then they have to make it on their own. I'm not looking to make them rich, but I'm saying they can't do anything for themselves now and I want to make sure they're clothed, they're fed, they go to school. You know what I'm saying?"

Did you feel cautious about bringing a child into 'this' world? Did you feel they had no future?

"No, no, I didn't feel that. We may be blown up by a bomb but there is a future. I mean, I feel that everyday is a future, you gotta understand that. Every day that my daughter lives she's proud of something and that's great. So if tomorrow we all blow up she's had the thrill of some great days . . . I don't believe that we will go . . . I go moment by moment . . . Yeah. I get depressed. My wife just had a nervous breakdown, but y'know she's better now . . .

"Heck! There are things to feel passion for . . . my wife, the kids, the challenge . . Hey! Looks like I've been given a challenge here. Right here in America there's challenges constantly. I love it. I love to fight!"

What kind of future does he want for his kids?

"Just to . . . be brought up with the ideas that they have the right of their choice over their lives. They should have the right to be who they are. That's what I want for my kids. Too many people in this country have not been brought up with the right to be who they are . . ."

What stops it?

"All kinds of things . . . government bureaucracy lack of education, not having their rights as a human being, parents who don't care about them . . . Oh, I think a lot of it is parental responsibility. That's the first responsibility."

How is he as a parent?

"I don't dislike it. It doesn't scare me. Doesn't bother me. Yeah, it's fun. My kids and my wife are probably the most important things in my life. But when it's time for business it's time for business. Y'know, but if I wasn't a parent it wouldn't bother me, but I am so that's great. It's sort of like, I don't consider myself to be typical so you're not gonna get, Oh yeah, yeah the kids kind of answers. My beliefs are real different, my beliefs in how I do things are real different.

"There's a great phrase . . . I don't fit into a pigeonhole. Literally, physically or mentally."

MEATLOAF'S REAL name is not worth worrying about. Does he want to die calmly or sensationally?

"On the stage. Absolutely."

Halfway through the awesome 'Bat Out Of Hell'?

"No . . . right at the end . . . I'd want to finish! The ultimate ending. I don't want to die halfway through, that would be a bore. Right at the end, he died!"

What would you miss most?

"I don't know, because I don't know what I would like about where I was going."

We're going somewhere are we?"

"Sure! I'm going somewhere, of course. Saturn! Saturn is like the transition place. You go to Saturn for a while."

Will they know you there?

"Of course. They'll know you too."

How would you like to be remembered on Earth?

"As a beached whale! Ha ha ha . . . I don't know . . . somebody who tried . . . Somebody who stood there and took the punches. As Rocky! Huh huh I may have lost in the 15th round but hey was a fighter . . ."

MEATLOAF CLINGS onto the Empire State Building, grumpity irrational, powerfully in love with the promised land, lashing out at all the attackers . . . He's wounded, he falls off, hurtling to the ground. CRASH! Who will clear up the mess?

And then there was The Silence.

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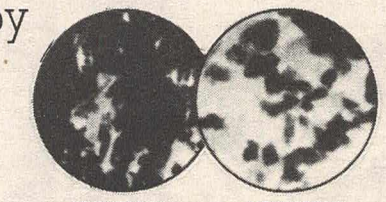

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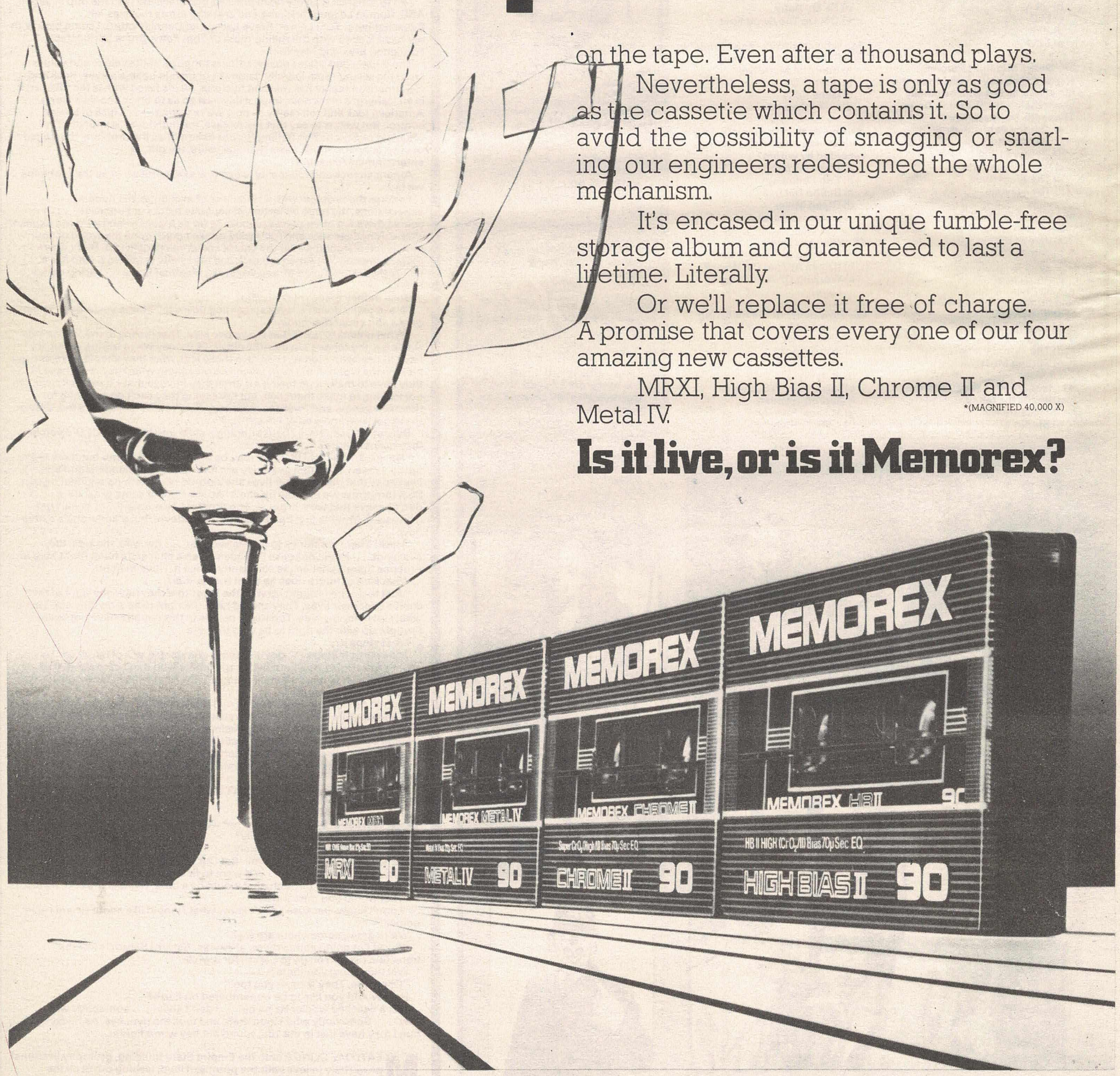
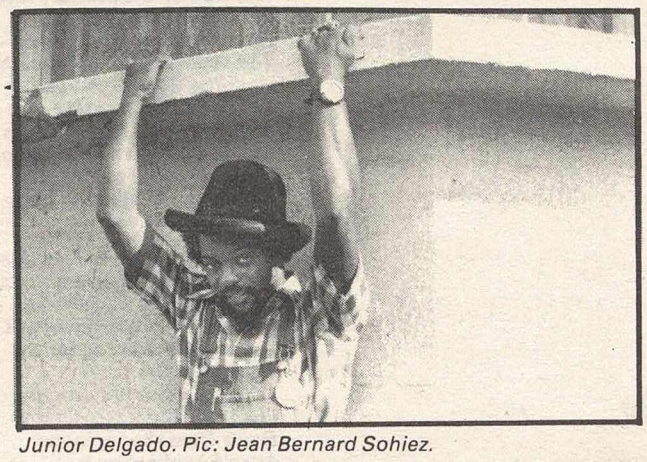


Reggae Runnings

ON THE singer's own Incredible Jux label out of Highbury emerges the new LP from **Junior Delgado:** 'Bushmaster Revolution' (HBLP 001). Produced jointly by Dennis Brown and Delgado himself, the album is a 10-track set recorded at Channel One and remixed at Harry J, and features assorted original Jux compositions, including 'Rude At Night', 'Blue Sunday', 'Bush Master M16', plus adaptations of such as 'If This World Were Mine' and 'Speak Softly Love'.

Two new 12" disco titles on the Negus Roots imprint are: **Junior Reid,** 'If I' (NERT 009); and **Earl Bengiman,** 'Health And Sorrow' (NERT 010).

Other new discomixes include: **Dennis Brown,** 'Unite Brothermen' c/w **Roots Radics,** 'Shank I Sheck' (Tad's TRD 41081); **Prince Hammer,** 'Brixton Trial + Crosses' / 'Gas Bomb Version' c/w 'Hickey Bite' / 'Josiah Love' (Josiah JS 001); **Congo Ashantie Roy,** 'Marcus Garvey' c/w 'The Messenger' (Isa-Chant ISA-C 001); **Robert Emanuel** and **Ranking Simeon,** 'Never Get Away' c/w 'Jah Is My Light' (Black Roots BR 25); **Janice Walker,** 'You'll Never Need Somebody' c/w 'Fashion



Junior Delgado. Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez.

Seranade' (Fashion FAD 008); **Junior Soul** and **Trinity** with **The Tamlins,** 'Shelter In The Time Of Storm' (2M B600); **Leroy Thompson,** 'Hard Times, Criminal Times' c/w 'Since You Left Me & Gone' (Noel DN005); **Ray (Wreckless) Simpson,** 'Please Don't Walk Away' c/w 'Good Man Down' (Big Youth BY004); **The Circle,** 'Legend c/w **Freddie Clarke,** 'Home We Wanna Go' (Main Line MLD6); **Classic Black,** 'Hey You?' (Classic Roots); **Vivian Jones,** 'Rock Me' c/w **Prodigal Creator,** 'Rock A Dub' (Seven Leaves (SL007); **Luther Flemming,** 'Oh Baby' c/w 'It's Over' (Double LL 0003); **Philip and Gail,** 'We Belong Together' (Guiding Music GSM 003); and **Talisman,** 'Run Come Girl' c/w 'Wicked Dem' (Recreational Sport 22).

From the Brentford Road atelier emerges two new 10" mixes on the Music Lab label: **Alton Ellis, Zoot Simms** and the **Sound Dimension,** 'Misty' c/w **Barry Brown,** 'Give Love' (MLD 003); and **Jay Tees,** 'Come To Me' c/w **Jackie Mittoo** and **Brentford Rockers,** 'Side Walk Doctor' (MLD 004); while on Studio 1 12" is coupled **Lone Ranger,** 'Keep On Coming A The Dance' c/w **Freddie McGregor,** 'When I Am Ready'. And from the same studio is a batch of 7" releases: **Horace Andy,** 'New Broom'; **Heptones,** 'Ain't No Body Else'; and **Carlton Kivingston,** 'Why?'.

Other new 7" pre-releases include two Sharp Axe titles from **Ranking Joe:** 'Mortima Simmonds' and 'Pink Eye'; two from Cry Tuff with **Prince Far I,** 'Big Fight' and **Hortense Ellis,** 'Baby Baby', and two on Henry Lawes' Jah Guidance label: **Ranking Toyan,** 'Spar With Me' and **Linval Thompson,** 'Look How Me Sexy'; plus **Big Youth,** 'Spider Man Meet Hulk' (Negusa Nagast); **E Neil,** 'C Bert' (Super Star Possie); **Peter Ranking & Papa Lucky,** 'Easies & Squeeiss' (Roots Tradition); **Papa King Kong,** 'Pink Eye And Malaria' (56 Hope Road); **Milton Sterling,** 'Dread Lock Jamboree' (Leggo Sounds) and **Django,** 'Bubble With Me' (African Museum).

New on Island is a Trevor Wyatt compilation of bass and drum titles brought out under the legend 'Raiders Of The Lost Dub' (ILPS 9705). Featured on the set are versions of **Junior Delgado's** 'Fort Augustus', **Ijahman's** 'Moulding' plus variations on original themes by **The Paragons, Viceroys, Wailing Souls, Burning Spear** and **Black Uhuru.**

Lovers rock songstress **Carroll Thompson** makes a one off appearance at the Unity nighclub in Manchester and is heard on both Radio Piccadilly and Radio Manchester earlier in the day. Also on Friday "a reggae session in a rub a dub fashion" at the Bouncing Ball, 43 Peckham High Street, SE15 with **Phase One** the cool entertainer and **Spartacus** the people's sound from 9.00pm till 4.30am. Admission: £3.00.

Finally, a Christmas & New Year's Spectacular Dance to be held at the Podium Banqueting Suite, Market Towers, 1 Nine Elms Lane, New Covent Garden, SW8 on Tuesday, December 29 — 7pm until 2am — dancing to the A1 sounds of the mighty **Mellow Enchanter Studio Hi-Fi** plus **BMW Hi-Fi.** Champagne raffle.

Penny Reel

QUIZ ANSWERS

1 a)Clash b)Sly Stone c)Coasters d)Mekons;**2** e); **3** d); **4** d)was Bryan Ferry's; **5** c); **6** b) — it closed after four nights; **7** a); **8** d); **9** c); **10** e); **11** d); **12** a); **13** e); **14** c) — FACT! **15** a)9 b)42 c)23 d)21 e)38 f)27; **16** a)Kim Carnes b)Eagles c)Adverts d)Everly Brothers e)Kate Bush; **17** b); **18** c); **19** e); **20** a)Rufus Thomas b)Rick Dees c)Move d)Byrds e)Silver Convention f)Neil Sedaka g)Tokens h)Beatles i)Frankie Lane; **21** d); **22** They've all been made into feature films; **23** a); **24** a)Nils Lofgren b)Martha And The Vandellas c)Liquid Gold d)The Motors e)Carl Douglas; **25** c); **26** a)Dave b)Peoples c)Peaches d)Godley e)Nesbitt; **27** b), made in 1967 and starring Jack Nicholson; **28** a)Bette Bright b)Roddy Radiation c)Shep d)Frankie Lymon e)Grandmaster Flash f)Bootsy; **29** d); **30** a)Al Green b)Rocky Burnette c)Kinks; **31** c); **32** c); **33** c); **34** b); **35** a)Neil Young b)Blondie c)Gallagher and Lyle; d)Yardbirds; **36** a), b), c) *and* d) — *Thief* was retitled *Violent Streets, Sorcerer* was retitled *The Wages Of Fear;* **37** c); **38** d); **39** a); **40** (a) — a), (b) — d); **41** a)Duke Reid b)C.S.Dodd c)Winston Riley d)Derrick Harriott; **42** a)Ben E. King b)Drifters c)Arthur Alexander d)Ronettes e)James Brown; **43** d) in *Hollywood Revue* of 1929. If you answered b) you were close — Durante sang it in *Speak Easily* (1932), 20 years before Gene Kelly made it famous in the film of the song title; **44** b); **45** a)Lee Dorsey b)Rose Royce c)Chairmen Of The Board; **46** All of 'em: Vi Subversa was a secretary, George Tremlett a sub, and the rest were writers (well, that's *their* story).

PICTURE ANSWERS

A Front row (L-R) Janice Nichols, Brian Matthew, Elkie Brooks, Alma Cogan, Pete Murray. Back row (L-R) Tommy Quickly, a Tremeloe, four Searchers, three more Tremeloes and Brian Poole. **B** Sun Ra, otherwise Herman Blount, who says he's from Saturn. **C** Katherine Helmond in *Time Bandits* playing the part of Mrs Ogre. **D** The Doctors Of Madness, with (left) Richard 'Kid' Strange, now of Cabaret Futura, and (right) Colin Stoner, now with TV Smith's Explorers. **E** The Models, with Marco Pirroni (at the back), now of Adam And The Ants. **F** The Dixie Cups. **G** Martha And The Vandellas **H** Throbbing Gristle's Genesis P. Orridge (a bonus point if you said Ted Glass — the name he was using at the time of the pic).

THE VERDICT

Total points possible are 120. If you scored 100 or over, you must be a really dull, stay-at-home type person who reads all the time and never goes out p-a-a-a-a-rtying. You are hereby sentenced to an evening out with Steve Strange.

If you scored 20 or less, you must be a really draggy dodo who spends all the time drinking in dodgy nightclubs. You are hereby sentenced to three years in the Oi movement.

If you scored between 20 and 100, you must be pretty average, normal, nondescript and boring. You are hereby sentenced to read the Collected Speeches of Shirley Williams and, after six months, join the Wine And Cheese Party.

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Silver Screen

Mel Gibson, galloping to disaster

Gallipoli

Directed by Peter Weir
Starring Mark Lee and Mel Gibson (CIC)

DESPITE WHAT the posters say, most will have heard of Gallipoli. As a military fiasco it stands besides Ypres or Mons as a bloody signpost in the 'war to end wars', mass graveyards of human folly. Peter Weir's *Gallipoli* is not a war film in the classic sense. It moves in a slow trek towards a climax that chooses to forego the epic in favour of personal tragedy.

That at least is something the valid examinations of men at war share. Like *All Quiet On The Western Front*, like *The Deer Hunter*, *Gallipoli* pictures war as the great reducer, friendship, aspiration and glory piled on a scrapheap of flesh. Disappointingly, though, Weir cannot seem to decide which point he wants to make. *Gallipoli's* surface assurance disguises a tangle of intentions.

The film opens in dusty Western Australia, where 18-year-old Archy trains as a runner amidst the scrub. With the background of a darkening 1915 shadowing young Australian minds, he wins the big local race in a time to match the greatest, beating a rival stranger called Frank who subsequently pals up with the farm boy. Archy's thoughts are on the war and he's desperate to join up; Frank, rather older and more concerned with his own skin, wants none of it but gradually changes his mind as the two strike out for Perth.

The first hour has this germinating friendship at its heart, as the trail winds across a vast Australian landscape. Though beset by a wide streak of closet sentimentality it's here that the best of the film unreels; Weir shapes his instinctive feel for the open spaces of the outback into visuals of enormous breadth.

The idea of frail men dwarfed by the primary forces of the elements has run through most of his films — *The Last Wave* and *Picnic At Hanging Rock* especially — and to see Archy and Frank dragging their feet over the endless Western Australian desert is a realisation of nature overwhelming puny human endeavour.

But they make it — to join up, though in different units due to Frank's inability to ride, and meet up again out in Cairo while training for the assault on the Turkish beaches. Here Weir nearly loses the film altogether to *Boy's Own* shenanigans, Aussie cobbers on a shore-leave spree, gypped by the natives and riling the Pommie officers. Only Ronald Shiner is missing.

The portrayal of the actual battle — or rather the Australians' part in it — shows a recovery, though it is in some ways an extraordinary anti-climax. Having come this far it might be expected to find the director putting the full works of carnage into motion; instead he looks over a small area of trench dug out of sand and granite, views perhaps twenty or thirty soldiers clambering out and falling back with a bullet in their gut. Gore is kept on strict ration; more is suggested in the apprehensive faces of the two runners when, down on the beach, they hear the whistle that means the first wave is going over the top.

A punch pulled at the key moment? I'm not sure. This was a very different theatre of war to the Western Front. The crumbling greatness of the pyramids and the barren, cracking austerity of the Gallipoli beaches toasting under an unyielding sun are far from the mud-drowned French fields that hosted similar butchery. Weir's transference from Australia to Turkey makes the environmental parallel very clear; the same contrast of little people and great physical features. The Sphinx looks down on an army about to be machine-gunned to ribbons in a tragedy they do not understand.

All the same, mere 'anti-war' is not, I think, the idea. Weir may have constructed the closing half-hour with a containment of resources (which cannot be traced to the budget — this is the biggest-backed Australian entry at any nickelodeon) but it does suggest war as a meaningless shut-off point to two personal odysseys. By scaling down the conflict and relieving it of questionable implications of glory in spectacle, Weir draws the futility in big strokes. In the end, you wonder why they bothered.

If not simply about war, *Gallipoli's* concerns stretch to involve anti-imperialism (the British play the bogeyman throughout), male companionship (women hardly figure at all) and the aimlessness of a wanderlust way of life.

The problem here seems to lie with David Williamson's script. Though based on a story by Weir, it never plays in tune with the director's design, content to flounder in rattling Hentyisms and characterisation of flimsy individuality. Weir is a great storyteller but he's not given a lot to colour in here.

Nor, frankly, is this an expressive cast he has to work with. Mark Lee and Mel Gibson are thin, unmemorable leads; only a grizzled Bill Kerr sticks in my mind, a marvellous rawhide part as Archy's trainer Jack.

Gallipoli seems likely to be a hit, and Peter Weir deserves one. Whether its parched scenarios, sweetly saddened by Albinoni's haunting G minor Adagio, will prove to be milestone or millstone to him is less certain.

Richard Cook

Prince Of The City

Directed by Sidney Lumet
Starring Treat Williams, Jerry Orbach, Norman Parker and Bob Balaban (Warner Bros)

BRIAN DE PALMA was originally to have made the film version of Robert Daley's police corruption book, *Prince Of The City*. John Travolta was going to play Bob Leuci, detective turned informer. Something happened; that film didn't get made.

Instead, De Palma wrote *Blow Out*, cast Travolta as a movie soundman and plopped in a sequence halfway through that had John wiring up undercover cops for the King Commission (sic) in New York. It was an unconvincing detour in a featherlight thriller. Much as I like some of De Palma's flashy work, I'm glad he didn't get around to *Prince Of The City*; definitely the wrong man for the job. This is one instance where content had to come before style.

The film's eventual director, Sidney Lumet, is a native New Yorker and here he displays an absolute, compassionate knowledge of his milieu (there are over 100 different locations used in all five NY boroughs). Dismissed in some quarters as merely a 'conscientious technician', Lumet is, as often as not, only as good as his actors or his material, but when he is good he is excellent (witness early work like *12 Angry Men*, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, *The Pawnbroker* or *The Hill*). Where he has really excelled is in his increasingly apt depiction of urban chaos and confusion in his later work, notably *The Anderson Tapes* (with Sean Connery) and the two Al Pacino films, *Serpico* and *Dog Day Afternoon*. Even so, amidst powerful films like these, he was able to take time out on a hoary old chestnut like *Murder On The Orient Express* and still make it an engrossing trifle.

Obviously, Lumet is no 'auteur' (he himself is very clear on this: "A lot of the critical insistence on the director as auteur comes from the lack of technical knowledge of how a movie is actually put together. We take a lunch break for God's sake!") but even so, the dangers and responsibilities of metropolitan life has haunted his best work from the outset.

And never have these themes been more graphically dealt with than in *Prince Of The City*, which in its monstrously pessimistic outlook seems light years away from the simplistic liberalism in 1957's *12 Angry Men*. None of those bickering jurors, not even Henry Fonda, would know where to start with the wholesale graft and corruption on view here.

Like *Serpico* and *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Prince* is based on a true story: the events leading up to, and the drastic consequences of, Detective Bob Leuci of NY's Special Investigating Unit — virtually an autonomous department specialising in major crimes, drug busts etc — going undercover for the Knapp Commission, set up in the early '70s to investigate alleged police corruption.

So Bob Leuci (called Danny Ciello in the film and played with a convincing vulnerability by Treat Williams, last seen over here behind a beard and swinging from a chandelier in Milos Forman's curious *Hair*) is not exactly your typical 'hero'. He's an informer, wired for sound and sinking ever deeper into a labyrinthine nightmare of conflicting loyalties and moral duplicities.

Cop pictures used to be simple. In bang-bang classics like *Dirty Harry* and *The French Connection*, you may not have liked the subliminal message — arbitrary power is good because it keeps society from falling apart; authoritarian action is necessary to protect us from the inferiors among us who would be criminals and drug addicts if unchecked by the executors of law and reason — but I know who I was rooting for.

OK, William Friedkin in *The French Connection* played silly buggers and tried to confuse the issue by having the cop as a borderline psycho, a charmless, tasteless slob who lived out the back of his car, and the quarry as a suave, sophisticated

Arthurian nights out

Paul Morley meets Steve Gordon, the man behind Dudley Moore's Arthur

I'M INTRODUCED TO Steve Gordon — writer and director of *Arthur* — as the man who hates comedy. This comes as a surprise to me, and probably to Gordon as well. Someone who hates comedy? Can there ever be such an animal, bar Ian Paisley? Apparently Napoleon had difficulty laughing.

"I don't think *Arthur* is going to save the world or even Liverpool," Gordon is soon telling me, as if I need to be told. "It can make you laugh for an hour and a half, it can help you get through a day if not a week.

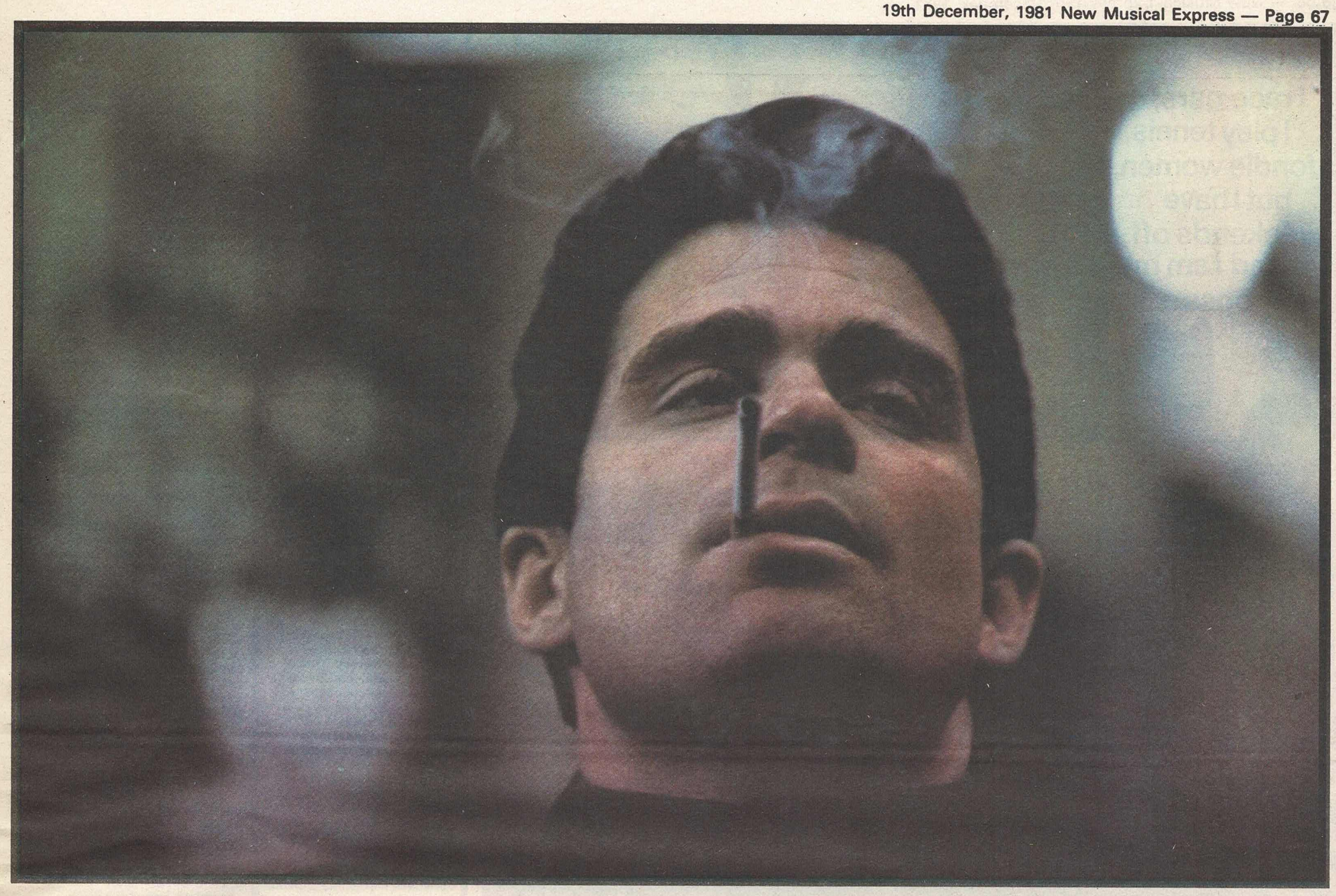
"I get hundreds of letters from people saying when they're depressed they go see *Arthur*. It's not changing their lives, it's just making people laugh. I think if you can make people laugh then that's socially significant enough in itself. If you're laughing you don't realise you're in trouble.

"I've set my whole life to make people laugh. I am totally driven by the idea of entertaining people and making them laugh, all the time. I love it. When I hear people laugh at a line that I wrote I imagine how horrible it would be if nobody laughed. If you tell a joke and nobody laughs the sound that follows is the worst sound in the world. That sound has been with me all my life. I am constantly looking for the laugh-proof line, one that *everyone* will laugh at."

What kind of pleasures does it give Gordon to make people laugh?

"I don't know," he ponders. "It's just what makes me happy."

With *Arthur* Gordon is coaxing and urging millions to laugh, and even if he was staying at a B&B in Croydon and not Claridges in W1 he'd be a happy man. Silence is the last thing *Arthur* will provoke. The picture is the touching yet eruptive work of someone who believes positively in the goodness of People and of Laughter; a joyous, reassuring release from someone battling against all the stiff people who don't find the world as funny as he does.



Shopping cops: Treat Williams as Danny Ciello, prince of darkness

Frenchman who doted on his mistress, but it was still basically guys in white hats against guys in black hats. (I don't care how smooth a drug dealer is, he's fair game.)

Even in Lumet's own *Serpico,* Al Pacino's undercover cop was wearing a 10-gallon job as he singlehandedly sniffed-out the bent bill in NY's finest. Not so here. In *Prince Of The City,* the harder you stare, the less hats you see.

In a series of brilliantly sustained episodes, Lumet draws the bleakest possible vision of urban decay and chaos, of a system bloated to bursting point by corrupt officials and venal lawyers, junkie informers and cops on the take, privileged hoods and 'respectable' henchmen; a house of cards long overdue for demolition. No pat psychological reasons are given for Leuci's decision to turn against the force, no simplistic solutions sought to the disastrous domino effect his actions set off, but the message is loud and clear: the system, says *Prince Of The City,* is fucked; it will not work anymore.

The performances in this extraordinary drama, all of them, are stunningly naturalistic (special mentions for Jerry Orbach's sly SIU member and Ron Karabatsos' bovine smalltime hood), the editing is razor sharp, the photography hard as diamond; so even if the system isn't working, this film most assuredly is, on 17 different levels at once, for the best part of three hours.

Tense, exciting, funny, sad, and filled with an appalled anger (the script's a cracker, too), *Prince Of The City* is not only Lumet's best film to date, it's one of the very finest American films of the past ten years.

And never mind De Palma, God alone knows what someone like Martin Scorsese would've made of it; it's no accident that almost every character in the film — prosecutors, hoods and cops — is Italian.

Monty Smith

Pic: David Corio

Two ways to greet the day: Looking the wrong way — Steve Gordon; 'Hooray!' — Dudley Moore (inset)

"Every situation is funny to me. This interview is funny to me. Trust me."

ARTHUR **IS AN enthusiastic extension of Gordon's mischievousness, a spirited but poignant reflection of his uncomplicated feeling for the niceness in people.**

"Arthur is twelve years old. He's very rich but it's not his fault. He drinks because he doesn't like his life. When he drinks he loves his life, he gets this other eye that sees only fun, and he has a lot of fun. He's one of the few characters that make us laugh that has more fun than we do."

Arthur is Dudley Moore is Arthur is the ultimate drunk is the wistful innocent absorbing the world's accidental and coincidental splendours with a kind of melancholy mania.

"Dudley Moore is Arthur, trust me. I think drunks have been funny in movies for a long time. Dudley didn't prepare or rehearse, he didn't drink during filming. But he's studied drunks, he knows what he's doing.

"The picture gives you a great excuse to have Dudley Moore falling over himself. We're not in an era now where you can have a Lou Costello just falling around and doing physical schtick for no reason. You have to have a reason, but if you can say we're going to give you a drunk Dudley Moore then that's a good idea right there."

Gordon says that an early screening of *Arthur* for 440 American distributors upset just one man.

"He was an alcoholic. It must have touched something dark and hard inside him. For him I'm sorry and I feel bad. For most people it's an innocent, virtuous comedy that says whether you're rich or poor or a drug addict or a drunk you're still a human being, and it's never insensitive because of the way Dudley plays it."

Who else could play Arthur?

"I can't imagine anyone else. Dudley was exactly what I had in mind for Arthur and it's very seldom that a writer gets what he had in mind. I knew the character was young and immature and spoilt but what Dudley did was bring a sweetness so that it's very difficult to dislike Arthur even though there's plenty there to dislike."

Moore's radiant delight in being Arthur is rivalled by John Gielgud's precise pleasure in interpreting Hobson the butler.

"Dudley said to me that John Gielgud was the funniest man in the world. I said 'Are you sure?!'. But I trusted Dudley and I'm glad I did. Once you get a Gielgud you see how far the role can go. The part apparently has no limits. You could have five pictures with this relationship. He's a very stern father is what he is. I don't see him as a butler now. He won't let Dudley do anything and yet Dudley gets to cheat and goes out and does what he wants to do and comes home to this stern father. Maybe that's why people like the picture — there aren't enough stern fathers."

What especially pleases Gordon about the relationship?

"That here's a father who really cares. In that first sequence John says to Dudley 'I don't want you to be alone'. He knows he's going to die. He's living his life for his son. He turns over the managing of Dudley to Liza Minnelli. It's a tremendously noble story in a way."

GORDON HAS WRITTEN comedy since the '60s, working on series such as *The Dick Van Dyke Show, Barney Miller,* and *The Practice.* He's written comedy plays, conceived commercials, written lengthy television specials.

"I've no idea where all the comedy comes from and I'm glad I don't. I think it's like a clock — if you take it apart you'll never get it back together again."

How greateful is he to the people who make *him* laugh?

"Very grateful. We should treasure the people who can make us laugh. Jack Benny, Woody Allen, Groucho Marx. . .if you watch a Marx Brothers picture, or a Charlie Chaplin picture, or a Buster Keaton pcture, or the pictures of Billy Wilder. . .so many I can't name them anymore.

"They're so funny and they make you laugh so hard and they're so thoughtful and they're so, so. . .wonderful. I mean, is there anything better

■ *continues over*

"I race cars, I play tennis, I fondle women, but I have weekends off and I am my own boss..."

Dudley Moore is arthur AA

A Rollins-Joffe-Morra-Brezner Production
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Christiane F.

**Directed by Ulrich Edel
Starring Natja Brunckhorst
and Thomas Haustein
(20th Century Fox)**

AT THE AGE of 14, Berlin schoolgirl Christiane F was a fully fledged junkie who prostituted herself to feed her habit. This makes hers "a story of our time", according to the trailers, and just to reinforce the fact Bowie's 'Heroes' LP makes up the soundtrack.

Christiane's case history is so well-known in Germany that it's difficult to credit the producers with any altruistic motives for making what is to them just another capitalisation on a blockbuster paperback.

Yet despite the book's sensational magazine origins, it did bring home to the mass of comfortable middle class Germany the emotional void existing between parents and children that forced Christiane, along with a sizeable number of Berlin kids, to fill it with whatever kicks they could find — which for many led to heroin.

Christiane's story is no maudlin *Man With The Golden Arm* — its necessary repetition draws it closer to Lou Reed's 'Heroin'. That is, the user's rash, total euphoria comes in ever diminishing bursts, while the worry over the next fix increases. Obviously the greater her need, the faster her childish prettiness — a major selling point to customers at the Bahnhof Zoo railway station second in popularity only to young boys — deteriorates and the more difficult it becomes to pay her way.

In the film version Christiane F's decline is all the more painful to watch because of amateur Natja Brunckhorst's natural, fresh performance. She seems to register surprise and shock at her condition, as well as the frightening admission that she'd lost control over it.

The addicts' ever restrictive, if perfected cycles — fix, hustle, buy and bang up again — have been compressed for dramatic purposes into a few representative incidents, which somewhat undermines the film's pretension towards documentary reconstruction.

Director Edel, whose background is in television, works within the accepted tenets of social realism — bleak, washed-out colour and occasional grainy hand-held shots on the railway station (imposed by the controlling East German authority's refusal of permission to film there) — and for the most part it works fine. Not that such aesthetic choices automatically imply verisimilitude but, in this instance, they accurately evoke the drab surface details of Christiane's biography.

In that much Edel rightly recognises that heroin's squalid glamour, curiosity aside, is partly its aura of dirt and, consequently, isolation, as well as the completely absorbing, mostly destructive life cycle it dictates.

Just to show that much is horribly compelling, which is basically all he does. He only succumbs to theatre once, when he has Christiane descending on an escalator into the Underground and tracks her along the platform through a purgatory of hustlers, hookers and the ghostly hooked to the accompaniment of Bowie/Eno's soundtrack of romantic desolation.

An undoubtedly effective piece of emotional manipulation, making it the sort of "good cinema" the producers were probably dreaming of. Such a consideration shouldn't be — and indeed isn't for the most part — *Christiane F's* concerns.

Chris Bohn

Heavy Metal

**Directed by Gerald Potterton
(Columbia)**

OR HOW TO turn gold into lead in eight easy lessons. *Heavy Metal,* the American offspring of *National Lampoon* and *Metal Hurlant,* has combined a genuine breakthrough in the graphic arts with a variety of comic-book grandiloquence that is little more than *Marvel*-type stuff stripped of superheroes and produced to a higher budget with generous post-Underground splurges of tits 'n' ass and gore.

This — *Heavy Metal's* movie — animates a selection of stories with a tenuous framing device and a deafening soundtrack involving an Elmer Bernstein score and a bunch of god-awful rock songs assembled by that well-known patron of the arts, Irving (rip your) Azoff.

Black Sabbath, Blue Oyster Cult, Grand Funk Railroad, Sammy Hagar, Journey, Nazareth, Cheap Trick, Devo . . . call their names with pride. They probably get a fairer shake than Rich Corben, Berni Wrightson, Mike Ploog, Angus McKie and the other artists whose work has been 'adjusted' to fit *Heavy Metal's* bed of Procrustes.

At least one graphic-story nut of my acquaintance has been reduced to apoplectic spluttering by the casual violence done to Angus McKie's 'So Beautiful And So Dangerous' sequence, which has been screwed around to centre on an extended Cheech-And-Chong-in-space routine for two minor characters, completely upsetting its balance. The Neal Adams-designed caricature of the goofy but sexy secretary (perpetually squealing as her skirts blow up around her neck) doesn't help at all.

At least Corben's 'Den' retains its edge as a parody of the material that customarily caters to youthful male

STEVE GORDON

■ *from previous page*

than laughter? It's very difficult to be unhappy when you're laughing and it's also very difficult to dislike people who make you laugh. I have very seldom disliked a funny person."

Is he a funny man?

"Yes, I'm a funny man, but I'm not as funny as Arthur. Then, I wrote *Arthur."*

Is he still laughing at it?

"I am *Arthur's* biggest fan after Dudley, trust me. Every time I think about *Arthur* it's funny. I've seen the moose scene 500 times and I'm still giggling. It's disgusting, isn't it? I'm stood at the editing machine and I'm still laughing. That has to be one of my favourite scenes in the picture. 'Where's the rest of that moose?' is one of the funniest things anyone is going to say in a picture this year."

Steve Gordon says that not as the man who originally wrote that line (remember, Dudley Moore says things funnily) but as the man who breezily embraces the happiness great comedy bears, and who understands that Claridges Hotel is a hell of a place to talk about alcohol and comedy excess — especially at eleven in the morning, the dipso's dawn.

In better circumstances one of us would have noticed that priceless comedy or too much alcohol makes you piss yourself, and that *Arthur* is priceless comedy *and* too much alcohol. Imagine what that does.

The thing about people who hate comedy, they never piss themselves. Trust me.

Heavy Metal's Corvette cosmonaut — now you've seen the best bit

fantasies and Mike Ploog's World War I flying-graveyard fantasy 'B-17' manages to be gruesome with style, but the film never lives up to its extraordinary opening image (from Dan O'Bannon's 'Soft Landing') of a space-suited figure in a '59 Corvette Convertible landing in front of a sinister Victorian house, neatly and magically linking three myths into one.

The film-makers no doubt believe that winding up the film with a lengthy sword-and-sorcery episode featuring a formidable female barbarienne in a fetishist outfit is some form of recompense for the more conventionally lame-brained stereotypes perpetuated elsewhere in the movie.

The 'character' in question, Howard Chaykin and Chris Achilleos' 'Taarna' — I use quotation marks because, strictly speaking, *Heavy Metal* contains no characters at all — would only serve to reinforce the notion that the 'Adult Fantasy' genre is ultimately an expression of the rage that some people feel when they discover that governing assumptions about the world in which we live are flimsy, spurious things and that they may have to consult their experience rather than their prejudices in order to function most effectively in said world.

The world(s) of this film have this to say: that somewhere in time and space, justification can always be found for the continued existence of comforting beliefs. The worst science fiction and fantasy has always held that things are much like America wherever one travels, because America is Cosmically Right.

Heavy Metal, despite its visual flash and awesome trickiness, ultimately falls right into line with everything that it set out to supercede.

Charles Shaar Murray

Arthur

Directed by Steve Gordon
Starring Dudley Moore, John Gielgud and Liza Minnelli
(Warner Bros)

WE KNOW THAT the initial impact is important for all great comedians. As soon as we're with Dudley Moore's Arthur, cruising the night road in a vintage Rolls, helplessly pissed and pissing about trying to pick up a damaged, garish hooker, Moore has us caught.

He is Arthur, Arthur wants fun, and as he takes his booby-prize hooker back to a snobby hotel for expensive meal followed by pampered passion, his wild laughter and soaked joking bouyantly beckons us to have fun too. "Isn't fun the best thing ever!" he pants, wrapped up in his own congested quest for fun, giggling like he's allergic to any serious thought.

Somehow, straight away, we're in sympathy with this spoilt, rich, indulgent alchoholic, without really understanding what it is he wants from life or what it is he does in life. Moore's introduction is sizzling, the first of a handful of electric scenes where he duplicates the dislocated abstraction of the drunk with compulsive, unprejudiced intensity.

Moore accurately establishes the little boy lost who's allowed to get drunk, sleep around, spend all over, yet who can shine a strong light of tender wisdom into the world's dark, squirming indifference. Moore's Arthur is an incompetent victim despite the comforting opportunities and privilege his wealth would appear to provide. We get to love him for the sweet humanity that scars the hedonism.

After Moore's speculative entrance, John Gielgud strides in to take over, pitching classic poise against Moore's disordered quaintness. Throughout the picture Moore scores laughs (every seven seconds, by my reckoning) by saying things that often in themselves aren't particularly funny; Gielgud has wickedly funny, deflating lines that he delivers almost as himself — the grand, loved 20th century knight — with grave satisfaction. Moore's drunk, dropping in and out of a wobbly, utopian view of the world, snaps against, and gets trapped by, Gielgud's miraculously sober Hobson.

Somewhere the two are in agreement about the world's harsh silliness. Gielgud distances himself from it, Moore splashes about in it. Gielgud is so straight it's hilarious, Moore is so hilarious, it's almost sad.

A comic character who is astonishingly rich and who has all material things abundantly available goes against all the little man comedy tradition. (Which Moore certainly belongs to — Norman Wisdom is never far away from Arthur's adventures.) Yet Moore makes it work. He is becoming Britain's first substantial, effective film comedy star — perhaps since Wisdom himself — who's not relying on a team. By establishing a limited but intoxicating character — the wayward imp who just cannot quite focus on life, whether through drink or ignorance or misunderstanding — who can see considerable reason in nonsense and a kind of moral truancy, Moore is gloriously alive. And that's irresistible.

At the end, when he gets the girl he wants (Liza Minnelli), retains his massive fortune, and looks forward to an everafter future of fun, we're completely happy for him even though there's never any real danger he won't get any of it. It's a simple story, a picture about togetherness and goodness, and this warming simplicity, as much as its funniness, must be reason for its huge American success.

Its honesty touches fundamental fears. Moore uses Arthur to say whoever or whatever we are, we all loathe loneliness; the effect is tripled by his making us laugh so much — laughter being the great enemy of loneliness. Ultimately it becomes a race to see who will laugh more during the picture: Moore or us. Total togetherness is achieved, a basic aim of all great comedy.

It is such a 'nice' film and runs into such a happy ending I would have expected to dislike it; but the individual performaces of Moore and Gielgud, some delightful support from Minnelli and Barney Martin as her father, some sensational scenes . . . all transcend the predictability of plot, direction and message.

Really it's not slapstick with a message but slapstick with a hangover, and perhaps in the hangover lies the message.

Paul Morley

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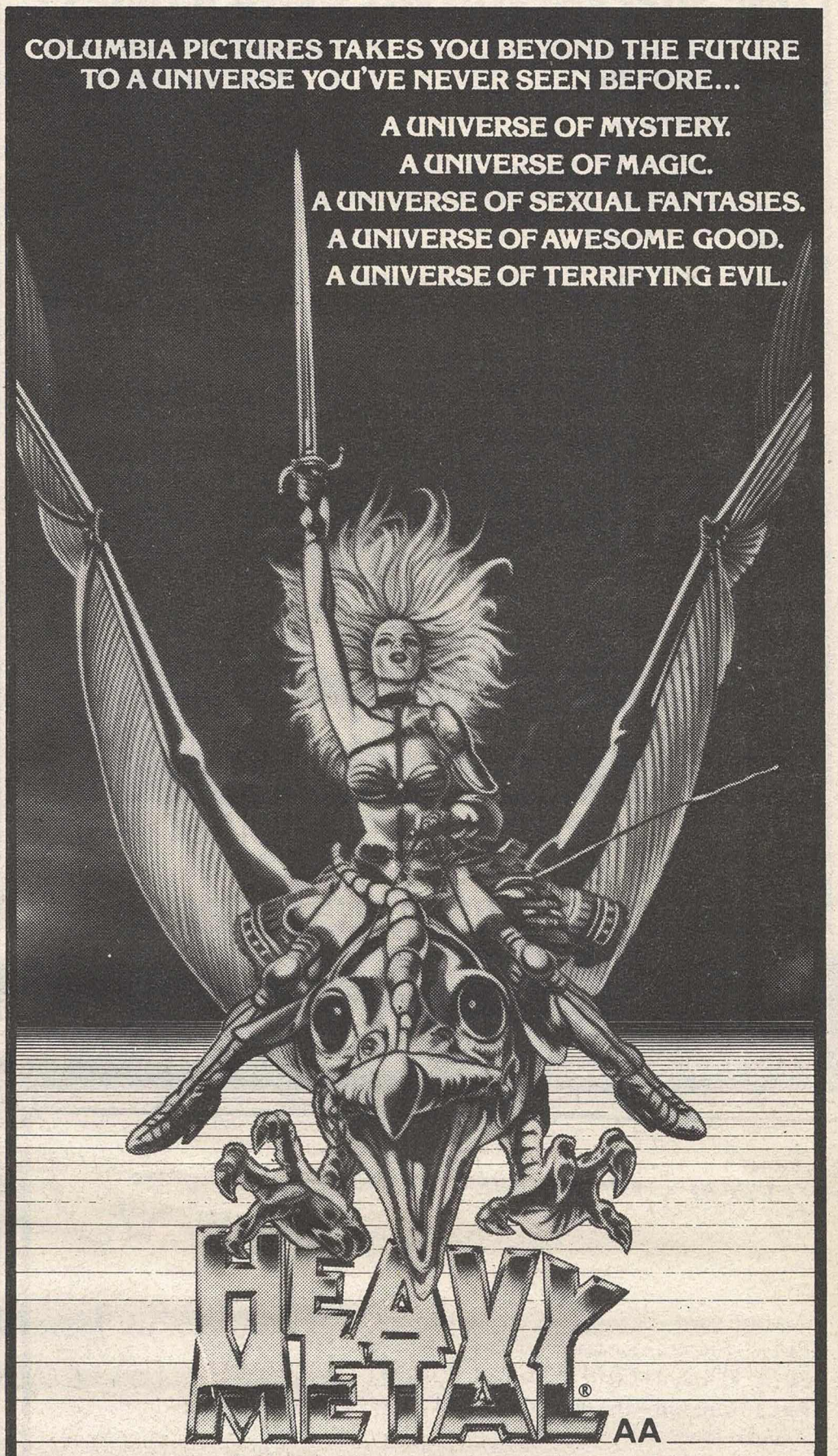

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SIDNEY LUMET

Director of Dog Day Afternoon, Serpico and Prince Of The City

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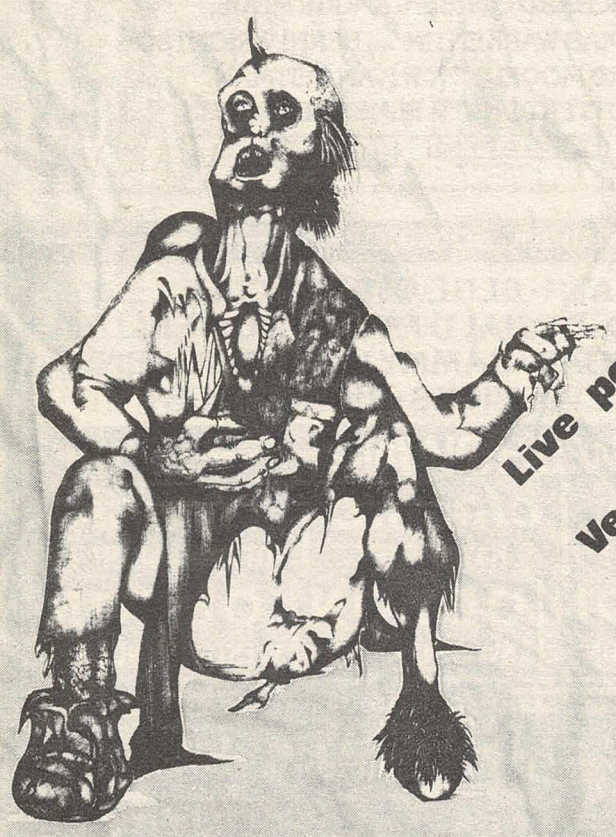


January 14 1982
Live performance at the
Venue London

RAGING BULL GOES POTTY
Directed by Ronald Neame
Starring Robert De Niro, Cliff Thorburn and Dennis Hopper (Cert A)
An unexpected sequel to *Raging Bull: The Movie* from Britisher Neame. In this portion, La Motta buys a gas station in collaboration with Rita (Marti Caine) and his attempts to 'beef the place up' result in the usual hilarious chaos. Particularly successful are the scenes where Jake tries to control the air hose like some Asian snake charmer, and watch out for Dixie his charming but completely goofy cat. Pleasing second instalment that has me quietly looking forward to episode three, *Where's That Raging Bull?*, due next April.

MORE SOUTHERN COMFORT!
Directed by Peter Yates
Starring Keith Carradine, John Denver and Billie Jo Spears (Cert A)
Fascinating follow up to last year's *Southern Comfort: The Movie* from Pete *Bullitt* Yates. Yes, we're back in the swamp lands again and this time there's no let up in the laffs. Rudy (John Denver) is sure his father left a secret oil formula in a pair of George C Scott's old pants and sets off south to find them. Along the way he meets Dazoozy (Billie Jo Spears) — just about the craziest hitch-hiker you'll ever meet! Dazoozy has a thing about 'darn bullfrogs' and her catchphrase "Well, rinky dinky doo" will no doubt sweep the country. A warmhearted film that, underneath, nevertheless has a message.

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF FLAKE JESSOP
Directed by Bryan Forbes
Starring Marty Balin, Brooke Shields and Pamela Stephenson (Cert U)
Those of you who enjoyed *Altered States: The Movie* will be glad to know that the story hasn't ended yet. In fact, Dr Jessop has only just begun his wild times! Here we find him hard at work on a formula for weight loss that accidentally becomes a recipe for *weightlessness*. Dad might remember this plot device from Fred MacMurray's old Flubber films, but Bryan Forbes' expert touch creates a wonderful new flavour for all the family to enjoy. The subtle references to the first movie as "that little episode" will not escape the more intellectual film buffs, even though there's something for everyone to enjoy here inside Dr Jessop's madcap laboratory. Watch out for the next instalment, *Dr Jessop, Is That You?*

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN
Directed by Gerald Thomas
Starring Bo Derek, Candy Clark, Robert Vaughn and Vicky Leandros (Cert AA)
Subtitled *Return To Precinct 13* and I must confess I would've loved anything that brought us once again to the crazy mixed-up police station where *nothing* goes right. What happens when you mix ten hardened crooks, two dizzy girl cops and a stuffy commissioner inside a government building that's due to be demolished? Well, that's what Gerald *Carry On Directing* Thomas helps us to discover in one of the year's most delightful romps. Love interest is provided by Robert Vaughn (as Piedro) and Vicky Leandros (Kitty). Songs include 'Got A Smoke', 'Living For The Day You'll Be Free' and 'Only A Cho-Lo'. My wife and I liked it.

IN THE CAN

Danny Baker sorts out the seasonal circuit releases

NEVER GIVE A DAMN
Directed by Alan Bates
Starring Paul Newman, Libby Morris and Art Garfunkel (Cert U)
To be honest, I was a little disappointed in this continuation of Newman's 1971 oddball comedy *Never Give An Inch: The Oddball Comedy*. Its story is good enough — two lumberjacks (Newman and Tatum O'Neal) decide to trade in their jobs for positions in a slick city bank — but where it really falls down is in its gratuitous use of bad language. Nevertheless some scenes work — like when the pair foil a couple of bank robbers completely by chance as they go about their cleaning duties — and the background score by Harry Stoneham is gentle on the ear. Not my cup of tea.

CITIZEN KOON
Directed by Richard Pryor
Starring Richard Pryor, Mel Brooks, Peter Boyle and George Dzundza (Cert X)
Stay away. A foul-mouthed 'updating' of Orson Welles' classic *Citizen Kane: The Movie*. The idea of a black sharecropper becoming president overnight has its appeal, but in Messrs Brooks and Pryor's incapable hands it's merely an excuse to insult our intelligence. No thank you, Richard.

DOG DAYS IN LONDON
Directed by Lily Tomlin
Starring Britt Ekland, Frank Langella, David Niven and Topol (Cert A)
US made-for-TV thriller in reply to Sidney Lumet's 1975 classic *Dog Day Afternoon: The Movie*. This sees a directing debut by comedienne Lily Tomlin from a script by Dory Previn, so the film has a certain feminist angle, you might say. In it, Marsha (Britt Ekland) is on the trail of Sonny (Frank Langella) to warn him that he's being stalked by 'R' (Topol). There are many exciting close shaves and various explosions, though the action does get a little bogged down in long dialogue sequences between Marsha and her radical junkie lover Mooto (Grace Jones). Ms Tomlin has personally penned a long press kit explaining the film's underlying message as well as its predecessor's weaknesses and, though I remain unconvinced, I found it passed a pleasant three and a half hours.

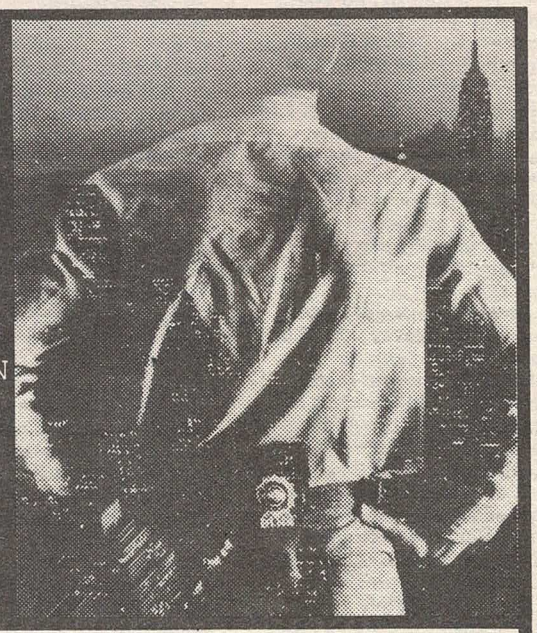
ONE SMALL DETAIL
Directed by Ambrose Funger
Starring Glen Campbell, Bruce Li and Goldie Hawn (Cert A)
Another movie originally intended for TV but, thankfully, judged good enough to be shown as full-blooded night-out entertainment. *One Small Detail* is a loving sequel to the bawdy *Last Detail: The Film* that, by its notoriety, rocketed Jack Nicholson to stardom in 1974. Now while the original might be passable at a steelworks' stag night, it's hardly the sort of thing you can watch with mum and the kids, so our thanks go to newcomer Ambrose Funger who has tidied up the earlier version into something we can all view happily. Funger provides a clever improvement, too, by his introduction in the prisoner role of Goldie Hawn as Timba. Glen Campbell and kung fu star Bruce Li are her escorts to gaol and the wacky Ms Hawn puts them to all sorts of trouble by her scatty attempts to escape. The scene in the foam factory is already a classic and Goldie's song 'Won't Somebody Take Me Seriously Please?' is a nice tearjerker. Away from the language and violence, this story really gets a chance to shine. I recommend it thoroughly.

SUPERMAN II, 2
Directed by Richard Lester
Starring Christopher Reeve, Leonard Rossiter and Dorothy Tutin (Cert A)
True to their word, Warners have not made a *Superman 3*. Instead we have *Superman II, 2*. To be reviewed.

IN PRODUCTION
Where's That Raging Bull?
Dr Jessop, Is That You?
Blue Movie: The Collar
Follow The Scum Gang!
Omen 3, IV
LATE RESULTS
Slaughterhouse 5, The Wild 1
Saturn 3, The Muskateers 3
Magnificent 7, Mostel Zero
Little Indians 10, Jaws 2
The Feathers 4, Years BC 1,000,000

A cop is turning.
Nobody's safe.

PRINCE OF THE CITY x



"PRINCE OF THE CITY"
Starring TREAT WILLIAMS
Executive Producer JAY PRESSON ALLEN
Produced by BURTT HARRIS
Screenplay by JAY PRESSON ALLEN and SIDNEY LUMET
Based on the Book by ROBERT DALEY
Directed by SIDNEY LUMET

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Festive flix on the small screen, sized up by Ian Penman (BBC) and Monty Smith (ITV)

" 'Ere, you gave me two channels to do, you bastard!" — I.P.

Friday December 18
TARZAN'S DESERT MYSTERY (Directed by William Thiele 1943). Later adapted by Bunuel as *The Dance Of The Seven Veils*, this segment of the Tarzan season finds Johnny Weismuller in speculative mood, quoting Kant and crossing the Sahara in search of some "herb". The hallucination sequence — monster lizards, giant spiders, Nazis, and Cheetah metamorphosing into Charles Darwin — is outrageous. **(BBC2)**

PLANET OF THE APES (Franklin J. Schaffner 1967). For London and Harlech viewers only, the first and best of the cautionary simian sagas. Charlton Heston's cynical astronaut Taylor is one of his finest performances, and Schaffner's direction is dazzlingly inventive (though very obviously conceived in widescreen terms). Good monkey suits, great score by Jerry Goldsmith. **(ITV)**

ARABELLA (Adriano Barocco 1969). Interesting-looking black comedy with Terry Thomas handling four different roles, James Fox and Margaret Rutherford trailing in his wake. I swear I didn't make the director's name up. (As the Renaissance man said to the Duchess, there's good baroque-in' tonight!) **(BBC1)**

Saturday December 19
WARLORDS OF ATLANTIS (Kevin Connor 1978). Saturday matinee stuff, with Doug McLure and Cyd Charisse bumping up against giant squids, whirlpools, and all-purpose general *Stingray* type nastiness. **(BBC1)**

THE YOUNG ONES (Sidney J Furie 1961). The reincarnation of Bongo Herbert (believed to be slang in the pop music world for the ingestion of marijuana and the consequent effects: "Cor, I was really Bongo Herbert last night!") as Cliff sings and smiles his way through a happy zappy zany and bloody stupid 'youth market' movie. Good theme song though. **(BBC2)**

IN LIKE FLINT (Gordon Douglas 1967). Grotesquely inept secret agent comedy with James Coburn and his fabulous teeth saving the world from a takeover by a militant female organisation entirely made up of *Playboy* folds. **(ITV)**

BREEZY (Clint Eastwood 1973). Holden time again, here holdin' hands with a drippy young drop out girl in lacklustre male menopause Lurv story. **(BBC2)**

SAFETY LAST & HOT WATER (Fred Newmeyer, Sam Taylor 1923). Cracking double bill to kick off the Harold Lloyd 'season' — contains the classic clock-clambering sequence. **(BBC2)**

Sunday December 20
THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH (Nicolas Roeg 1976). Best film on TV over the whole holiday period — although we had best be ready for a good few cuts from its basic fibre; last year's Christmas Roeg — *Don't Look Now* — was the sanitised American TV version . . . and over there *TMWFTE* wasn't even allowed full reign in the cinemas. It's silly, such division of sexual athletics and simple aesthetics — movies like Roeg's just don't work that way. Anyway, I think Roeg is the best director in the whole wide world, and you probably know this film already — Bowie mooning through a parable which is more *Citizen Kane* than sci fi, packed with hypnotic images and dense with ideas and connections. **(BBC2)**

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING (John Huston 1975). Caine and Connery as Kipling con-men, bamboozling the high priests of old Kafiristan. A yarn, alright, but only occasionally ripping. **(ITV)**

Monday December 21
THE DARK MIRROR (Robert Siodmark 1946). Any film that has Siodmark's shadow behind it has to be worth immersing yourself in, and any film that plays the old trick of having an actress (in this case Olivia de Havilland) play opposite herself as twin sisters can't be bad for double-bluff kicks. **(BBC2)**

SWEENEY 2 (Tom Clegg 1978). Crash bang wallop stuff, never remotely as convincing as the TV series but played with attractive assurance by John Thaw and Dennis Waterman. **(ITV)**

Tuesday December 22
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI (David Lean 1957). The excuse is in William Holden, but this is the season for such fare anyway; the sort of sweaty epic (this one clocks in at 2 hrs 41 mins) that starts you off sneering but keeps you staying put. The big plusses here are Alec Guiness and exploding bridges. Y'll know the story, I presume. **(BBC2)**

THE McMASTERS (Alf Kjellin 1970). Much gloating violence in a tawdry western: Jack Palance is the bigot, Brock Peters the black. Burl Ives plays the title characters. **(ITV)**

Wednesday December 23
THE SAVAGE BEES (Bruce Geller 1976). Geller was a pro apparently disillusioned with the TV medium he moved in (everything from *Rawhide* through *Mission Impossible* to a TV version of *Mother, Jugs and Speed* before his death in 1978) and *The Savage Bees* is not something to remember him by: a dull and silly thriller in which African bees disrupt a New Orleans Mardi Gras. The symbolism there eludes me. **(BBC1)**

WHITE CHRISTMAS (Michael Curtiz 1954). Despite its trustworthy elements — Irving Berlin score, Crosby, Clooney and Kaye, the solid Curtiz — this old chestnut fails to consolidate its better moments into a flawless whole. But the better moments *are* captivating, in a thoroughly corny way. **(BBC2)**

CARRY ON DOCTOR (Gerald Thomas 1972). The second best film on TV over the holiday period! Well, what *can* you say, I mean . . . **(BBC1)**

MAGIC (Richard Attenborough 1978). Turgid melodrama that strains hard for seriousness as Anthony Hopkins' ventriloquist loudly goes bananas; his foul-mouthed dummy probably gave William Goldman a hand with the script. **(ITV)**

Thursday December 24
THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE (Ronald Neame 1972). Same applies here as applied to *River Kwai* — although *The Poseidon Adventure* does get pretty cringe-making at times. An endless cast (what on earth are people like Gene Hackman and Shelley Winters doing on board? Only the Poseidon accountants know) and predictable tricks played in a drowning liner insure low-denominator interest. **(BBC1)**

EL CID (Anthony Mann 1961). And the Beeb continues to go for mammoth stop-gaps. Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren as believable as anyone ever is in this sort of desert romp. You ask me, *Carry On Up The Khyber* trashes them all — it's the only one you can possibly take 'seriously', and has the real El Sid to boot. **(BBC1)**

THE BELSTONE FOX (James Hill 1973). Predictable Christmas sweet-furry-animals tear (or stomach) jerker. If we have to have these things, why can't it be *Kes* every year, instead of the gloopy succession of otters, gormless vets and here Eric Porter falling in love with a fox. The photography is lush, the dynamics lame. **(BBC2)**

SCROOGE (Ronald Neame 1970). Great cast — Albert Finney, Alec Guinness, Edith Evans, Kay Walsh — and a great story, of course; unfortunately, the songs of Leslie Bricusse have Van Gogh's ear for music. **(ITV)**

SUMMER HOLIDAY (Peter Yates 1962). Did Peter Yates — later to direct *Bullitt* — really wing his way over to Hollywood on the strength of this prankish, purified "Pop" film? Cliff Richard and The Shadows wander around the hippy trails in a converted bus; less fun than either the *Partridge Family* or the *Double Deckers*. **(BBC2)**

Friday December 25
THE WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN (Melville Shavelson 1972). Soft centred attempt to film American humourist James Thurber's life — or, at least, all the schloppiest and light-headed moments. Jack Lemmon, Jason Robards and Barbara Harris try hard, but there's none of Thurber's malice, analysis or hurt — and 'war' is as misleading a title you'll get this Yuletide. **(BBC2)**

LOOPHOLE (John Quested 1981). Albert Finney and Martin Sheen squandered in unadventurous thriller centred on a London bank vault and the desired entrance thereof. If they had to have a 1981 film about such things (and how come they've got a 1981 film at all?) why not the excellent *Thief/Violent Streets?* I'll give you two fuckin' guesses . . . **(BBC1)**

HARRY AND WALTER GO TO NEW YORK (Mark Rydell 1976). A period farce that's more frenetic than funny, but the cast is unbeatable: James Caan, Michael Caine, Diane Keaton, Elliott Gould, Charles Durning and Burt Young. **(ITV)**

Saturday December 26
GONE WITH THE WIND (Victor Fleming 1939). Fleming is the officially quoted director for this gigantic MGM David O Selznick production, but George Cukor had an uncredited hand in schedules. And that's about as interested as I can get in this leviathan, which the BBC have kindly split into two — part two following tomorrow. It's something to do with a traumatic incident in my childhood — which means that all the weighty considerations of box office success and a near four hours of steamy Southern storytelling go out the window — when I was introduced to the legend via an anarchic artist's impression of the real relationship between Rhett (Clark Gable) and Scarlett (Vivien Leigh) in *MAD* magazine . . . If I were you, I'd use the four hours to read that article on Coronation St in *NME* that you still haven't quite got round to. **(BBC1)**

HOW THE WEST WAS WON (John Ford 1963). This is more like it as blurgghbusters go — as much pure hokum and inaccurate history as anything else, but Ford can inveigle people who think that an *auteur* was the star of *Bright Ring Of Water*, and all the gung ho gang is here: John Wayne, Gregory Peck, George Peppard, Henry Fonda and Debbie Reynolds. **(BBC1)**

THE 39 STEPS (Don Sharp 1978). Remaining faithful to John Buchan's original novel is still not enough to make you forget Hitchcock's definitive 1935 version. Especially not when Robert Powell is your Richard Hannay. **(ITV)**

WONDERFUL LIFE (Sidney Furie 1964). Another cruddy Cliff. **(BBC2)**

HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE (Richard Quine 1965). Best bet today, Lemmon alternately ugly and unwitting as Virna Lisi's dithering spouse in this slightly overlong but irresistible black comedy. Terry Thomas and Eddie Mayehoff provide diverting support in some wicked but wonderful scenes. **(BBC2)**

Sunday December 27
SAVE THE TIGER (John G Avildsen 1973). Thank God for the Jack Lemmon season. If you're feeling rather gone with the wind (an *awfully* well chosen phrase with regards to this week) Avildsen's weird little film with sharp script from Steven Shagan and Oscar-winning performance from Lemmon is sure to bring you eathwards. **(BBC2)**

Monday December 28
THE BATTLE OF MEDWAY (Jack Smight 1976). The ignoble precursor of John Huston's *Escape To Victory*, an incongruous re-telling of The Gillingham vs Maidstone two-replay FA Cup tie, with Henry Fonda as Keith Peacock, Robert Wagner as Dean White, and Toshiro Mifune as the disgruntled supporter whose resigned "not have way, I guess" sets a fatalistic seal on the whole explosive affair. **(BBC1)**

WHEN COMEDY WAS KING (Devised by Robert Youngson 1959). Compilation of classic slapstick setpieces, about as decent as these things get. Chaplin, Keaton, Langdon and Chase (wot, no Lloyd?) *(He's on BBC2, berk. — I.P.)* but best of the lot is the *Big Business* sequence from Stan and Ollie; you know the one, where they're flogging Christmas trees and James Finlayson gets all aeriated . . . **(ITV)**

IRMA LA DOUCE (Billy Wilder 1963). Gosh, there are some clods in the BBC planning dept. This was the re-teaming of Wilder, Lemmon and MacLaine after the sharp success of *The Apartment* — which, of course, is on tomorrow. *Irma* is overlong and can't touch *The Apartment* for slickness or sorrow, but the cherishable moments come thick and fast — Lemmon with a mouthful of billiard balls — and MacLaine is a sweetheart as the Parisian street pro. **(BBC2)**

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND (Steven Spielberg 1978). ITV's Big One, Spielberg's lovely mothership fantasy, full of people who are very nice and ordinary and aliens who are as cute as the Seven Dwarfs; which is why it struck such a giant chord in big softies like me, I guess. A shame it's not the *Special Edition*, though, which was even better. **(ITV)**

Tuesday December 29
THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN (Mike Nicholls 1973). Not to be confused with Jackals, Locusts or Triffids, this is a koo koo affair with George C Scott, two dolphins and the President of The United States. I've a feeling I'll like it. **(BBC1)**

THE APARTMENT (Billy Wilder 1960). One of the all time great comedies, with a slice of something sour and tragic at its heart. You scarcely need the story reiterating, do you? Only Laurel and Hardy in *Their First Mistake* come nearer to portraying a romance more poignant than that between Lemmon and MacLaine. **(BBC2)**

CAN CAN (Walter Lang 1960). Two Shirley MacLaine films in one day! Frank Sinatra is besotted and the songs are bloody marvellous ('I Love Paris', 'Let's Do It', etc). Go on, be camp! **(BBC2)**

RAGING BULL (Douglas Sirk 1957). Poor attempt to 'feminise' the familiar story of roughhead from the ghetto sluggin' his way to the top. Charles Hawtrey as the wife piles on the melodrama but Bob Hope sheerly unbelievable as the ringbound kid. **(BBC2)**

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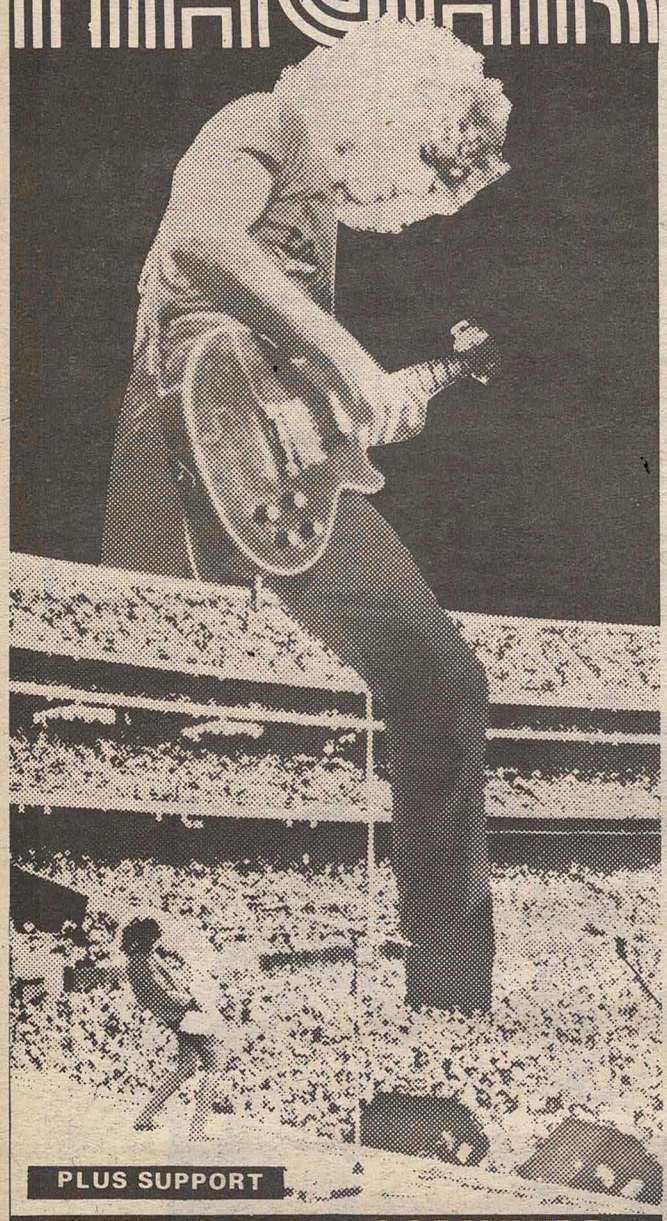

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RECORD NEWS

First Antvideo

ADAM & THE ANTS' first full-length video cassette is rushed out this week on the Home Video Productions label, in a package designed by Adam himself. It features the band live in concert, filmed in Japan on the last night of their recent world tour, and includes all their major hits—it should be selling in the shops at slightly less than £28. A second video is being recorded at one of the band's pre-Christmas concerts at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal, with Mike Mansfield directing, and this 'Prince Charming Revue' cassette is planned for spring release.

● With the new **Abba** album 'The Visitors' (Epic) in the shops this week, the group's Annifrid Lyngstad (she's the readhead) has announced plans to record a solo LP in the New Year, featuring songs by David Bowie and Paul McCartney.

● **Mood Six, Miles Over Matter** and **The High Tide** are three of the bands featured on the album 'A Splash Of Colour', described as "a psychedelia compilation", for release by WEA in the first week on the New Year.

● **Five Or Six** have a new single coming out next month on Cherry Red titled 'Chalk Circle'. They've also completed work on their first album, which at present is only planned for release in Belgium and Holland in January, though copies will be available here on import.

GLEN CAMPBELL has recored with many top girl singers during his career, and his latest partner is DIANE SOLOMON, who was special guest in his recent series of UK concerts. They're pictured above in the studios during sessions for a duet called 'If You Were My Lady', which is scheduled for New Year release.

AFRICAN JIVE

OK JIVE play their final dates of the year this weekend in London — at Herne Hill Half Moon (Friday) and Highgate Jackson's Rock Club (Saturday) — and both gigs are devoted entirely to African music, with African band Ojah supporting. Then, while the other members are taking a Christmas break, lead guitarist Bavon Wayne flies off to Africa to play a ten-day tour with a Kenyan rock band. OK Jive have now formed their own "Ghumba Hi-Fi Society" for Afrique music lovers (contact their office at 81 Tottenham Court Road, London W1 for details), and their second single 'On Route'/'Congo Qwela' will be issued on January 2 on the Frenzy label, through CBS.

Lewie strikes again

● **Jona Lewie,** who had a Christmas chart-topper last year with 'Stop The Cavalry', enters the seasonal campaign belatedly this year. His new single, out this weekend of Stiff, is the oddly-titled 'Re-arranging The Deckchairs On The Titanic'. His next album follows early in the New Year.

● 'A Quiet Night In' is a Bron compilation album released this week, featuring **Motorhead, Hawkwind, The Young & Moody Band, Uriah Heep, Girlschool, Angelwitch, The Mechanics** and **Juicy Lucy.** It should retail at not more than £3.50.

● The album 'Arthur', out this weekend on Warner Brothers, is a collection of songs inspired by the new film of the same name (starring Dudley Moore). Among those on the LP are **Christopher Cross, Stephen Bishop, Ambrosia, Nicolette Larson** and **Burt Bacharach.**

● **The Anti-Nowhere League's** single appears this week on new independent label WXYZ Records, through Faulty Products and Pinnacle. We're told it's a double B-side (!) and the titles are 'Streets Of London' and 'So What'.

STOP PRESS GIGS

Winter for London

EDGAR WINTER returns to London next month to headline at the Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, January 30 — tickets on sale now priced £4.75, £4.25 and £3.50. At the moment, it's a one-off, but a couple more dates could be added after Christmas.

One-off by Images

ALTERED IMAGES have announced plans for a London show at the Hammersmith Palais on Sunday, February 7 — all tickets £3, on sale now. This will be the band's only live appearance in 1982 until late spring.

Victor's at Knebworth, Tina's in Nashville... and Mother's miles away.

It's impossible to nod-off while everyone else is trying to be in two places at the same time.

And the sound of knitting needles won't help you think you're at an open-air concert.

Headphones are the answer.

But until now, they had a reputation for discomfort. They weighed on your mind while you listened. They squeezed your ears, and your wallet.

Now, with Ross, headphones come of age. With true state-of-the-art hi-fi technology, in no less than seventeen types and styles, to suit your music, and your means.

From Ross, you'll find closed-back headphones, for bass with a depth and feel like never before. Or open backed, for privacy without isolation.

Headphones with rare-earth and Samarium cobalt supermagnets (more than three times the energy of ordinary types). With ear-enclosing or unenclosed earpads for personal comfort. Or ultra-low loss cables for perfect preservation of sound fidelity. All guaranteed for two years.

Ross headphones let you fill your head with the pure power of pop. Or feel the tones and tempos of country and western. Or dream.

They let you listen alone, in lightweight comfort. On your style, on your budget.

Buy them for yourself, if you want to hear better. Buy them for a friend, if you want a little peace.

Wherever you want to be with music – get there with Ross.

Ross RE-225
Acoustic system: Open back.
Impedance: 4 to 26 ohms.
Frequency response: 18 to 22,000 Hz.
Sensitivity: 100 db/mW at 1000 Hz.
Price: Around £7.5

Ross RE-230D
Acoustic system: Closed back.
Impedance: 4 to 16 ohms.
Frequency response: 20 to 20,000 Hz.
Fitted with combined 6.4 mm and 3.5 mm. Duo plug.
Price: Around £11.

Ross Headphones available at:

Woolworths, Boots, Woolco, Greens in Debenhams, Rumbelows, Rediffusion, Wigfalls, Southern Electricity, Shoppers' World, Ketts, Lewis's, John Lewis Partnership Branches, Harrods, Supreme Discount Stores, Rayford Electrics, Hi Fi Care, Underwood, Bentalls

And all good stores.

ROSS
makes sound sense
© ROSS 1981

49/53 Pancras Road, London NW1 2QB.
Tel: 01-278 6371. Telex: 22747 Preros, Ldn.

Stones won't let up in '82

THE ROLLING STONES plan to maintain the momentum of their current American tour, now drawing to a close, by visiting a number of other territories in the New Year. The success of their U.S. outing has exceeded all expectations and, rather than running the risk of losing their impetus, they want to keep the adrenalin flowing by staying on the road.

No precise details have yet been formulated, nor will be until they've finished in the States. But according to their London spokesman, they're thinking in terms of Australian concerts in late January or early February, probably linked with other dates in the Far East, including Japan. And this would be followed by a European tour, starting around Easter time and culminating in their long-awaited UK appearances.

However, if all goes according to plan — and bear in mind that the Stones have been known to change their minds on many previous occasions — they would be unlikely to perform here before June, as their present plan is to stage a major open-air concert in this country.

● With the collapse of their plans for global satellite TV coverage of one of their U.S. concerts, their final American date — in Virginia this weekend — will be seen on cable television in the States. It will also be telerecorded, and will hopefully be seen on British TV at some point in the New Year.

and The Who emerge again

SUGGESTIONS that The Who are on the point of disintegrating (if they've not already done so), which have been mooted in some sections of the Press, were discounted by their London office this week. The reports were apparently sparked by the current individual activities of the various members — John Entwistle's new solo album is just released, Roger Daltrey is at present recording, and Pete Townshend has another three tracks to complete for his next solo set.

But the band come together again in February to start work on a new Who album, and these sessions will be followed by a US tour in the spring or early summer. Although no British dates are yet in the pipeline, their spokesman observed that — once they get back on the road — they certainly won't ignore UK audiences in 1982.

PARIS TRIPS TO SEE COSTELLO

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions have now sold out their London concerts, before and after Christmas — but another show has been added in Paris on January 10, and special arrangements have been made to enable people to attend. There are three options — (1) scheduled air flights on January 8 evening, returning January 11 morning, including three nights in a three-star hotel costing £119; (2) same as first option, except plane leaves January 9 morning, price £109; (3) coach leaves London January 9 morning, returning January 11 evening, including two nights in a four-star hotel costing £75. All prices include concert tickets, transport, insurance and a half-day tour of Paris. Those interested should send a deposit of £50 (air) or £30 (coach) to Hearneweave Ltd., P.O. Box 281, London N15 5LW.

☐ **THE DAMNED** return to their club roots for a one-off seasonal special, playing London Fulham Greyhound on Christmas Eve. And appearing at the same venue the previous night (23) are The Boys.

MASSIVE MOTORHEAD TREK IN THE SPRING

MOTORHEAD undertake their first full UK onslaught for 18 months in the early spring, playing a 23-date nationwide schedule. American and European commitments have restricted their British appearances to just four this year, so they've pledged to make this upcoming tour "the biggest, nastiest and loudest ever". The band are currently touring Europe, ending with a special Christmas show at Belfast Whitla Hall on December 23, and they'll spend the first two months of the New Year working on their next album project — for release to coincide with their UK outing.

Dates are Aberdeen Capitol (March 17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Leeds Queen's Hall (20), Deeside Leisure Centre (21), Newcastle City Hall (22, 23 and 24), London Hammersmith Odeon (26, 27, 28 and 29), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (April 1), Crawley Leisure Centre (2), Portsmouth Guildhall (3), Poole Arts Centre (4), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (5), Bristol Colston Hall (6), Leicester De Montfort Hall (7 and 8) and Birmingham Odeon (9, 10 and 11).

Tickets go on sale today (Thursday) at all venues — except Bristol, where the box-office doesn't open until March 6. Prices are £5, £4.50 and £3.50 (Hammersmith); £4.50 only (Leeds, Deeside, Cardiff, Crawley, Portsmouth, Poole. St. Austell and Leicester) and £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (elsewhere). Special guests on all dates are Tank, and the tour is promoted by MCP in association with Neil Warnock.

● Tickets are available to personal callers at all theatre box-offices, though there are additional outlets for some venues, as follows: Barkers (Leeds), HMV (Bradford), Virgin (Sheffield), Piccadilly (Manchester), Sound Effects (York) and Gough & Davy (Hull) for LEEDS; Penny Lane (Liverpool and Chester), Piccadilly (Manchester), Mike Lloyd (Stoke) and King George's Hall (Blackburn) for DEESIDE: Spillers and Virgin (Cardiff) and Derricks (Swansea and Port Talbot) for CARDIFF: and Virgin (Brighton), H & R Cloak (Croydon and Crawley), L Cloak (Redhill) and Minstrels Gallery (East Grinstead) for CRAWLEY.

U.S. ARTISTS FOR BRITAIN

● KRIS KRISTOFFERSON temporarily sheds his Hollywood filmstar image next spring, in order to return to the stage. He's coming to Britain in April for a series of concert and cabaret appearances, his first confirmed date being at Windsor Blazers on April 13. His full itinerary will be announced in the New Year.

● BO DIDDLEY returns to the UK in February for what is largely a "back to the roots" club tour. His only London appearance will be at Putney Half Moon on February 15, and provincial gigs are now being finalised.

● ROY ORBISON pays another of his regular visits to Britain in the early spring, and will be undertaking a lengthy tour, combining both theatre and club dates.

☐ **JOHN COOPER CLARKE** is the subject of an hour-long documentary on his work and lifestyle, being made in the New Year by Central TV (the new name for ATV), who were also responsible for the recent similar programme on Toyah. It's planned for spring screening, and JCC will be touring extensively at around that time.

☐ **NEIL YOUNG's** concert film *Rust Never Sleeps* has a three-day screening in London's West End right after Christmas — at the Dominion Theatre, Tottenham-Court Road, on December 28, 29 and 30. There are two performances daily, and all seats are bookable in advance, with reduced prices for the under-16s. The movie also has a one-day showing at Croydon Fairfield Hall on January 11.

☐ **THE SCORPIONS** have added another date to their UK tour, reported two weeks ago — it's a second night at Newcastle City Hall on February 13 (tickets £4 and £3.50).

Ozzy dates are all off

OZZY OSBOURNE has now cancelled the whole of his remaining UK tour schedule, which was to have climaxed in two holiday specials at London Hammersmith Odeon on Christmas Eve and Boxing Day. Other outstanding dates called off are at Manchester Apollo (tomorrow, Friday), Leeds Queens Hall (Saturday), Stafford Bingley Hall (December 22) and the re-scheduled gig at Leicester De Montfort Hall (23). For these, and all other dates scrapped earlier this month, ticket-holders should claim cash refunds from the point of purchase.

As reported last week, Osbourne's first five December dates were cancelled because he was suffering from gastric trouble — though it was hoped, at the time, that the break would enable him to complete the tour. But the illness, coupled with personal problems and the strain of constant touring, have led to doctors insisting on a complete break before he begins his American tour in January. There's no immediate prospect of the scrapped dates being re-scheduled, hence the cash refunds.

CLIMAX BLUES ON UK CIRCUIT

CLIMAX BLUES BAND set out next month on one of the longest UK tours they've undertaken in their 13-year career. The outfit — comprising Peter Haycock (guitar and vocals), Derek Holt (bass), Colin Cooper (horns and vocals) and John Cuffley (drums) — will be featuring material from their recently released WEA album 'Lucky For Some'. Dates confirmed so far are:

Keele University (January 20), Nottingham Rock City (21), Newcastle Polytechnic (22), Sheffield University (23), Norwich East Anglia University (24), Manchester Polytechnic (28), Birmingham Polytechnic (29), Lancaster University (30), Reading Hexagon (February 1), London Victoria The Venue (2), Guildford Civic Hall (3). Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (6), Dundee University (7), Edinburgh Playhouse (8), Stafford Borough Hall (11) and Cardiff University (12).

☐ **CARLENE CARTER plays a special holiday one-off at London Camden Dingwalls next Tuesday (22) together with her regular band, The C.C. Riders — Martin Belmont (guitar), Paul Carrack (keyboards), James Eller (bass) and Bobby Irwin (drums) — plus a three-piece horn section called The Bat Horns. This is her last live show for some time, as she'll be starting work on a new album after Christmas.**

☐ **THE OUTCASTS,** Ireland's leading punk outfit, have replaced Anti-Pasti in the 15-band 'Christmas On Earth" festival at Leeds Queens Hall this Sunday (20) — the reason being that Anti-Pasti have extended their current U.S. club tour. There will be a limited number of tickets for the event available on the doors at £4.50.

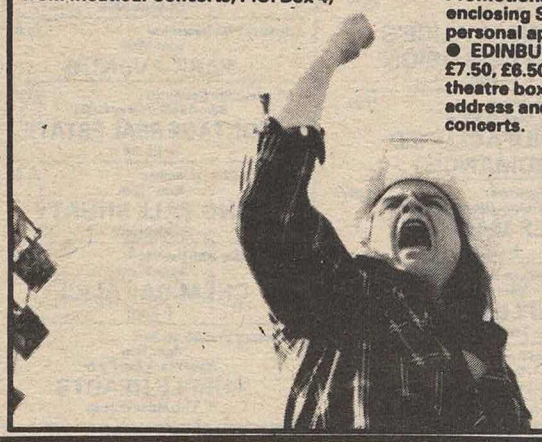
BOOKING details for the British concerts by Meatloaf in the early spring, announced by *NME* last week, are as follows:

● BRIGHTON Conference Centre (April 20-21). Tickets £7.50, £7 and £6.50, on sale now at the box-office. Or by post, adding 30p per ticket booking fee, from Meatloaf Box Office, P.O. Box 141, London SW6 5AS — Postal Orders only, made payable to "Andrew Miller Promotions Ltd", and enclose SAE.

● BIRMINGHAM National Exhibition Centre (23). Tickets £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 by post from Meatloaf Concerts, P.O. Box 4, Altringham Cheshire WA14 2JQ — Postal Orders only to "Kennedy Street Enterprises", and enclose SAE. Also available to personal callers at the Centre box-office, Cyclops Sound (Birmingham), Virgin (Coventry), Sundown (Wolverhampton), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Mike Lloyd shops (Stoke) and Lotus (Stafford). A booking fee is payable when purchased through agents.

● LONDON Wembley Arena (26-27). Available by post only at £8.80 and £7.80 (including booking fee) from Meatloaf Concert, MAC Promotions, P.O. Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ — enclosing SAE. There are no facilities yet for personal application.

● EDINBURGH Playhouse (May 2-3). Tickets £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50, available now from the theatre box-office. Also by post — same address and PO details as for the Brighton concerts.



Meatloaf ticket info

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 17th December (Adm £2.00)
Rude Heavy Metal Night!
JACKIE LYNTON
Call Of The Wind & Jerry Floyd

Friday 18th & Saturday 19th December (Adm £2.50)
Christmas Party!
SECRET AFFAIR
Plus The Jet Set & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 20th December (Adm £1.50)
THE ONLOOKERS
Parallel Bars & Jerry Floyd

Monday 21st December (Adm £2.00)
THE 45's
Plus Ginger & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 22nd & Wednesday 23rd December (Adm £2.50)
London Xmas Party!
THE TROGGS
Discovoid/The Spies & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 24th December
Special Christmas Eve Concert!
TOM ROBINSON
Plus The Cosmetics & Martin Ball
Advance Tickets to Members £2.50
Non members on the door £3.00

Friday 25th, Saturday 26th & Sunday 27th December
CLOSED — MERRY CHRISTMAS

Monday 28th & Tuesday 29th December (Adm £2.50)
Christmas Holiday Party!
THE MEMBERS
Lords Of The New Church (28th)
Blood Donor (29th) & Jerry Floyd

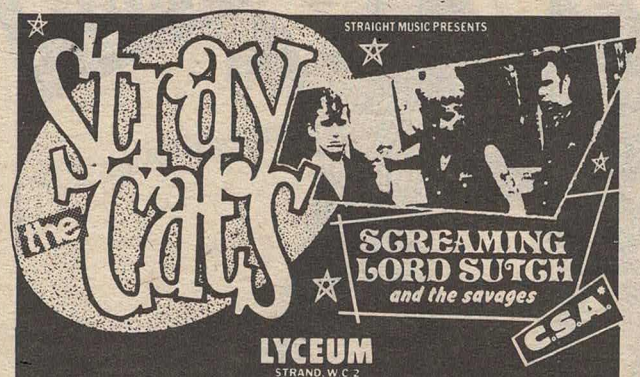
Wednesday 30th & Thursday 31st December
R 'n' B — New Year's Eve with
WILKO JOHNSON
Juan Foote 'n' the Grave & DJ Jerry Floyd
Advance Tickets to members £2.50
Non members on the door £3.00

Friday 1st January 1982
CLOSED — HAPPY NEW YEAR

Hamburgers and other Hot and Cold Snacks available

Stray Cats

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS



SCREAMING LORD SUTCH and the savages
C.S.A.

LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 27th DECEMBER at 7.30
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

BIRMINGHAM ODEON * NOT AT BIRMINGHAM
NEW STREET
MONDAY 28th DECEMBER at 7.30
TICKETS £3.50, £3.00, £2.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE THEATRE BOX OFFICE 10.30 AM—8.00 PM, MON-SAT. TEL: 021 643 6101. OR ON NIGHT

KILTORCH/OUTLAW PRESENTS
STARRING
CLUB ZOO
THE TEARDROP EXPLODES
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS at 8pm
JANUARY 3rd 4th 5th
£3.50
tkts. from box office tel. 748 2812
TICKETS ALSO FROM: CENTRE, LTB, PREMIER, KEITH PROWSE, STARGREEN

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY

Wednesday December 23rd, 7.30 pm
THE FRIARS AYLESBURY CHRISTMAS PARTY
GARY GLITTER
+ The G'as
A.C. Yuletide sound and vision
COMPLETELY SOLD OUT

I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the Middle of Winter
(Joseph Addison 1672-1719)

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Tuesday 15th December £1
LONDON APACHES

Wednesday 16th December £1.50
THE FLYING CLUB

Thursday 17th December £1
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Friday 18th December £1.25
RED BEANS & RICE

Saturday 19th December £1.25
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS

Sunday 20th December £1
BABYLON REBELS

Monday 21st December £1
THE SWINGING LAURELS

Tuesday 22nd December £1
REVERB AND BARB

Wednesday 23rd December £1
JUAN FOOTE 'N' THE GRAVE

24th-27th December
Closed for the holidays
MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Monday 28th December £1
PARTING SHOTS

Tuesday 29th December £1
THE ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS

Wednesday 30th December £1
LONG TALL SHORTY

Thursday 31st December
Closed for private function
HAPPY NEW YEAR!

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THURSDAY 17 FROM JAMAICA
CHRISTMAS REGGAE WITH
LOUIS LEPKE
TRISTAN PALMER
SAMMY DREAD
£3.25
FRIDAY 18
MARI WILSON WITH THE IMAGINATIONS
x DISCO VOID £3.30
SATURDAY 19
CHRISTMAS COUNTRY FUN WITH THE DOCTOR
HANK WANGFORD BAND
x SUPPORT £3.30
MONDAY 21
J.C.C.'s ANNUAL BUNCE FOR CHRISTMAS BASH
JOHN COOPER CLARK
x MARTIN BESSERMAN BAND £3
TUESDAY 22
CHRISTMAS SPECIAL
CARLENE CARTER & THE

C.C. RIDERS
x SUPPORT £3.50
WEDNESDAY 23
DINGWALLS CHRISTMAS PARTY NIGHT
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
x THE VETOES £3
THURSDAY 24 — MONDAY 28 INC —
CLOSED FOR CHRISTMAS
TUESDAY 29 £2
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
WEDNESDAY 30
KOKOMO
£3.30
THURSDAY 31
DINGWALLS NEW YEARS EVE PARTY
THE INMATES
WRECKLESS ERIC
TICKETS IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE £5

EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10 pm AND SAVE A FORTUNE

THE OLD QUEEN'S HEAD
133 Stockwell Road, SW9

Thur 17th Dec £1
UP-SECT
+ Cut Outs

Fri 18th Dec £1.25
NAKED LUNCH
+ John Vincent's Lonely Heart

Sat 19th Dec £1
THE CARDINALS
+ Souls Valiant

Sun 20th Dec DISCO

Mon 21st Dec £1
NEON BLONDES
+ Fear Of Falling

Tue 22nd Dec £1
MIDNITE MOVIES
+ The Blisters

Wed 23rd Dec £1
RESULTZ
+ Snaps

Thur 24th Dec £1
Christmas Eve R'n'B party with
THE RAPIDS
+ Support

Fri 25th Dec
HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS

Sat. 26th Dec £1.50
Jazz Funk Party Nite with
KABBALA

Sun 27th Dec DISCO

Mon. 28th Dec £1
24 HOURS
+ Only After Dark

Tue 29th Dec £1
HISS THE VILLIAN
+ The Routine

Wed. 30th Dec £1.25
GHOST
+ The Siberians

DIVERSEN at the BARRACUDA
1 BAKER St, W1 (903 2062)

Tuesday 22nd December
INCOGNITO

Monday 4th January
EURYTHMICS
+ Matt Fretton

Closed on the 28th December

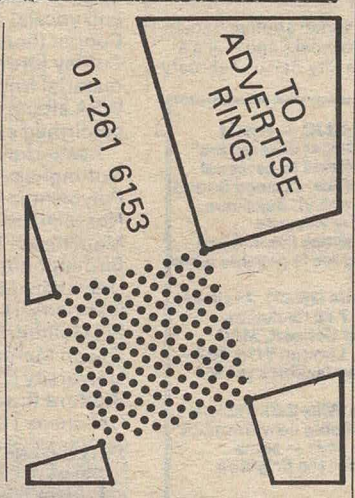
9.30 pm — 2.00 am
The best dance music in town spun by Parody.
75 — "a double act"

JACKSONS

Jacksons Lane Community Centre
Archway Rd N6
Opposite Highgate Tube
Tel 340 5226

Sat 19th Dec 8 pm - 12 pm
XMAS NUMBER WITH
OK JIVE AND OJAH
+ DISCO

MEMBERS £1.70 — OTHERS £2.20
Non members are welcome to join



THE BASEMENT BAR
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith W6

Thursday 17th December — REACTION + The Odd Hits — £1.25
Friday 18th December — MANUFACTURED ROMANCE + Null and Void — £1.50
Saturday 19th December — *Factory Records Night* — SECTION 25 + Swallow Tongue Jazz — £1.50
Sunday 20th December — HIDDEN CHARMS + The Models + London Secret — £1.00
Monday 21st December — *Rockabilly Night* — THE FRANTIX + DJ Luke the Duke — £1.50
Tuesday 22nd December — GATECRASHERS XMAS PARTY + Only After Dark — £1.50
Thursday 24th December — PARADISE OF PAIN + ACTIFED + THE SOLICITERS + THE PESTS — £1.00
Sunday 27th December — HIDDEN CHARMS + Ring Thirteen + The Models — £1.50
Monday 28th December — *Heavy Metal Night* — TEAZE DANCER + Victim — £1.50
Tuesday 29th December — *Radio Floss Rock Show with* — DESTROYER — £1.50

Harvey Goldsmith by arrangement with DKB presents
Edgar Winter
+ Special Guests
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Sat, 30th Jan. 8.00pm
Tickets £4.75 £4.25 & £3.50
Available from box office & Agents.

The CLARENDON HOTEL
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY

Take Soul and Spirit when you feel sadder than all the dead Christmas Trees in the World

Mon 21st December
MISS PID Sounds
RIP RIG + PANIC
+ GUESTS
tickets £3.00 from Rough Trade, Honky Tonk, Premier, Virgin Megastore, The Venue at Victoria
Lic Bar. 8.pm.

THE GREYHOUND
900 High Rd, Chadwell Heath, Essex
Nearest B/R Goodmayes or Chadwell Heath.
N98 Night Bus to Central London

Thursday 17th December £2.50
8pm-12pm
SECRET AFFAIR
+ Bloomsbury Set

Friday 18th December £1.50
8pm-12pm
JACKIE LYNTONS XMAS SHOW
+ Chaos

Saturday 19th December £1.50
8pm-12pm
CHEMICAL ALICE'S XMAS EXPLOSION
+ Fool

Sunday 20th December £1.00
8pm-10.30pm
MANUFACTURED ROMANCE

Monday 21st December £1.00
8pm-12pm *(Heavy Rock)*
DEEP MACHINE
+ Quiet

Tuesday 22nd December £1.00
8pm-12pm
PURPLE HEARTS
+ The Scizzors

Wednesday 23rd December £1.00
8pm-12pm
PLAIN CHARACTERS
+ Back Door Man

Thursday 24th December £2.50
8pm-1am
Xmas Eve Party Pyschedelic Double
SCARLET
+ Le Mat

Friday 25th December — Closed

Saturday 26th December £1.50
8pm-12pm
Pyjama Party Fancy Dress
SMALL WORLD
+ Downbeats

Sunday 27th December £1.00
8pm-12pm
PARK AVENUE

Monday 28th December £1.00
8pm-12pm *(Heavy Rock)*
MONTAGE REAL ESTATE
+ EL 34

Tuesday 29th December £1.00
8pm-12pm
LONG TALL SHORTY
+ Support

Wednesday 30th December £1.00
8pm-12pm
CHEMICAL ALICE
+ Fool

Thursday 31st December £1.50
8pm-1am
New Year's Eve Party
PURPLE HEARTS
+ The Heartbeats

Nationwide Gig Guide

Thursday 17

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Ricky Cool Band**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Japan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **J. G. Spoils**
Bordon Robin Hood: **The Polka Dots**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Lol Coxhill/Pendulum/Mike Cooper**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Centre: **Toyah**
Brighton New Regent: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Bristol The Stonehouse: **The Hybrids/The Club Waiters**
Burnley Centre Spot: **The Notsensibles/The Inquest**
Cardiff Moorlands Hotel: **Table Table**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Secret Affair**
Cheltenham Technical College: **Pigbag**
Chesham Elgiva Hall: **The Cobras/Zoo Radio/Lazy**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**
Darlington Turks Head: **The Toy Dolls**
Derby Blue Note Club: **OK Jive**
Dundee Barracuda: **The Cheaters**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Bucks Fizz**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Morrissey Mullen**
Edinburgh Odeon: **The Stray Cats**
Epsom Baths Hall: **Dollar**
Fleetwood Queens Hotel: **The Watersons/Martin Carthy**
Galashiels Textile College: **Powerhouse Boogie Band**
Gt. Yarmouth 151 Club: **Vital Disorders**
Hatfield Forum Theatre: **Suzi Quatro**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Gary Glitter**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Section 25/Swallow Tongue Jazz**
Leeds Compton Arms: **Nosferatu**
Leeds The Poster Bar: **The Christmas Motivators**
Liverpool Bluecoat Chambers: **The Icicle Works/Systems**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barbican Ironmongers Hall: **The King's Singers**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
London Barons Court Tavern: **Ginger**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Mari Wilson/ The Imaginations**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Louis Lepke/Tristan Palmer/Sammy Dread**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **National Gold**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Cjelsea Art School: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London City University: **Sisterhood Of Spit**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Masked Orchestra**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Mothmen**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & The Uptown Rhythm Boys**
London Drury Lane Theatre Toyal: **Adam & The Ants**
London Euston The Golf Club: **The Puffin Club/Happy Xmas Nicola/Gorp**

London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Exiles**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Drivers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Recreation/The Odd-Hits**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Duran Duran**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hayes Brook House: **The Laid-Back Disciples**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Disco Void/Roman Holliday**
London Marquee Club: **Jackie Lynton Band/Call of The Wind**
London N.1 The Shaftesbury: **Harfoot Brothers**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bert Jansch & Jacqui McShee**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Squeeze/A Flock of Seagulls.**
London Soho Boulevard Theatre: **Anthony Moore/The Inevitable**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alex Welsh Band**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Shades/The Strollers/The Fantoms**
London Tooting The Castle: **Excalibur**
London Victoria The Venue: **Aswad**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Genesis**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Babylon Rebels.**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St.) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Blurt**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Rocket 88**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **Agent Orange/Platinum 5/Blazing Red**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Victor Brox**
Manchester Legends: **Wattie Mensworth/Coggers**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **The Goers**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Killer Wales**
Newcastle The Cooperage: **The Rhythm Methodists**
Northwich Memorial Hall: **Twelfth Night**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Orpington Civic Hall: **Long Tall Shorty**
Oxford (Harston) Bricklayers Arms: **Walkin' Wounded**
Oxford Old Fire Station: **Dub Venders/The Difference**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **De Metro's**
Penzance Arts Centre: **Chris Barber Band**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mercedes**

Adam pic: David Corio

THE final run-up to Christmas sees ADAM & THE ANTS playing seven nights in London, prior to swashbuckling through the provinces after the holiday. As usual, Londoners have the pick of the seasonal bonanza — with ELVIS COSTELLO, IAN DURY, U2, ULTRAVOX and BOW WOW WOW all playing specials. In addition, SQUEEZE, GENESIS, SLADE, GILLAN, JAPAN, GARY GLITTER and NILS LOFGREN are among acts climaxing their UK tours in the capital.

Principal one-off elsewhere is the "Christmas On Earth" festival at Leeds (20) with BOW WOW WOW, THE DAMNED, THE EXPLOITED and 12 other bands. This weekend sees the start of short tours by TOYAH (whose Christmas Eve gig will be seen live on TV), SUZI QUATRO, BAD MANNERS and ALTERED IMAGES. And in the build-up to the New Year, the main event is the start of the sixth ICA Rock week in London (29).

Poole Arts Centre: **Gillan/Budgie**
Preston Moonraker: **Perfect Strangers**
Salisbury Technical College: **Bad Manners**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Cliff Richard**
Sheffield Big Tree Hotel: **E-Plus**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **Nils Lofgren**
Slough College: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Motifs**
Southsea Rock Garden: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Stoke King's Hall: **The Exploited**
Wakefeild Unity Hall: **Magnificent Everything/Screaming Ab-Dabs/Third Estate**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **Anti-Pasti**
Wokingham Angie's: **Red Beans & Rice**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Saxon/Lionheart**

Friday 18

Aberdeen University: **Those French Girls**
Aberdeen Victoria Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Amity**
Alfreton Black Horse: **Saracen**
Barnstaple Pilton Community College: **Barbi Doll/ATW**
Bath Tec Theatre: **European Theatre Of War/Unconditional Love**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Blitz/Partizans**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Odeon: **Japan**
Birmingham PD's Wine Bar: **Wattie Mensworth/Coggers/Bulldog Attack/Early Morning Noises**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Tatty Ollity**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **The Notsensibles/Southern Death Cult/Chronic/Requiem**
Brighton Centre: **The Police/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
Brighton Dome: **Bucks Fizz**
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: **The Deltas**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Nils Lofgren**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Hondo**
Cardiff Sophia Gardens: **Freddie McGregor/Linval Thompson/Al Campbell**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Jackie Lynton's Xmas Show/Chaos**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Way Of The West/Guilt For Dreaming**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry Stony Stanton Social Club: **The People**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Set**
Edinburgh Teviot Row Students Union: **35mm Dreams**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Pete Stacey Band**
Gateshead Trinity Centre: **Total Chaos**
Gillingham Central Hotel: **Moontier**
Glasgow Night Moods: **John Cooper Clarke**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Powerhouse Boogie Band/Factory Poems**
Glasgow University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Great Dunmow Foakes Hall: **Rockhouse**
Guernsey C.I. The Hermitage: **The Pulse**
Hitchin The Regal: **Otway & Barrett**
Horncastle Town Hall: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Kettering Windmill Club: **Nation 3/Resistance/The Cassettes**
Kingston The Swan: **The Docs/Grade One/Tighten Up/The Skinbeats**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Gift**
Leeds University: **The Stray Cats**
Leicester Electric Theatre: **Eurythmics**
Leicester Nags Head & Star: **Willy Wangers Bombay Duck**
Lewes Community Centre: **Emma Sharpe & The Features**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Stun The Guards**
London Barking North-East Polytechnic: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Polo Club**
London Brixton Town Hall: **Pigbag/The Raincoats/The Psychotics**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations/Disco Void**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Gerry McAvoy**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Talk Like That**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Marines/Go Fundamental**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **A Bigger Splash**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Chris Hunter Quintet**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Adam & The Ants**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Wreckless Eric/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Manufactured Romance**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **OK Jive/National Scientist**
London Hornchurch The Compasses: **Haggis**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Emotional Spies/Mouse & The Underdog**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Paragon**
London Marquee Club: **Secret Affair**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sharp Practice/Tropicana**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Vaguely Divine/His Create He**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Herb Hall & Clive Wilson**
London Southall The Seagull: **The Cry**
London Southall White Swan: **The Laid-Back Disciples**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Dudu Pukwana/Zila**
London S.W.7 The Stanhope: **Jan Ponsford Quintet**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Hot Gossip/The Berlin Blondes**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Groundation**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Blues Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Genesis**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Chefs/The Imprints**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Biddie & Eve**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Geraint Watkins Band**
London W.C.1 Institute of Education: **Sisterhood Of Spit**
Malvern Phoenix Club: **The Dancing Did/Finish The Story**
Manchester Denton Youth Club: **Twilight Zone/Zoo & Friends**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Permanents**
Newbury College of Further Education: **The Minor Details/Mind Tunnel/Headgames**
Newcastle City Hall: **Slade/Spider**
Norwich Gala Centre: **Little Roy/Nightdoctor**
Nottingham Rock City: **Suzi Quatro**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Chinatown/Axa**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Reading Caribbean Club: **The Misfits/The Crestas/Unity Rockers**
Reading Central Hall: **John Holt**
Retford Porterhouse: **Tubeway Patrol**
Salford The Angel: **The Things**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The Exciters**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Cliff Richard**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **The Mosquito's**
Swindon Oasis Centre: **Bad Manners**
Walsall Town Hall: **The Exploited**
Weston-super-Mare Old Pier: **Zipper**
Wokingham Angie's: **Jeep**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **Sub Zero**

Saturday 19

Bath Moles Club: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Escha**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **The Police / Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
Birmingham Odeon: **Slade / Spider**
Birmingham (Saltley) Norton Hall: **Prediction / The Nightingales**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Pyewackett**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Gerry McAvoy**
Brighton Centre: **Japan**
Brighton Dome: **Nils Lofgren**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Siam / Pure Thought**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice / Fool**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Saracen**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Corby T.A. Club: **The Dwarf Wives**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Urge**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Suzi Quatro**
Cuckfield Kings Head: **Suspect**
Dawlish Langstone Cliff Hotel: **Chris Barber Band**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Hawkwind**
Ebbw Vale The Level: **Ohibo Paronti**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Exeter St. Nicholas School: **The Gift**
Fareham Technical College: **Dated Technique / Step By Step / Secrets In Whispers**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Dr. Feelgood**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Toyah**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Aucadion**
Kilmarnock Women's Aid Centre: **All The Rage**
Lancaster Park Hotel: **Walled-Up Nuns**
Leamington Spa Winstons: **The Mosquito's**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Dodgy Tactics**
Leicester Electric Theatre: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes**
Leighton Buzzard Youth Club: **Part 1 / Chronic Outbursts / Condemned Absconded**
Lincoln Hykeham Social Club: **Dawn Fury**
Liverpool Checkmate Club: **Frantic Elevators / Naafi Sandwich**
London Barbican Centre: **Harvey Andrews / The McCalmans**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Hank Wangford**
London Camden Film Co-op: **Wa Pa Cha!**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Broadway Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Talisman**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Juice On The Loose**
London Deptford New Albany Empire: **The Raincoats & Friends**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Adam & The Ants**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Zeitgeist**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Section 25 / Kevin Hewick / Swallow Tongue Jazz**
London Hampstead Town Hall: **Streetwalker / Phil Lee Duo / Henry Lowther / Kitty Grime**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Remipeds**
London Highgate Jackson's Rock Club: **OK Jive / Ojah**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **True Life Confessions**
London Kensington The Cricketers: **Lee Kosmin**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Rocket 88**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Baby 'n' The Monsters / Rum 'n' Pie Merchants / Kil-o-Metre**
London Leicester-Sq. Centre Charles Peguy: **Pat Crumley Quintet**
London Leicester-Sq. Odeon Theatre: **Rod Stewart (live TV by satellite of his Los Angeles concert, starts 4.30am Sunday)**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **The Exciters**
London Marquee Club: **Secret Affair**
London Mile End Queen Mary College Bar: **The Fashionable Madmen**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Feelers / Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London Plumstead Lord Raglan: **The Escorts**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Trapeze**
London Richmond Duke of York: **Ginger**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London Southgate The Rox: **Way Of The West**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Paragon**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Groundation**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Blues Band**
London Wembley Arena: **Genesis**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Manufactured Romance**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Gilt**
London W.14 Sunset Jazz: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co.**
Luton Drill Hall: **Freddie McGregor / Linval Thompson / Al Campbell**
Manchester Denton Youth Club: **Dark Star / Fireclown / Tora Tora**
Newbury Arts Workshop: **Beacon Hill Six / Red Factory / Love In The Future**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
Northampton Old Black Lion: **C-Saim**
Oxford Pegasus Theatre: **The Difference**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **A Blue Zoo**
Perth County Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **De Metro's**
Sheffield Lyceum Theatre: **The Stray Cats**
Skegness Festival Pavilion: **Gary Glitter**
St. Albans The Sweat Shop: **Switch / The Eighth Tribe Of Britain**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Cliff Richard**
Stockport Mersey Precinct: **Belgian Bitch**
Stroud Leisure Centre: **Bad Manners**
Thetford Breckland Sports Centre: **Tygers Of Pan Tang / Twelfth Night**
Weymouth Rock Hotel: **The Deltas**
Windsor Arts Centre: **The Dancing Did / A Fractured Touch**
Wishaw Crown Hotel: **The Pests (lunchtime) / The Strings (evening)**
Wokingham Angie's: **Final Frontier**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Fallen Angels**
Worcester The Dolphin: **Wattie Mensworth / Coggers / Bulldog Attack / 2.3 Bear / Fi**

Sunday 20

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Altered Images**
Aberdeen RGIT Students Union: **The Treez / The Skurge / Table For Two**
Belfast Whitla Hall: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **C-Saim**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Genesis**
Birmingham Odeon: **Toyah**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (luchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers / The Bureau / The Mo-dettes**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Gillan / Budgie**
Crewe Oakley Hall: **Chris Barber Band**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Suzuki Quatro**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Ralph McTell**
Edinburgh Ital Club: **Afrikan Star**
Falmouth Laughing Pirate: **De Metro's**
Fressingfield The Swan: **The Clues**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Strings**
Hemel Hempstead Fishery Inn: **Roj Lewis Band**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Queens Hall: **'Christmas On Earth' with Bow Wow Wow / The Damned / The Exploited / UK Subs / Black Flag / Chelsea / Anti-Pasti / Anti-Nowhere League etc.**

Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Japan**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Duran Duran**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Stray Cats**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Bayswater Plaza Hotel (downstairs): **Cayenne**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Magnetic Extras / Jump Squad**
London Coliseum: **Ultravox**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The New Pranksters**
London Elephant & Castle County Terrace Tavern: **Avenue**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **Muckram Wakes / Dave Peabody / Sam Stephens & Anne Lennox-Martin / Chameleon**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Johnny G Band**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Moontier**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hidden Charms**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Slade / Spider**
London Hornsey Loon's Jazz Club: **Jan Ponsford Quintet.**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Babylon Rebels**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Airstrip One**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Salamander**
London Oxford St. 100 Club (lunchtime): **John Picard**
London Putney Half Moon: **Rocket 88**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Beryl Bryden / Johnny Parker Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **U2**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham The Railway: **Talk Like That**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Nils Lofgren**
London Tottenham-Court Road The Horseshoe: **Sparta**
London Tufnell Park St. George's Theatre: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
London Wapping Autonomy Centre: **Twelve Cubic Feet / Casual Labourers / Married In Sweden / The Apostles / Godless Pinkoes**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Rye & The Quarterboys**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **The London Apaches**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **The Motives**
Luton Cesars: **Dollar (for four days)**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton The Romany: **Nation 3**
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Export / The Trend / Split Beaver**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon (lunchtime) / The Heat (evening)**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pete Castle & Friends**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Dr. Feelgood**
Rotherham Kimberworth Park Social Club: **Dawn Fury**
Saffron Walden Station Club: **Gerry McAvoy**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Bootleg Beatles**
Wokingham Angie's: **25th Street**
Worcester The Brunswick: **Wattie Mensworth / Coggers / Bulldog Attack / Richie Mac McKenzie**

Monday 21

Beverley White Horse: **The Watersons / Martin Carthy**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Genesis**
Birmingham Odeon: **Duran Duran**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Blairgowrie The Gig: **Chris Barber Band**
Brighton New Regent: **Meanstreak / Emma Sharpe & The Features**
Carshalton The Cricketers: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Deep Machine/Quiet**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Ralph McTell**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Police / Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
Dublin Stadium: **Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Dr Feelgood**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Altered Images**
Glasgow Plaza Ballroom: **Those French Girls**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Littlehampton Flintstone Centre: **Fossil Monkeys / Indifferent Dance Centre / Cards In The Jungle**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Teardrop Explodes (for three days)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clark / Martin Besserman Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Crass**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Final Solution Christmas Extravaganza**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Killer Wales**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stiff Allstars**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Dominic & Dylan**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Japan**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Excalibur**
London Euston The Golf Club: **White Brothers / Blancmange / Boy Meets Girl**
London Fulham Kings Head: **John Spencer & Johnny G**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Rip Rig & Panic / The Frantics**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gillan / Budgie**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Beatroots**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Marquee Club: **The 45's / Ginger**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Monkey**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Borderline / Jeff Clyne-Phil Lee Duo**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **720/ Marillion**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Actifed / Urban Dissidents**
London Putney Half Moon: **Gordon Giltrap**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **U2**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
London Victoria The Venue: **Suzi Quatro**
London Westminster Central Hall: **The King's Singers**
London W.1 (Baker St.) Barracuda: **Diversen**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Greek St.) Le Kilt: **Vendetta**
Malvern Feltons: **Wattie Mensworth / Coggers / Rainy On A Platform**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Toyah**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Oxford Scamps: **Otway & Barrett**
Sheffield Marples Club: **UK Subs**
Southsea South Parade Pier: **The Time / The Astral Bodies**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **The Human League**
Swansea Top Rank: **Gary Glitter**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Weston-Super-Mare Old Pier: **UK Subs**
York Forge Inn: **The Revillos**

Tuesday 22

Aboyne Theatre: **Chris Barber Band**
Alfrick European Club: **Wattie Mensworth/Coggers/Nick Greenwood's Extremists/2.3 Bear/Fi**
Belfast The Pound Club: **The Trial**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Pinkies**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Genesis**
Birmingham Odeon: **Duran Duran**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **Noiz Boiz/The Act/Quasar/Ski Plan 43**
Burnley Nelson College: **Eurythmics**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Harlem Spirit**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Purple Hearts/The Scissors**
Derby Blue Note Club: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Durham Brewers Arms: **The Stingrays**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Altered Images**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Queens Hall: **The Police/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
Liverpool Kirklands: **Polvoltors/A Select Committee**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Jimmy Witherspoon**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carlene Carter & The C.C. Riders**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Flying Ducks Xmas Party**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **That's Cooking**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & The Uptown Rhythm Boys**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Searchers**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Japan**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Talk Like That**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tandoori Cassette**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Exciters**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Gatecrashers/Short Commercial Break**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gillan/Budgie**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Panache/Survivors**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Hornsey Railway Hotel: **Dave Ellis Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Reverb & Barb**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Apocalypse**
London Marquee Club: **The Troggs**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Free Hand**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Angelic Upstarts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband/Al Grey & Buddy Tate**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Midnight Movies/The Blisters**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Ian Dury & The Blockheads/Hank Wangford**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Idiot Ballroom with Murphy Federation/Real Imitations/Blue Midnight/Dick Heley etc.**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dave Edmunds**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie's Christmas Party**
London W.1 (Baker St.) The Barracuda: **Incognito**
London W.1 Embassy Club: **Tandoori Cassette**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky-A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Newcastle The Soul Kitchen: **The Jazzateers**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Stray Cats**
Oldham Mindaus Club: **Media Premonition/Negative Art**
Rotherham Clifton Hall: **Whammer Jammer/Mugshots**
Swansea Langland Bay: **The Beatroots**

Wednesday 23

Aberdeen Valhallas: **The Crying Game**
Aberdeen West Hill Hotel: **Chris Barber Band**
Aylesvury Friars: **Gary Glitter**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Whammer Jammer**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Reality**
Birmingham Locarno: **Steve Gibbons Band**
Birmingham Odeon: **Duran Duran**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Genesis**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingha, (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **13th Chime/Pure**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Moira & The Mice**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Plain Characters/Back Door Man**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Corby Strathclyde Hotel Rafters Bar: **In-Line**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's/The Marines**
Kidderminster Town Hall: **Sub Zero**
Lancaster Styx Club: **Natural Scientist**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Pope/Mad Shadows**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Screaming Henries/King Kurt**
London Covent Garden Basement Club: **Five Or Six**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The White Brothers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & The Midnight Rhythm Boys**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (under-16s matinee): **Toyah**
Londin Epping Town Hall: **Naked Lunch**
London Euston The Golf Club: **Nightdoctor**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Japan**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Ricky Cool Band**
London Marquee Club: **The Troggs**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street**
Londin Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Battz**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate/Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Results**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Bow Wow Wow**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Accelerator**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers/The Bureau/The Mo-dettes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Heaters/Lollipop/Oscar La Mood/The Ettes**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Little Sister**
London W.1 Cafe Royal: **Mood Six**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **The High Tide**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Cannibals**
London W.C.2 (Adelaide St.) The Centre: **Red Shift/Standard Deviation**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Mamchester The Eden: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
Milton Keynes Woughton Rock Nite: **The Crew**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Oxford Old Fire Station: **Fictitious Four/Amuse**
Salisbury City Hall: **Mud/Marseilles Frame**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Gestalt**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stafford Bingley Hall: **The Police/Jools Holland & His Millionaires**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Havana Let's Go**
Stockport Smugglers Nitespot: **Belgian Bitch**
Stock Jollees: **Showaddywaddy (for six nights)**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Worcester The Pheasant: **Wattie Mensworth/Coggers/Tubeway Early Days/2.3 Bear/Fi**

Thursday 24

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham, Golden Eagle: **Supercharge**
Birmingham Mercats Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Fear of Flying**
Bedford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Cardiff The Paddle Steamer: **Moira & The Mice**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Le Mat/Scarlet Party**
Chesterfield Inkersall Social Club: **Dawn Fury**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie C The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **I**
Hartlepool Birds Nest: **The Toy Dolls**
Haywards Heath Taverners: **Second Image**
Kettering The Rising Sun: **Nation 3**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **De Metro's**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham,: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Way Of The West**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials Club: **Dudu Pukwana/Zila**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Toyah**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Damned**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Actifed/Pain Of Pleasure/The Pests/The Solicitors/Dirty Toilets.**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lambeth The Angel: **Idiot Ballroom with Real Imitations/Murphy Federation/Blue Midnight/Dick Heley etc.**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Deep Feeling**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Polecats/The Deltas/The Stargazers**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Adam & The Ants**
London Victoria The Venue: **Otway & Barrett/The HeeBeeGeeBees/Johnny G**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester (Fallowfield) Sandpiper: **Leisure Class**
Manchester PSV Club: **Freddie McGregor/Linval Thompson/Al Campbell**
Manchester Rafters: **The Things**
Manchester (West Didsbury) The Beeches: **Aeroflot**
Milton Keynes Starting Gate: **Marillion**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Red Star Belgrade**
Norwich Whites: **Vital Disorders**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasrs**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Splash**
Preston Moonraker: **Moscow Philharmonix**
South Elmsall Chequers Inn: **Shaun Ashworth Band**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Unlimited Source**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **The Precautions**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ian Campbell Blues Band**
Wokingham The Fox: **The Psychedelic Bold Eagles**
Worcester Five Ways Hotel: **Wattie Mensworth/She's So Boring/Guernsey Khaki/Coggers/Beki Steady Eddi/Paul's Foul Shirt.**

Saturday 26

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Bristol Mayfair Suite: **Freddie McGregor/Linval Thompson/Al Campbell**
Burton Libra Club: **Brendan Kidulis & The Stroll**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Coventry Stony Stanton Social Club: **The People**
Dagenham Fiesta Hall: **The Cruisers**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Whammer Jammer**
Kettering Wicksteed: **The Dwarf Wives**
Leamington Spa Winstons: **The Mosquito's**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Gerry McAvoy**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Cobras/Fast Eddie**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Pests/The Solicitors**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash/Mad Shadows**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne/Rocking Horses**
London Plumstead Lord Raglan: **The Escorts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Dick Charlesworth Quintet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Kabbala**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Deltas/The Frantix**
London WI Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W1 Embassy Club: **Torso**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Brian Knight Band**
Mansfield New Houghton Club: **Dawn Fury**
Middleton (Suffolk) The Bell: **The Clues**
Mier Wagon & Horses: **Spider**
South Elmsall Plough Inn: **Shaun Ashworth Band**
Watford Orbital Community Centre: **Lemon Kittens/S-Halters/Godless Pinkoes**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juke Jump**
Wolverhampton Rising Star Club: **King Sounds & The Isrealites**
Worcester The Western: **Wattie Mensworth/Coggers/Beki Steady Eddi/Hide Up Those Flares**
York Tramps: **The Psychedelic Bold Eagles.**

Sunday 27

Ayr Pavilion: **All The Rage**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Hostaria One: **Sirius-B**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham The Porkerama: **Wattie Mensworth / Coggers**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chorleywood The Sportsman: **The Roj Lewis Band**
Glasgow Maestro's: **The Cuban Heels**
Glasgow Vaudeville's Cafe: **Rapid Dance**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Letchworth Football Club: **The Deltas**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wasted Youth**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Elephant & Castle County Terrace Tavern: **Avenue**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The White Brothers**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hidden Charms**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Gary Glitter / Venigmas**
London Lambeth The Angel: **30 Bob Suits / Auntie & The Men From Uncle**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt; **Lazy Daze**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Stray Cats**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Sharpees / Atmosphere**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Fairport Convention**
Martlesham The Black Tiles: **The Clues**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfrane**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Magna Carta**
Watford Bailey's: **The Barron Knights (for a week)**
Wigan Riverside Club: **Rockin Horse**
Worcester Tanya's: **The Psychedelic Bold Eagles / Adam & The Antelopes**

Monday 28

Birminham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Stray Cats**
Birmingham PD's Wine Bar: **The Psychedelic Bold Eagles / Pete Dorango's Cool Cats**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Brighton Centre: **Adam & The Ants**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Metropolis**
Droitwich The Worcestershire: **Wattie Mensworth / Coggers / Fawlk Knox / Stanley Manley**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **The Cuban Heels**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk: **Dizrhythmia**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Le Maistre / Heads Of Agreement**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Kabbala / 25th Street**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Parting Shots**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Technicolor Dream Band / The Bac Band**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **National Gold / Moontier**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Southall White Hart: **Long Tall Shorty**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **24 Hours / Only After Dark**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester (West Didsbury) The Beeches: **Aeroflot / All That Fall**
Newcastle City Hall: **Lindisfarne**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Spring Offensive**
Swindon Saks: **Independent Sound Company**

Tuesday 29

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Brighton Centre: **Adam & The Ants**
Bromsgrove Lautrec's: **The Psychedelic Bold Eagles / Pete Dorango's Cool Cats**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Long Tall Shorty**
Droitwich The Worcestershire: **Wattie Mensworth / Coggers / Fawlk Knox / Stanley Manley**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **The Precautions**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Triangular Hour / Shelter In A Suitcase / The Pox**
London Battersea Arts Centre (afternoon): **Macondo**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrecktangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **Shock**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airstrip One**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Mitch Dalton Jam Band**
London Deptford New Albany Empire: **Jools Holland & His Millionaires / Wreckless Eric**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Starcore with Nickey Barclay**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fairport Convention**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Hiss The Villain / The Routine**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Modern English / The Lemon Kittens / The Prats**
London W.1 (Wardour St.) Whisky-A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Manchester (Prestwich) Wilton Lounge: **Rockin Horse**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**

Wednesday 30

Aberdeen Valhallas: **Those French Girls**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Bletchley White Hart: **The Crew**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Spring Offensive**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Croydon The Star: **The 45's/The Marines**
Horsham The Hornbrook: **No Sweat**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leicester The Horsefair: **Munich**
London Battersea Arts Centre (afternoon): **Sphere**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Kokomo**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Results/Midnight Movies**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & The Uptown Rhythm boys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Havana Let's Go**
London Islington Mope & Anchor: **Long Tall Shorty**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Niblets/The New Vibrations**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm/The Elite**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Czechs/The Limit**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Lemon Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Ghost/The Siberians**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Higsons/The Electric Guitars/Gene Loves Jezebel**
London Victoria The Venue: **Spizz Energi**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Kino Mundo**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Stargazers**
London W.1 (Dean St.) Gossips: **Miles Over Matter**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Special 20**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Policicians**
Manchester (West Didsbury) The Beeches: **Crunchy Biscuit/Dirty Product**
New Romney Seahorse: **Syn**
Sheffield The Royal: **E-Plus**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Worcester The Bank House: **The Psychedelic Bold Eagles/Pete Dorango's Cool Cats/Adam & The Antelopes**
Worcester The Greenroom: **Wattie Mensworth/Coggers/Stanley Manley/Hide Up Those Flares**

Bow Wow Wow Pic: Kevin Cummins

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+ Walter Mitty's Little White Lies

Saturday 19th December £1.75
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Sunday 20th December £1
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+ The Wibbley Brothers

Monday 21st December
Closed for private party

Tuesday 22nd December £1.50
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Friday 25th December
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Monday 28th December £2
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+ 25th STREET

Tuesday 29th December £1.25
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Wednesday 30th December £2/£1.50 unwaged
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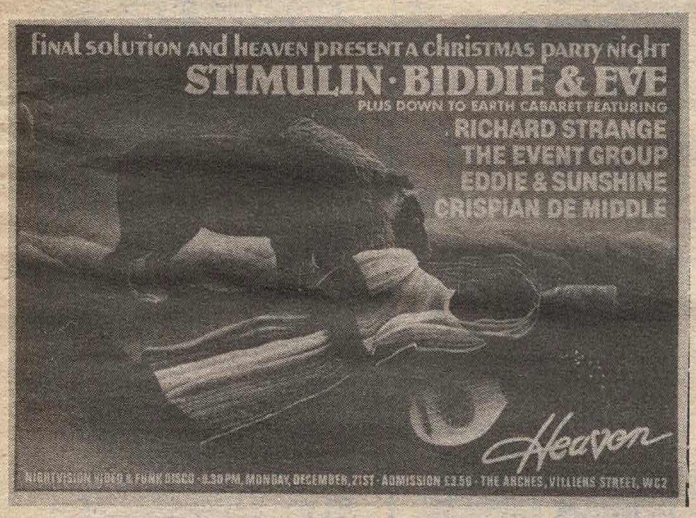
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Tickets: £2.00; children £1.00.
Box office: Central Bureau 01-486 5101

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Louis Fays — acoustic guitar.
Jose Parras — double bass

Thursday, 17th December, 7.30pm:
St John's, Smith Square, SW1.
Tickets: £2.50 reserved. £2.00 unreserved.
Box office: St John's 01-222 1061.

Further details from Christopher Powls, Project Organiser, Central Bureau for Educational Visits and Exchanges. Telephone: 01-486 5101

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Thursday 17th December £3.50
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Monday 21st December £4.00
SUZI QUATRO

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SOUL ALL DAYER

Sat 2nd January £3.50
KOKOMO

Sat 9th January £3.00
THE INMATES

Fri 15th January £3.00
ALEX HARVEY

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Sat 19th Dec £1.50
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Cinemas

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

Cinemas Below Closed Xmas Day & Boxing Day

ABC SHAFTESBURY AVE
Sep perfs. Seats bkble last perf Mon-Fri, all wkend perfs. Bar. Pkg nearby.
1: **ARTHUR (AA)**
Wk & Sun 2.15, 5.15, 8.25 Late show Sat 11.25
2: **PRINCE OF THE CITY (X)**
Wk & Sun. 1.20, 4.30, 7.45 Late show Sat 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 FULHAM ROAD
370 2636
Seats bkble last sep prog. L'cnd bar. Doors open 15 mins prior
1: **ARTHUR (AA)**
Sep progs. Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
Sat 19th Morning Matinee Prog 11.00am
Grease (A) Adults £1 — Child 50p
2: **GALLIPOLI (A)**
Sep progs. Wk & Sun 1.45, 5.50, 8.45
3: **SUPERMAN II (A)**
4.10, 9.30
SUPERMAN The Movie (A)
Sep progs. Wk & Sun 1.30, 6.45
4: **PRINCE OF THE CITY (X)**
Sep progs. Wk & Sun 1.35, 5.00, 8.30
5: 5th Great Month
RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK (A)
Sep progs. Wk & Sun 2.00, 5.00, 8.30
Progs at all EMI Cinemas Subject To Late Change

ABC 1, 2, 3 BAYSWATER (Queensway)
1: **ARTHUR (AA)**
Progs 12.55, 2.50, 5.25, 8.00. Sun 5.15, 7.50
Late show Fri & Sat 11.00
2: **SUPERMAN II (A)**
3.40, 8.40. Sun 3.25, 5.25
SUPERMAN The Movie (A)
1.00, 6.00. Sun 5.40
3: **STRIPES (AA)**
4.40, 8.45. Sun 4.30, 8.35
SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES (A)
2.30, 6.35. Sun 6.25. Late show Fri & Sat 11.00

ABC 1, 2, 3, 4 EDGEWARE ROAD
1: **SUPERMAN II (A)**
3.40, 8.40. Sun 3.25, 8.25
SUPERMAN The Movie (A)
1.00, 6.00. Sun 5.40 Late show Sat 11.15
2: **ARTHUR (AA)**
1.30, 3.55, 6.20, 8.50. Sun 3.55, 6.20, 8.50
Progs 3.15, 5.40, 8.05. Sun 5.40, 8.05
Late show Fri & Sat 11.15
3: **FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (A)**
2.20, 5.20, 8.20. Sun 5.20, 8.20
Progs Wk & Sun 4.35, 7.35
4: **STRAW DOGS (X)**
Wk & Sun 4.30, 8.30
FOOD OF THE GODS (X)
2.40, 6.35. Sun 6.35. Late show Fri & Sat 11.15

ENQUIRIES for all ABC West End & Greater London Cinemas.
RING TELEDATA 01-200 0200 (24 HRS)

Scala CLUB CINEMA

KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 17th
Kinski in
NOSFERATU 3.10 7.15
+ **BAD TIMING** 1.00 5.05 9.10
Friday 18th
THE NIGHT PORTER 3.00 7.00
+ **MAITRESSE** 1.00 5.00 9.00
Saturday 19th
WIVA presents Diana Rigg in
THE AVENGERS 2.30 6.00
11.30 all night
MARX BROTHERS
Sunday 20th
1.00 Kurosawas
DODESKADEN (Sep perf)
Godard: **SLOW MOTION** 5.05 8.15
+ **NUMBER TWO** 3.30 6.40
Monday 21st
SITTING DUCKS 1.25 4.25 7.30
+ **RAFFERTY & THE GOLD DUST TWINS**
2.50 6.00 9.10
Tuesday 22nd
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Sunday 27th
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3.30 James Stewart
ITS A WONDERFUL LIFE/
6.00 **AI NO CORRIDA/**
7.45 Golden Turkeys
GLEN OR GLENDA? + SHE DEMONS
Monday 28th
1.00 **THE INNOCENT/**
3.30 **PHILADELPHIA STORY/**
6.00 **AI NO CORRIDA/**
7.45 Golden Turkeys
ROBOT MONSTER
+ Cormans **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**
Tuesday 29th
1.00 **THE DAMNED/**
3.30 **MR SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON/**
6.00 **AI NO CORRIDA/**
7.45 Golden Turkeys **THE SWARM**
+ **PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE**
Wednesday 30th
1.00 **THE LEOPARD/**
3.30 Stewart/Dietrich
DESTRY RIDES AGAIN/
6.00 **AI NO CORRIDA/**
7.45 Golden Turkeys
ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY
+ **TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE**
Thursday 31st
1.00 **SENSO/**
3.30 James Stewart in **MAGIC TOWN/**
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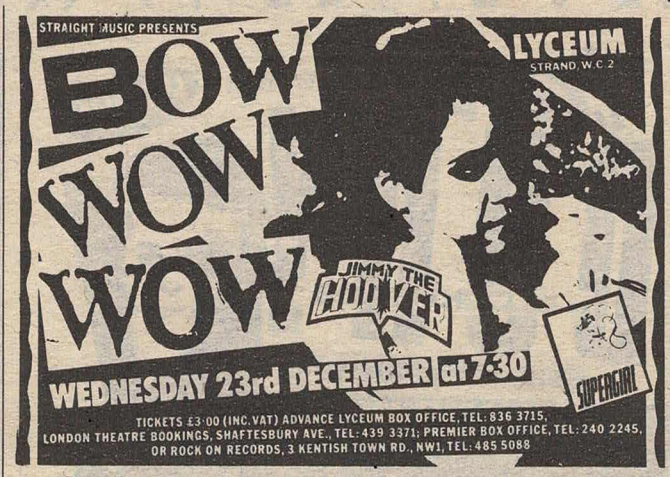

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MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGE 84

LIVE!

STILL TOP OF THE MOPS

Echo And The Bunnymen
The Wild Swans

Liverpool

WHILE JULIAN Cope's propulsion towards stardom has all but negated the idea of The Teardrop Explodes as a group, Echo And The Bunnymen come on more intact and resilient as a four-piece rock unit than ever. The latest tour, even following as it does a gruelling round-the-world-trip that's taken up most of this year, has been an unqualified triumph. Live, Mac and the Bunnies are still top of the mops.

Interesting, then, to catch them on the bunnyhop as they hit their home patch. Secretly, it's a date they dread. There's too much anticipation in the air, too great a sense of hail-the-conquering-heros. Elsewhere, a certain rockist offensive comes into play — there's always another twerp in a duffle coat to be captured.

Tonight at the Royal Court, the sense of anticipation kills support band The Wild Swans dead. Ex-Teardrop Paul Simpson faces a dour wall of anoraks and mittens — the classic scallies of scouse mythology — and loses his own face by storming petulantly off the stage. The Swans are a fine group by any standards, but their archetypal new Liverpudlian pop — studiously romatic and slotting in almost exactly between Teardrop and the Bunnymen — is something this audience has perhaps already tired of. The songs are lovely, and treated with soft, sweet piano and bright blisters of Ian Broudie guitar, but Simpson's voice, more McCluskey than McCulloch, isn't really strong enough to carry the assurance of their sound. But the Wild Swans could change for the better with a touch of the old Chameleons in the night.

The Bunnymen needn't have feared, even for their own uncanny professionalism. They're good enough to get off on each other without having to fret for their fans. Within seconds of the opening 'With A Hip'—so damn funky! — It's clear they've matured yet further. Dropping its adolescent facade, Mac's voice is now positively aristocratic; the bass is dark and crisp, and De Freitas is right on cue every beat, panning around the guitars like he was herding a stampede. Only Sergeant, his more vital knife-like punctuations going astray, seems remotely nervous.

The stage line-up is cute, with the hunched, Tin Tin-capped figures of Sergeant and Pattinson coyly flanking the taller, tufted McCulloch. Sometimes, like on 'All I Want' or 'All That Jazz', they could be backing up Mac with some chorus vocals, but that's not their scene. Besides, McCulloch's so poised now that his voice never falters.

'Show Of Strength' follows 'With A Hip', switching the order of the album: Television is overwhelmingly present here, but I don't see the harm in that. Mac's voice picks up from the snare, rising beautifully over the tight-knit web of rhythm, and Pattinson cranks up high on the middle section, vaulting over the beat like a volley of grape-shot.

After a token flood of dry ice, pumped out during De Freitas's phased drumming on 'All That Jazz', we're torn through 'Pride' and 'Crocodiles', a perfect sequence that veers off a trifle mawkishly into 'Disease', but the latter's agonised second section is quite magnificent — *"don't waste it!"*

'All I Want' is one of the most purely powerful songs ever written, building up from the archly concealed Doors quote to a chorus almost frightening in its climactic frenzy. A clot of drunken wallies in full camo rig persist in their tiresome demands for 'Over The Wall', but it comes long after 'Zimbo', 'Rescue', and 'A Promise'. All these and more are played so confidently and intensely it's difficult to discuss them. First I want their shattering soul kiss, then I want it all! If this is the blues I'm feeling, you can put me down there anytime.

It's bright as magnesium up there, the mix is superb. There will always be something a little gauche and simplistic about Mac's ideas, but right now Echo And The Bunnymen are possibly the only British band that could justify making a live album. There's no great threat of despair or gloom in Mac's words — I never really saw the Doors connection anyway — just a gripping beauty in the whole sound: a tighter control, a higher empathy, a more vital thrust than any other group on offer. That's a fact.

It's not a celebration or mortification of any metaphysics, but an exultance in energy, sound, and voice, in the structural possibilities of time itself. Like the Television of 1976, the thing works on the simplest premises of rhythm, and like Television, the Bunnymen get more grit and feeling into every second of sound than anybody. It's currently the most urgent and accomplished live performance you're likely to see.

Barney Hoskyns

TRANCE STANCE

The Cure
And Also The Trees
The Happy Family

Glasgow

OH YES, The Cure. In the great scheme of things they're easy to put the finger on: in the huge middle ground between Clock DVA and the Teardrop, they flounder around safe as houses along with countless others (Psychedelic Furs, Simple Minds, Monochrome Set . . .) The last time I saw them they were atrocious — supported by Josef K or Altered Images, or it could have been both; I remember Clare saying that they shouldn't apologise so much. Being the nation's darling means never having to say you're sorry . . .

I lost track — is it three albums now, or thirteen? That's the problem really — it's far better (not to mention far more profitable) to be stuck on the heap *after* having ploughed into the popular conscience.

The Happy Family, the first support group, are all the things we know and loathe — a messy twang, a dull thud, a passionless dirge, an empty noise; an unappealing little group teetering quite unashamedly on the brink of, oh no, The Big Gloom Boom. It must be the winter or something, but these earnest individuals are akin to an invading army of cockroaches, scuttering around in the dark, wallowing in their style-less misery. Someone turn the lights on, please!

More of the same from And Also The Trees.

You may have seen Roy Castle telling Parkinson about the audience at the infamous Glasgow Empire theatre. If an act wasn't to their liking, a low hiss (so effortless, so effective!) would kick off in the Gods, gradually working its way down to the circle and ending up in the stalls. What an honest gut reaction — a subtle and completely devastating popular thumbs-down. Their grandchildren react to the crummy, lifeless support groups with more than civilised applause. They would doubtless applaud a monkey in a Zoot suit banging a bongo to a soundtrack of Bach cantatas. It would be quicker and less painful to be mugged in the street.

The Cure have perfected a pleasant, slithering, enveloping trance music with far more style than I would have imagined. But they lack the slightest hint of character, which if anything is heightened by their technical dexterity. If only they could learn to lean forward a little. Perhaps they just can't. And perhaps they just haven't got the slightest conception of what it takes to make the popular song.

There are so many welcoming invitations out just now that the Cure will be lucky to see any new faces at their party. Maybe next year. The major topic of the chatter around me is their "excellent light show". Poor compensation for a shallow stage presence and inability to lean. I'd rather sit at home with a kaleidoscope.

Kirsty McNeill

IAN McCULLOCH CAUGHT BY KEVIN CUMMINS

Mugshots

Rotherham

OH DEAR. This was as unlikely as a Barnsley Beach Party Movie. It was billed as an Arts Centre Lunchtime Recital and gallant Mugshots didn't go down too well with the baked potatoes and the burgers. In fact, not to mince words, it was the sixteenth most embarrassing half-hour in the history of the Universe. (The other fifteen are well-known, so I won't elucidate). But it wasn't Mugshots' fault, as the promoter kept trying to point out to the Chairman of the Council who was waiting for his wife. "They're one of the best local bands in the area," burbled the promoter, tautology splintering the brittle shell of his cool as yet another old lady who had been expecting singalong piano walked out; "Not my scene," said the Chairman of the Council. What he really meant was "They're too loud". They weren't, but how do you tell the old ladies that when they can't hear what you're saying? The Rotherham Town Band were there, fresh from playing carols outside the Library, colouring the floor with their blue uniforms, chatting loudly like brass players chat, nodding to the old ladies. But Mugshots ought to be the Rotherham Town Band, ladies; can't you see that? It was no good; they couldn't hear me. What appeared to be hecklers were merely waitresses shouting "Beefburgers", and the Rotherham Town Band drifted away, leaving the real Rotherham Town Band playing to a group of friends who knew all the words. *"No matter how hard I try, life seems to pass me by"* sang the singer. "Here's a song called 50 Watt Smile" said the guitarist. *"Does it talk, is it digital?"* sang Mugshots and their friends. Two conclusions shall be drawn. First: I remember a Charles Shaar Murray article a few years back where he reported from New York on the emergence of a number of "New Wave" bands, and I remember something about Television or The Ramones playing to twelve people. So you might be famous yet, Mugshots: you ought to be because you're as good as many and better than many; unfortunately that doesn't count. Second: Roll and Rock can be very very good but if it's in the wrong place, or worse, if it's in the wrong place at the wrong time, then it's as exciting as a wheel-track in sludge.

Ian McMillan

Misty In Roots

School Of Oriental And African Studies

ANOTHER EXUBERANT Friday evening's entertainment inside the SOAS building, with some seven hundred o' we packed almost to the point of discomfort. Support act Batanai — three Southall sisteren individually identified as Nathalie, Valerie and Jenny — engender warm applause with songs such as 'Uptown Downtown' and the anti-nuclear 'Atomic Energy', described by them as *"Babylon philosophy"*, before the headliners take the stage to loud approval and proceed to delight the crowd with a selection of material from their two LPs.

This is a relatively sane enclave of London; nonetheless rendition of 'City Blues' followed by 'In The Ghetto Of The City' serve to remind the audience of the grim realities without. Towards the end of their set, Misty ask the gathered congregation to let the lion roar. A roar duly ensues. And again. And again. We are treated to 'Know Yourself Mankind' and an unfamiliar serenade possibly titled 'Woes Unto You'.

People unite!

Penny Reel

The Jam

Michael Sobell Sports Centre

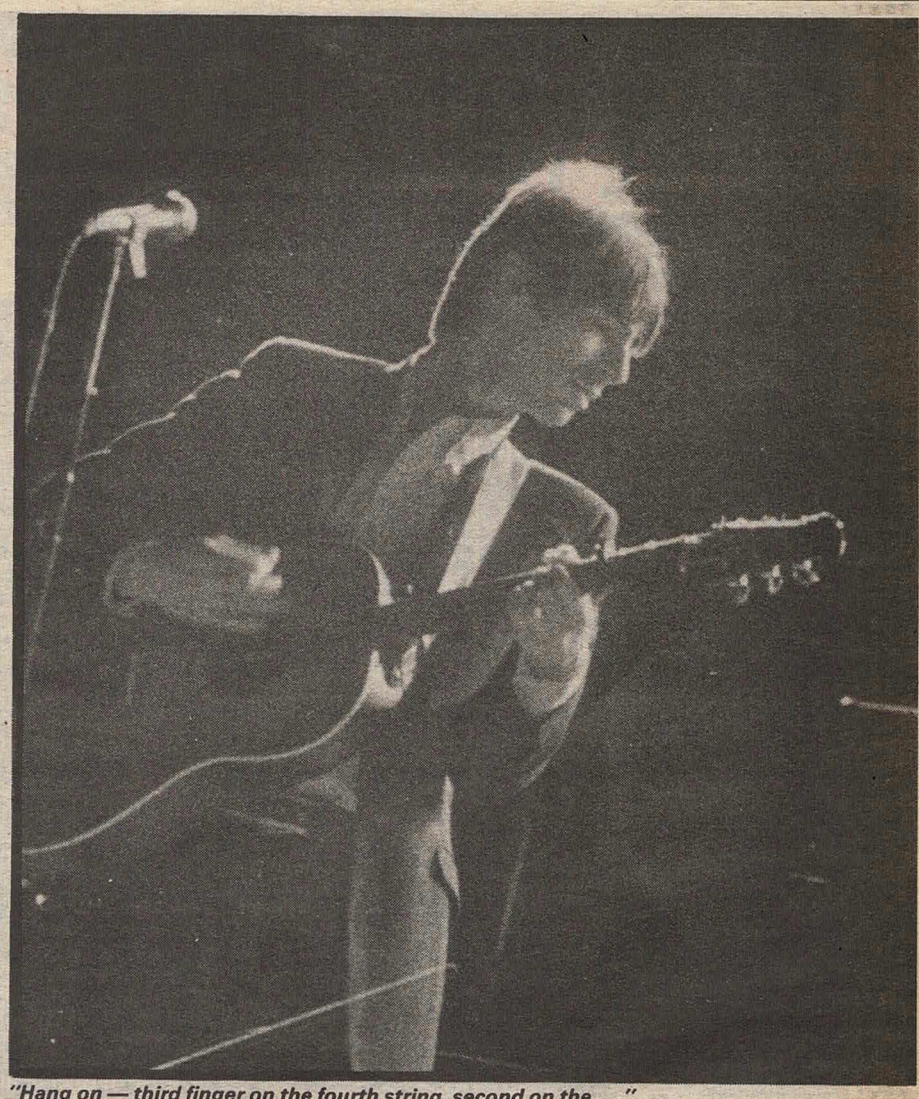
THIS WASN'T at all promising — a great cavernous hall, atmospherically mid-way between an astrodomic Gents and a youth-club. And there was no bar, and the start was early, and you couldn't move for sweaty bodies and spotty faces. And the sound was disastrous, and 'Down In The Tube Station At Midnight', in spite of the incorporation of an anti-Thatcherite rap, was rushed and played as an anthem — that is to say, perfunctorily. And . . .

No more 'ands': because this is The Jam, and that means a great band with the ability to conquer adverse conditions and then carry the day with a lot of style. The Jam's style (their clothes haven't changed in years) is their passion and concern. They're bigger boys now, but Bruce Foxton and Rick Buckler still combine as a rhythm section in a way both steady and bold, while Paul Weller's voice has defied the laws of pop co-option and actually got angrier with the years, not less so.

No, Weller doesn't mellow with age, he just grows more understanding — and savagely ironic. Hence the acoustic guitars (Foxton too) are out for 'That's Entertainment'. This is the modern uncomfortable world.

You know all this. But tonight was something more. Just as in '78 The Jam were being written off as has-beens after two albums, but were in fact in the process of widening their sound and broadening their themes for 'All Mod Cons'; so in '81 and yet another two albums on, when people are making clucking noises about the band running out of steam, it looks as if the three-piece are limbering up for another lease of life.

Their current live act is improved and enlivened by the temporary addition of Keith and Steve (surnames unknown) who mainly play sax and trumpet. This meant that a lot of older numbers were re-written (it didn't quite work with 'In The Crowd') as jagged, blue-eyed, suburban soul. The brass section was even better on new numbers, especially 'A Town Called Malice' (a sort of mid-tempo answer to 'Ghost Town') and the faster 'Precious', whose vocabulary of love, like the best '60s soul, branches out into something larger and more political. This, of course, is partly the mood of the last Jam single 'Absolute Beginners': at a time when bands are making funk into art or trying to be far too smart and modish with it, The Jam have swiftly wrenched the form into a very English idiosyncratic context, yet not lost sight of the original inspiration. The band's new funk rock soul material isn't the upwardly mobile sound of the right clubs, but the noise of the



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downcast getting uppity.

The fans, a sort of progressive football mob, loved it. However, how they responded to Weller's request that they interest themselves in CND is another matter: in the crush to get out, the CND stall was upturned. Maybe that was the fault of the venue. Maybe The Jam had played too good for the causes which they've espoused to mean anything to fans with two encores (including a version of 'Give Me Just A Little More Time') ringing in their ears. That's entertainment.

Still, The Jam had projected their passion without resorting to the liberated methodism of Dexys; they'd touched the heart of the crowd without resorting to The Fall's aestheticized mimicry (Godardian oi); and they'd been new and 'mod' without resorting to exoticism and novelty (zoot suits etc and what you wish). And that's entertainment.

Paul Tickell

Rolling Stones

New York

THIS IS a debate and you've probably already lined up on one side or the other. Have the Stones overstayed their welcome? Is 'Tattoo You' a "dull parody of past achievements" or is 'Start Me Up' a tough, expert and exciting single? Or, as I think, are both true? Are the Stones on the comeback trail triumphant or pathetic?

Don't expect a final, definitive answer here. The only place I feel comfortable with these questions is sitting on the fence. This isn't indecisiveness. This is the truth. Seeing the Stones show in 1981 was enlightening, distancing, entertaining and saddening; all at once.

The Stones used to stand, more than most other groups, for such now discredited propositions as the idea of rock as "rebellion" and rock as representing "the counterculture". This was how we saw them, it was understood.

Today they inspire ruminations of a different sort, mostly connected with the Stones as business phenomenon. The current Stones tour looks likely to be the biggest money-maker in the history of rock tours. Every show has been an instant sell-out. It has generated news on the front pages — riots, the usual rock and roll circus — and news on the financial pages. In the mail order lottery for tickets to the New York shows, four million pieces of mail were received.

What is really significant is not the numbers of people but who these people are. They are not old Stones fans out for a night of nostalgia and youthful memories. They are young American rock consumers. Average age, judging just by looking around at the Garden, seventeen or eighteen, with plenty of fifteen year olds, who weren't yet born when the Stones began having hits.

How, why, should kids this young look to men nearing their forties as pop idols? Can the Stones be sexy enough, spirited enough, to do what pop idols ought to do — inspire fantasies, stir desires? The kids take The Rolling Stones as an accepted, given thing, maybe handed down by older brothers and sisters. They don't demand something exclusively their own. The mass of American teenagers are playing it safe.

And yet . . . In the context of what passes for "rock and roll" in America's arenas and stadia, where the norm is Foreigner, Journey, etc, the Stones are something really hot.

"Stadium rock" depends on having every last note rehearsed, leaving nothing to chance. The Stones play as much to each other as to the audience, they're able to indulge their moods and whims. Richards and Wood step on each other's solos, Jagger alters his singing to fit the mood the band is setting. They make mistakes, they respond to each other, they work out — like a real rock and roll band that just happens to be on a very large stage.

The components of the Stones sound don't need to be described again. What's amazing is how well everyone is doing their part. Jagger is really singing. On the last Stones live album he sounded arrogant and bored, barely mouthing the words, as if he just couldn't be bothered. Tonight he's making every word count.

They play themselves perfectly, the archetypal rock and roll band. To see younger bands imitating what they do is sad, the moves are all such cliches. But on them those moves are a perfect fit, something they've grown into over the years, something they own. After doing it so long, they are naturally accomplished at it. But the fact that they've managed to keep the rawness and spontaneity in, that they don't look or sound bored, that's an achievement.

And yet . . . There are so many problems. Most of the older songs don't stand up to the versions one remembers; they lack the tension and dynamics they should have. Not one song is treated as throwaway, but many fail to connect.

And Jagger, good as he is, also fails to connect most of the time. He speeds through a series of frantic gestures, a move here, a flash there, but by the time you notice what he's doing he's on to something else. His act is a tease, promising much more than it delivers.

The show works as a spectacle. At the encore, thousands of bright balloons descend on band and audience from the ceiling while the band hammers out a rock-hard version of 'Satisfaction', and the whole thing is overwhelmingly silly and exciting. But who could be excited about hearing 'Satisfaction" again, no matter how well they played it? Two hours of watching the Stones both put me off with their perfect Rock And Roll Gods pose and drew me in with how resonantly tough they sounded; they left me exhausted and drained and not really happy. They took more from me, in effort and attention, than they gave back. They offered an exciting entertainment, but no inspiration I could take away and use, nothing I could learn from or draw upon.

Yes, the Stones worked as a hard-rocking band, as spirited and funny practitioners of a familiar form, and I loved a lot of it.

And yes, if we're going to make rock bands into heroes, we have a right to expect more than that.

Richard Grabel

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X-PRESS WORD

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ACROSS:—1 Revillos; **3** Played; **10** Mercury; **11** Heaven 17! **12** Bin; **13** Star; **15** Rush; **16** Cleo; **18** Pin up; **19** Wah Heat; **21** AC; **24** Oi; **25** Pass out; **26** Track; **30** Time; **31** Dada; **32** Pick; **33** BBC; **36** CND March; **37** Chelsea; **39** Island; **40** High hats.

DOWN:—1 Richard; **2** Lyres; **4** Loud; **5** Die Krupps; **6** *MM;* **7** 'Prince Charming'; **8** Bassman; **9** Girls At Our Best; **12** Bop; **14** Ten; **17** Spots; **20** Hacks; **22** Anti-Pasti; **23** Au Pairs; **27** ABC; **28** XTC; **29** Bauhaus; **34** Smith; **35** Teen; **38** AR.

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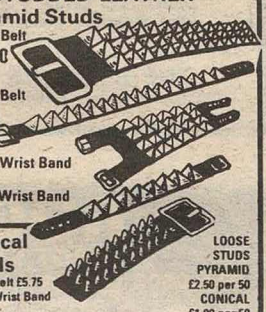

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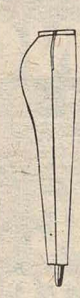

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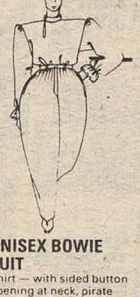

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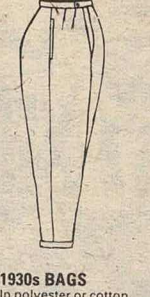

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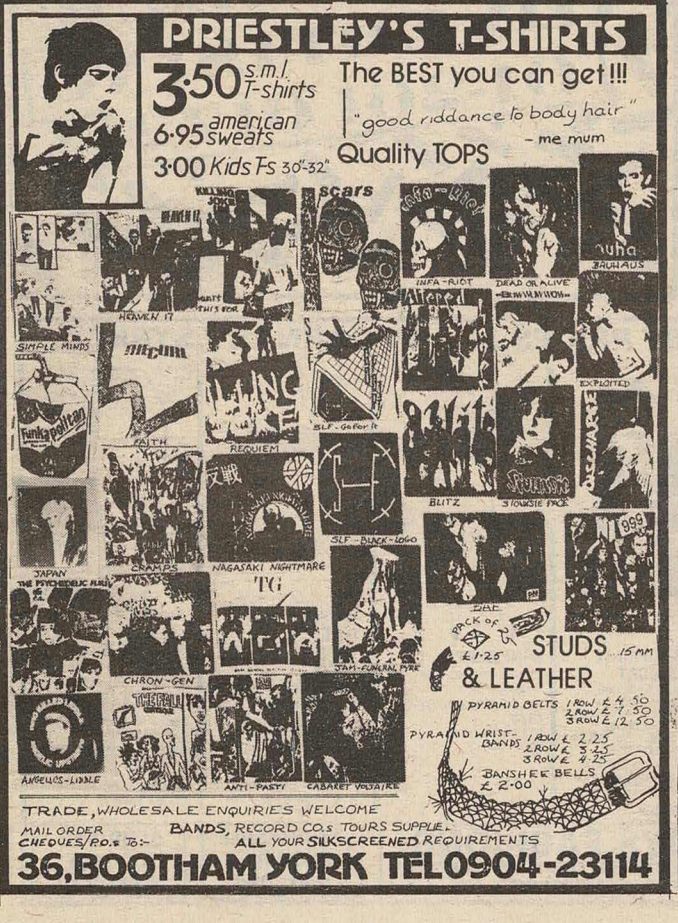

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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

ALEX. It's a good job your mum and dad don't go to sleep as well. Lots of Love — Pete.

ANNETTE — NEXT time try Exchange & Mart! Love Alastair.

BOWIE FRIENDS, Merry Christmas, Rosalyn.

CHRISSY HAPPY Christmas. I love you. Can I have my pressie now? Chris.

CHRISTINE — MEWY Kwistmas and a wiotous New Year — fwom an angwy young man! (Well weally).

CHRISTMAS CAROL Happy Birthday on the 25th. Love Tim (GOD).

DIEDRE. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! Mac ×××

ELISSA KEEHN — Go for it! Love Corey.

Fat Potatoe Merry Christmas you little rascal, Graham ×××.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS Mum, Dad, Meb & Boomerang & Cats. Love from Boo X.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS Steve. June will soon be there. Love Vicki and family.

HAPPY CHRISTMAS Elizabeth. Love you always. Bryan.

HAPPY XMAS to 'My Boys' (The Bureau) — Karla.

HELEN, HAVE a happy Xmas — Lots of Love. See you at Ricks for cocktails. Nick.

HETTIE, We can still send letters. Happy Christmas, Love M.J.

JACQUI — ONE day we'll know what it's like. Merry Christmas, Love Bri. (Hull).

KATE BUSH. I listen with awe and look and say cor. Merry Xmas Kate, Stephen.

KEVIN & ANDY — Jave a nice Xmas — Chris XX.

KEVIN I love you. Happy Christmas and cuddles. Love from Laura.

KH WHO walked upon the edge of no escape. G.

LES AND Lene where have you gone, come back soon it's been too long, can't wait for next year — Happy Christmas — Chris and Faren.

LESLEY — HAPPY XMAS!!! — Love David, Copper and the animals.

LITTLE ESKIMO! Surprise! 'Tis your cuddly piglet from across the seas. Merry Whatever. I love you lots. Steve XXX

Little Mouse Merry Xmas — Love Rat-Face.

LITTLE BOOTS I love you. Happy Xmas. Teddy.

Looney Blizzard Happy Xmas. Love you always, Pete.

LOUISE DAVY: Happy Xmas and Good Luck in your New Year New York job. Open strange doors. . .Love Phil.

MANDY WALKER. I love you. H.

MR. YOUELL — Have a jolly Christmas without me — Lots of love from Girlfriend Number 1, XXX.

NEW MANX HOTEL Liverpool, would like to wish Teardrop Explodes, Artful Images, Orange Jucip, Alkatraz, Yardleys, Flock of Seagulls and managers and entertainers who have stayed with us over the past year. Merry Xmas everyone and a good successful New Year. Luv Santa Jim. New Manx Hotel, Liverpool 051-708 6171.

NICK AND STRETCH See You In Spain 82, Happy Xmas. Baz.

NICKI, HAPPY Christmas Beautiful Baby. January 1st is the beginning of the rest of our lives together. A life of love, a love of life. Deano.

NIGEL DOBSON — Joyeux Noel, Mon petit moucheron! Amities, Marie ×××.

"Prettige Kerst to The Jam from Hans and Anja Keivit."

QUICK AND THE DEAD may your Xmas be white and just another violent night. Cheers — London.

SCAB — HAPPY Sexmas. Love You always — Dotty.

Sing while you may, earthmen. The legendary Pink Dots!

TIN-TIN Happy Christmas, lots and lots a love — Alex.×××. Don't forget The Exploited in '82!!!

TO SIMON, the best drummer in the world, Happy Christmas, remember I'll keep on holding on. All my love Gill.

VICKY ALL my love Bradley.

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Illustration by Burning Fire Graphics

MUSIC

I like Status Quo. Well that reduces the chances of this letter being printed already . . .
Suburban Gus of the heavy tendencies.

SOUTH AFRICA

I think the universe is love. That's a fully-baked idea.
Mario Stolfi, PO Box 741, Nigel, 1490, South Africa.

I would like to represent approximately twenty million black people in South Africa who happen not to buy the records on the charts of South Africa that you featured in *NME*, 5/12/81. I feel you have been misguided in representing only the white population of South Africa, who don't have much taste in music because of government radio, high import duties on records and basically, ignorance.

The only reason the black music scene exists is because of the backing from large record companies and more important, there is a market. Why don't you go more international and check out music from The Soup Brothers, Wiseman and City Brothers, Botsotso, J. B Express and Gabriel Mazibuko, Tshono, Makathoni with Young Super Five and Abangani to name a few? For more information on this music write to Henri Dread Coombes, 10 Camp Street, Gordens, Cape Town, SA or Scratch aka The Modern Dance, 86 Shortmarket Street, Cape Town, SA.
Dubwise David, London N3.

Do you realise that by having the South African charts in your paper you are making their society seem respectable and acceptable? It is not, it is apartheid.
Helly, Buxton, Derbyshire.

Why is it not okay to associate with South Africa for sporting or trading links but okay to publish their albums chart? Who buys the records for Christ's sake — blacks and white liberals only? I am making an official complaint to *City Limits*.
D. Tkaczyk, Faraday Road, London W10.
I used to haunt a house in Faraday Road.

POLITICS

I'd love to know what really persuaded Nick your friendly neighbourhood missile dealer to justify the nuclear deterrent. I suspect the biased coverage of recent events by the whining anti Soviet mass media had something to do with it.

What he must ask himself is, if nuclear weapons are the key to world peace, why does the Home Defence policy exist? Just in case? The real motive behind these obscene plans is not to ensure survival, but to prevent a panic-sticken population from interfering with military operations.
Appalled as ever.
The Murdoch, Leicester.

Is there anything more sickening in British, if not world, politics than the rank hypocrisy of Shirley Williams trying to pass herself off as a political virgin when she's nothing more than an old tart with a fresh lick of paint?
Kurt Vile, Baalham.

POETRY AND LITERATURE

Thanks for your account of the second Poetry Olympics, but I was disappointed to find you recycling the cliches of decadology. The lyrical, populist impulses of the make love not war generation didn't automatically fade out "at the start of the '70s" just because the decade had. The writers/performers you salute for "setting the muse's old mama heartbeat pumping the vital juices through the nation's cultural bloodstream again" didn't just spring out of a vacuum. JCC is his own man, but he's emerged from many years of poetry book'n'mag apprenticeship and gradually finding his voice around, initially, Manchester verse and jazz and rock venues, all of which many others of us had been "under-writing" since 1960.

You concede yourself that the youngest poets, with whom I phased out the Young Vic series — Paul Weller, Anne Clark and Aidan Cant — all "betrayed a strong debt to the '60s poets, including McGough"; and you were surprised by a new seriousness and commitment in McGough's own performance. Isn't it a bit misleading to think and write of any of us as though we were passing trends invented by the media — as wrongheaded to assume Weller will always have to be thought of as an early '80s force as to speak of McGough as exclusively a '60s man? Most of the figures you single out as high spots of the Olympics — Heathcote Williams, Liz Lochead, Fran Landesman, Andrei Voznesensky, David Henderson have, like McGough and myself, all been going *and continuing* strong since we started growing up as troubadors in the early '60s. Isn't it simply that *NME*'s been ignoring us?

Obviously the loose affluent high times of the '60s are long gone and poets, of all people, take note of changes in the air and articulate them. Like you I was delighted by the talents, energy and vision of the newcomers.

It's not quite right, though, to close as your otherwise sympathetic piece did by saying "at least the effort is being made at a genuine regeneration of the lamentable state of our national poetry". For one thing the whole impulse of the Poetry Olympics is to bring the songs, wordsounds and voices of *every* nation and language together. Second, it's never really degenerated — the united front of *alternative* writing and songwriter singing which evolved since the beat generation, jazz poetry, Liverpool renaissance and Dylan has continued in an unbroken line. The commercial extremes of the rock world have never been eager to acknowledge the links, as the word poetry was supposed to be notoriously bad for business until Ginsberg, Dylan, JCC and LKJ came along and disproved. All I'm doing is underlining and drawing out the enormously potent, though undervalued and undersold, poetic wing of the continuing forward movement.
Michael Horovitz, Poetry Olympics and New Departures.
Milton; thou shouldst be living at this hour: England hath need of thee.

Well, I'm just interested, but do you suppose Colin MacInnes — re: *Absolute Beginners* — ever read J D Salinger?
Ali, WC1

According to Peter Powell it's going to be the *Brideshead Revisted* look next. Do you think I'll get away with it with my Geordie accent?
Alan Shoulder, c/o St James Park

So whatever happened to your meeting about *Garageland*? You write praising the spirit of the independent tape "scene" and your very useful list of addresses etc stopped after a few weeks — not enough "style" I suppose. Magazines like *Stick It In Your Ear*, et al provide a much more ideologically "sound" service — they do it because they enjoy it — and don't get paid (much). Or is it that IPC have shares in EMI?
Steve Wood, Solihull.
O raise us up, return to us again, and give us manners, virtue, freedom. . .

Can I just say to John Howarth that he's totally missed the point of rock's 25 year history?

To say that rock is ostensibly the soundtrack to our political feelings and sensibilities is fine, but surely the strict lyrical/folk ballad style of the '60s artists he cites is just one facet. Dance music is not merely the quick energy release of a Saturday night, but it also holds a myriad of actions and reactions within the rhythms.

Wasn't it Leroi Jones who proclaimed that Martha and the Vandellas' 'Dancing In The Street' to be a rallying cry for black American revolution?

So what if the soundtrack to *our* revolution consists of Kurtis Blow, ABC, Pigbag, Grandmaster Flash and Defunkt? They seem pretty vital options to me. Anyway — Steppenwolf a catalyst? Heh-heh!
Simon Bodger, Bath.
You mean polite little Pigbag!

Pic: Joe Stevens

Readers' mail sifted by The Genius Of Christmas Past

CHARITABLE CAUSES

Your piece on Ze Records was so agonisingly plaintive that I beg you to print their address so as your readers can apportion a percentage of their income, dole cheque, whatever, towards a benefit fund.

I want to be first to contribute. It is an unthinkable request, I know, considering what an unhip collection of inconsiderate louts we are. I mean the fashionable are unable to keep up with us, as the creditors have added that extra edge to our pace.

Once again congratulations on searching out these meaningful and really wonderful inflatables for the mind from the land of coke.
A Malicious Damage operative.

PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BATHROOM

I felt betrayed when I read that *NME's* report of the October CND rally had misquoted Tony Benn. I think that whoever wrote it should be treated in the same way as he saw fit to treat you and me. Just like a cultivated mushroom — kept in the dark and fed shit.
Chris Barlow, Lichfield, Staffs.

Please file Penny Reel in the toilet next to the shit.
Ossie & The Boys, c/o Virgin Record & Tape Stores

Long live Ray Lowry. The sooner London drowns the better. Salsa up your own arses you egotistical bastards. Happy Christmas.
Brion the Snail, Yorks.

EIGHTS AND OVER

Isn't it about time you stopped printing the pathetic crap spouted by such as the 'Oi Organising Committee'! Isn't it about time somebody pointed out that these "terribly deprived working-class youths" are just kidding themselves on! A group of us recently visited 'Garry Bushell Land' in the East End of London and all we found was more racism than we'd ever seen in our lives and a series of so-called slums which in Glasgow or Liverpool would be considered middle class.

The only thing Oi has ever done is brainwash thousands of gullible kids into believing morons like Garry Bushell. Bushell obviously relishes every increase in unemployment as it gives him more authority to sit on his fat middle class arse and batter his views into people's heads.

NME talks about heavy-metal fans being the typical sex-starved male teenagers of this era. Surely Oi has now managed to claim this title — about the only one it'll ever get!
Donna Stevenson, Glasgow.

I unfortunately spent four quid on one of those lousy Woodstock Revisited tickets. And like a few other people got a good kicking for it. Skins are just out for trouble — they are the ones to be blamed for the depressed atmosphere of Woodstock.
An angry punk, London NW1.

Dear Sir,

Brighton rocker Graham Greene is a vociferous opponent of New Punk of long standing. Writing in 1940 — a short story entitled *Alas Poor Maling* — the scourge of lapsed Catholicism had this to say: "In the distance a dance orchestra had been playing 'The Lambeth Walk' (how tired one got of that tune in 1938 with its waggery and false bonhomie and its 'Ois')."

Yours sincerely,
Penny Reel, Ware, Herts.

ABSOLUTELY

National news: SDP snatch local councils from Cockermouth to Khartoum. Lady Di gives speech in Welsh.

NME news: "Richard Ostell scored with extravagant, full-length leather gowns strapped and laced into easy shapes."

A good year for the roses? Yes, yes, yes.
Jim Blackshaw, Failsworth, Manchester.

Just thought I'd embarrass whoever it was who compiled the 'Dancin' Master' manual: the Talking Heads track is not "their first ever appearance on a compilation." 'Love Goes To Building On Fire' appeared on the 1977 Sire compilation 'New Wave'. So there!
Pancho Sanchez, Plumstead, London SE18.

How is one supposed to carry around a copy of *NME* with a bloody great AC/DC ad on the back cover. I ask you, have you no shame? Give me an XJS any day.
Embarrassed, London EC.

ROUNDUP

Can I list my 10 fave LPs of the year, can I, oh go on, please? Well here goes!

1. 'Dubbing In The UK' — produced by Desmond, Popsy & Benup.

The Bearded Groover, Surbiton, Surrey.
That'll do.

Illustration: Serge Clerc

T-ZERS

GAME FOR A WASSAIL? Up for a carouse? Ready to revel? Yes?

Well shove it, you're in the wrong place. This is grim industrious old *T-Zers* — you heard, just *T-Zers,* by nobody in particular — the column that's harder to kill than **Rasputin**. And the weekend stop here . . .

The Rock Against Sexism people have had an attack of what they call "raised consciousness", and have decided to change their name to Anti -Sexist Noise — so joining the mighty drive to expunge the dirty word "rock" from our national vocabulary. Next step in ASN's own campaign, though, is release of a cassette that features **The Mekons, Alien Kulture, A Popular History Of Signs** and many many more . . .

The Clash have been holing up for the last few weeks in New York's Electric Ladyland studios, at work on another album. Our informants advise that **Tymon Dogg** does a vocal on one track, as indeed he did last time around, and that the sessions are chundering along quite merrily. *T-Zers* would have liked to ask the boys personally how it's going, but somebody's persecution complex seems to have got in the way. "The *NME's* always stitching us up," said **Kosmo Vinyl,** "And then they say 'Oh come on Kos, be a good lad'. I don't see why we should do them any favours." Anyhow, The Clash are said to be financing some studio time for New York's very wonderful **Bush Tetras.** And after recording themselves, **Joe** and co head off to Japan . . .

'Ebony And Ivory' is the title that's resulted from **Stevie Wonder's** recent studio collaboration with **Paul McCartney,** and it's due out as a single in February. Wow! Just how factual, straightforward and informative can we get? . . .

Dave Formula has been seen and heard recording majestic keyboards for the B-side of **Ross Middleton/Gary Barnacle's** new Leisure Process single . . .

Legions of **Elvis Presley** fans are reportedly visiting bookshops in the US, defacing copies of the **Goldman** book, then calmly walking out again. Goldman, incidentally — who admits it's far less challenging to write about dead people — is thinking of turning his attention to **John Lennon** . . .

BRRRRRRR! With the **Spandau** backlash as imminent and outgoing as the Adverse Weather condition, the 'lads' have just finished the frost-bitten mix of their latest **Richard Burrrgess**-produced single, 'She Loves Like Diamond'. Described as a chilling new **Kemp**-osition somewhere between 'Goldfinger' and 'Where Did Our Love Go', it's said to be crooner **Hadley's** finest moment since the last ice age. Reports manager **'Scott" Dagger** of the Arctic, knee-deep in galoshes and snowdrifts near his North London igloo: "With the chart full of 'Chant Number Four' and 'To Cut A Long Story Short Part Six', we thought is was time for something new". Sharp one, that Dagger . . .

Another new single-to-be is the latest from that fun boiler three, **Bananarama.** It's an icicle-sharp rendition of an old **Velvelettes** Tamla hit 'He Was Really Saying Something'. The inclusion of the song in their showstopping support of **The Jam** at the Sobell Centre increases the length of their live set by 100 per cent. That's right — they now have two songs! Sadly, though, the Banana bunch were stopped from appearing on *TOTP* with **The Fun Boy Three** last week — all because of some convoluted muso-technical rule which says that since they didn't play on the 'Lunatics' record, they can't do TV for it. Boo . . .

A riddle: what do the aforementioned **Fun Bwoy Trio** have in common with the even afore-mentioned **Ballet** corps? The answer, of course, is that they were both prevented from making TV appearances in Belgium over the weekend by prevailing bad weather. Undeterred by northern ice, however, Spandau will be riding the Inter-City Sleigh to Manchester for an episode of the *Oxford Road Show* ("The Northampton Town of television" — A. Snowman). *This* Friday, it's the turn of **Blue Rrrrrrondo** . . .

Is there an Island move in line for **Joe Cocker,** with **Chris Blackwell producing?** ***(Dunno, is there? — Ed)*** . . .

A speciality of *T-Zers,* as regular readers will know, is the announcement of upcoming films, particularly bio-pics, which we never ever hear of again. This week's contributions include news of the *Bobby Darin Story,* to be starred in by **Billy Joel;** of **Bee Gee Barry Gibb** to play **Lord Byron** ("He was a man who overcame personal problems and forged ahead," explains Glibb) and a venture entitled *John Lennon: Death Of A Dream,* for which casting has yet to be completed. We were going to make some others up, but Barry Gibb as Byron sort of pre-empts the whole exercise . . .

After admiring the very admirable **Madness** video on last week's *TOTP,* we do hope that you heeded the BBC's words, inserted at the end of the show by request of a safety-conscious **Jimmy Saville,** about not playing your electric guitar under water . . .

AFTER **Paul Du Noyer's** perceptive trek through the heartlands of Liverpool's cultural life last week, *T-Zers* found it hard to imagine that there was a scouse band left unturned. Stumbling into dub maestro **Dennis Blackbeard Bovell's** South London studio last week, this column learns otherwise, being witness to the production of **Cook The Book's** upcoming single, 'Piggy In The Middle Eight'. It's a quirky little item that looks set for the '82 indie charts on the group's own label Custy, which roughly translates as like, fab gear whack *(Isn't that last comment a bit regionalist? — Ed)* . . .

And speaking of that same sun-kissed resort by the sparkling Mersey, the discerning scouse scally's social diary should feature the following dates . . . On Friday (18th) at 7.30, there's a "night of multifarious performance, art and entertainment" at the Bluecoat. Called 'Parrot Pirouette', the evening costs £1.50 and will star such legendary acts as **Les Poissons D'Avril, Wild Rose English** and **Bogdan Club.** Tropical fancy dress is invited . . . Having recovered from that, the next night (Saturday the 19th) go down to the Checkmate Club (alias Checkers) where **Roger Eagle** is staging "a night". All being okay, Roger will make it a regular thing, so BE THERE . . .

John Fogerty's second solo 'Hoodoo' is expected in the new year. But then, we said that two years back . . .

AND NOW — the dialogue disc! Interview albums as promotional tools are commonplace in US radio land. But a rumour suggests that **Bob Dylan** is to release — but commercially, already — an LP devoted to 50 minutes of musings'n'mutterings on subjects such as gun control, abortion, and how one of his secret ambitions was to be a surgeon. From the sound of it, could be he's just given himself a DIY lobotomy . . .

Phil Daniels, the mixed-up mod of *Quadrophenia,* played **Puck** in the BBC's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Sunday night. Dressed in not much more than streaks of mud he cavorted in woodland pools with the likes of **Helen Mirren, Peter McEnerey** and a motley collection of lesser fairies, speaking **Shakespeare's** immortal lines with a pronounced Cockney accentand a baleful wide-boy glare . . .

THE **Birthday Party** were playing in Germany last week when a member of the audience invited himself on stage and relieved himself down the bass-player **Tracey's** leg. Wearing leather trousers at the time, and presumably looking the other way, Tracy noticed nothing amiss for several moments. then he felt his foot getting damp . . .

Look out for an upcoming 12" called 'Pump'. Performed by **The P-Funk All Stars,** it all-stars **Sly Stone** and **George Clinton,** fronting **Mothership** members of past and present and future . . .

After **The Dead Kennedys** comes a new New York group — **Reagan Youth** . . .

THE TORIES Have A Worse Record Than **Bucks Fizz"**may just be the best political badge of the year. But the BFs aren't amused, and the **Labour Party** — who've put the badge out — are being asked to withdraw it. "They are being very insulting to a talented group," complain record company RCS, "comparing them with the Government's record" . . .

And . . . And . . . And good Christmas issue, innit? Worth each of your hard-won sixty pennies? Please remember that your next *NME* appears on the stands in a fortnight's time, when we'll be wassailing *(verb:* to make merry, hold festivities, indulge in liquorous binge-type situation), yes, wassailing the New Year in with stuff so wonderful that we can only recommend that you turn to the Next Week Box immediately. And then — but only then, mind — go and and give yourselves one hell of a good time . . .

Just for Christmas we bring you a further instalment of the exploits of Ze Famousz Anton Corbijn. The towering Dutch genius has just been voted the most popular photographer in a questionnaire of the people who've been to see an exhibition of rock photography at London's 'A Critical Eye' gallery. His pic of Captain Beefheart, taken for NME in America last year, was also voted the most popular pic at the exhibition. The offending article, reprinted here, will now be made into a poster, signed by the great man himself and purchasable for a mere £4. The exhibition is at 22, Maddox Street, off Regent Street.

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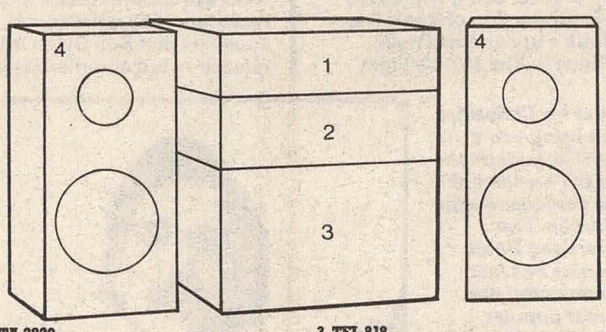

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